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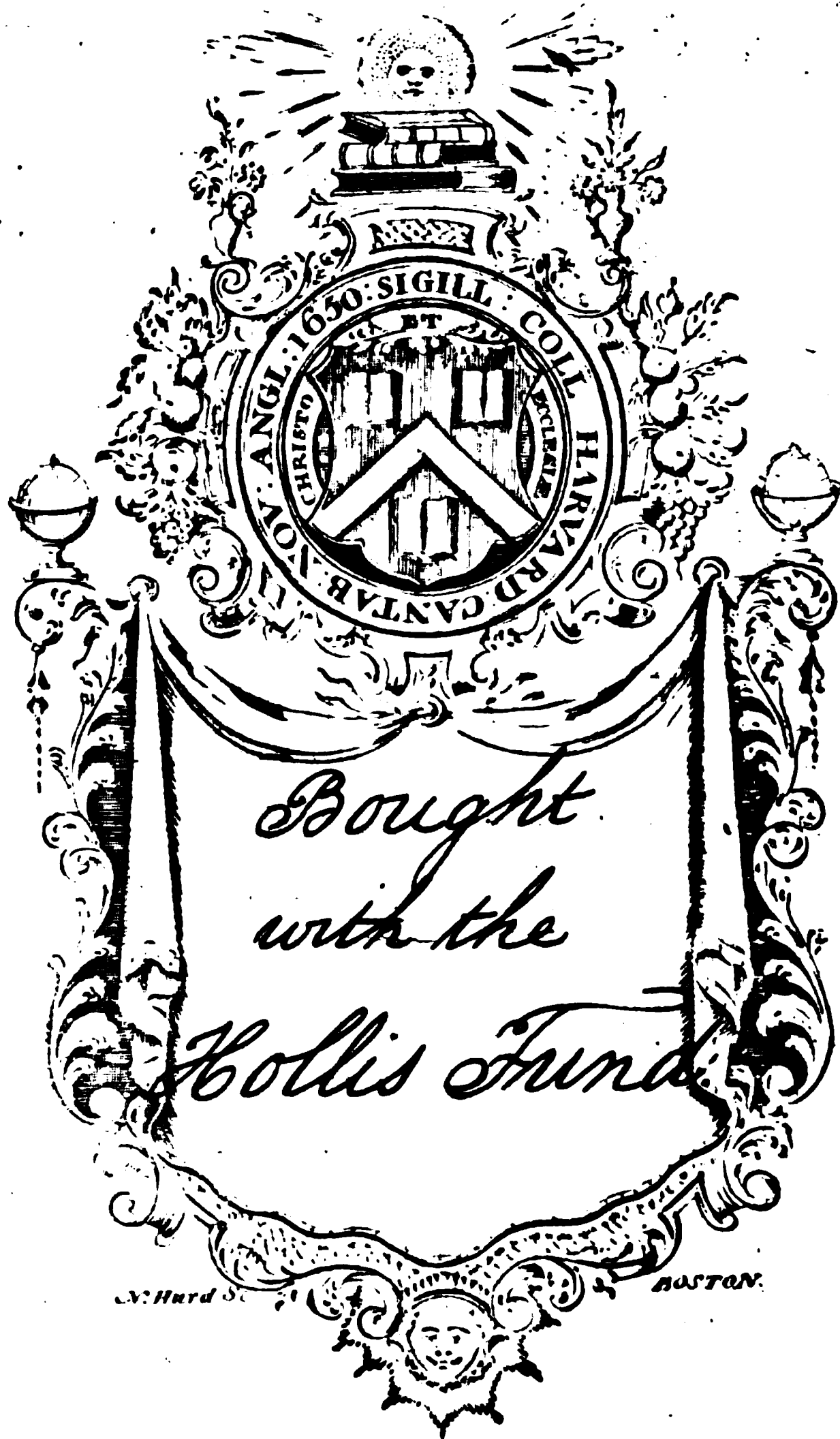
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# THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

FROM

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER INCLUSIVE.

1841.

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VOL. III.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

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LONDON:

G. HENDERSON, 2, OLD BAILEY,

LUDGATE HILL.

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# THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1841.

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ART. I.—*Review of Dr. Bretschneider's "Letters to a Statesman."*  
Berlin.

THE mind of no country in ancient or modern times has taken bolder or more characteristic flights than that of Germany within the last fifty years. In criticism, philology, and metaphysics, extraordinary discoveries have been made, and the most valuable conquests achieved. During the war with Napoleon, however, the English people were almost entirely ignorant of the intellectual progress of a race who possessed much in common with ourselves; and what little we knew was generally made the ground of suspicion, or some sort of disparaging fear; so strange was its aspect, and frequently so wild its issues. But at length we have come to be much better informed with regard to the German people; and with the advance of our knowledge has been that of our respect and admiration in regard to certain departments of mental culture; among which we may mention as being pre-eminent that of Biblical criticism,—that is, in so far as the structure and philosophy of the language of Scripture are concerned. But with regard to the metaphysical tendencies of the German mind, a distrust prevails amongst us to this day, and not without justice; for the more that we learn of it, the greater cause have we to be of opinion that not only does it love to soar into untrodden spheres, but that it flits with the most unsteady lights, not seldom following the lurid, and losing itself at last amid the blackness of darkness. There is, indeed, much cause for denouncing the philosophic fancies of Germany, and substituting for them the term scepticism, in so far as religion is to be considered; and for Theology, to employ the word Neology.

A great majority of the Protestant priesthood, and of the professors also, in the seats of learning in Germany, discover nothing in the Bible but themes for cold speculation, or, at best, the exercise of ratiocination; that man being regarded as the chief amongst them who can the most skilfully refine away the power and the manifest

import of any particular promise, injunction, or doctrine, in Holy Writ. One of the most common and convenient shifts, when difficulties occur to their rational system, is to say that the portion of revelation in question is a pure allegory, and means nothing higher, or more inexplicable, than what Plato has delivered. In this way the Old Testament is reduced from its antique and massive dimensions to a common-place epic, and the life of our Saviour is made to represent only a man who was the type of the perfectability to which human nature is destined to arrive in this world below.

All that is grand and miraculous in sacred history is thus driven from us ; there is nothing in the wonders wrought by the prophets which may not be explained, if not according to mechanical principles, at least in consistency with the structure of language, as framed at particular stages in civilization ; and, even as respects the character of Christ, there is room for speculation until he again appear, if ever such an event is to occur ; nay, that sooner it will be matter for reasonable doubt whether such a Being ever visited our earth before. It will need a second advent to establish the proof of the first.

But whence cometh the Neology of Germany ? and why do the Germans differ so much from the English in theological matters and opinions, while both equally profess Protestantism ? Now, some argue that it is this very profession, affected by peculiarities of position, that has opened a way, not only for every vagary of the imagination on the Continent, but for all the sectarianism which distracts the people of England. The liberty to think for yourself, the right of exercising private judgment, the proclaimed dogma that every man is to interpret the Bible for himself, and without the lights of ecclesiastical tradition, or the aids of a systematically educated priesthood, it is maintained by many, are Lutheran sanctions for every error, and for the wildest dreams of scepticism. On the other hand, many are to be met with who argue in this way, viz., that, while admitting the extravagances of the Rationalists in Germany, and the lamentable divisions in theological belief which prevail in Great Britain and in America, yet that a reaction of the healthiest nature will be the result ; and that, without chaining the human mind altogether, and producing far greater intellectual darkness and moral perversion than at present exist, no limit could be proposed to man's religious speculations. In the mean while, however, it is gratifying to learn that, even in Protestant Germany, there has arisen a compact band of orthodox writers and preachers, who have escaped from the school of the Rationalists in which they were trained ; and who now turn the weapons of truth against the citadel of error and a foolish philosophy, with whose intricacies and arts they have been so intimately acquainted. We need only mention Hengsterberg, Tholuck, Storr, among others, to authorize the hope that a re-awakened spirit is beginning to vivify and to warm



the regions of metaphysical questionings in the land which Martin Luther first reformed and revolutionized.

We have said that there is a strong body of learned and orthodox divines in Germany; that is,—authors, ministers, and professors, who zealously and powerfully inculcate the peculiar, the old-fashioned doctrines of Christianity, and who also square their lives accordingly,—some of them taking such high and decided ground as would earn for them the appellation of *evangelical* in this country. This term, in fact, is cordially and boldly assumed by a class of them; and even some of the periodical publications have received the distinctive title.

The following pages contain the spirit and the essential matter of an article which appeared in the “*Evangelical Church Journal*,” published at Berlin, under the direction of Dr. Hengsterberg, written principally in reference to Bretschneider’s “*Letter to a Statesman*,” which excited, some years ago, an extraordinary sensation in Germany, and has been regarded as the most able of the innumerable statements and vindications of modern German Rationalism which have been called forth by the attacks made upon it, in the journal we have just now particularized. In this “*Letter*,” Bretschneider takes the ground that there must be some compromise between the antiquated doctrines of theology, and the results of modern scientific pursuits. To effect this compromise he regards as the office of *Rationalism*. “*Rationalism*,” according to him, “designs to restore the interrupted harmony between theology and human sciences, and is the necessary product of the scientific cultivation of modern times.” He goes on to specify instances of disagreement between the established articles of Christian faith and the latest results in the various departments of natural philosophy. Selecting uniformly those results which militate against the Bible, rather than those which agree with it, and presuming these results to be infallibly true (though they are often notoriously hypothetical), he arrives at this conclusion, that the doctrines of theology must be so modified as to agree with the progress of science, or fall into contempt.

A remark here occurs to us: the agreement required, of course, must be constant. This would be a shifting scale of religious faith with a witness.

In a full refutation of Rationalism, as thus explained, it would be necessary to show that Revelation is an independent source of knowledge, and not merely co-ordinate with nature, but superior to it; so that its truths, instead of being liable to modification from any alleged discoveries in nature, are rather the standard by which the truth of the latter should be tested. It is, no doubt, to be presumed that Revelation and Nature, when rightly and fully understood, never really clash, having the One infinitely wise Being

for their common author. But, in case of any apparent discrepancy, it is certainly wrong to make nature, which is the less precise and readable, to be the measure and interpreter of Revelation, which is the more direct, immediate, sententious, plain, and complete expression of everlasting truth. But the writer whose ideas we are going to present to our readers—deeming an answer from the quarter in which the Rationalists reign to be particularly deserving of attention—descends from his vantage-ground, on which the theologian is entitled to stand, and meets and conquers scepticism on its own footing and level. Saying nothing of the right, which might so easily be vindicated, of at once condemning as false any doctrines which conflict with the positive doctrines of Revelation, he shows that there are no confirmed and established results of scientific investigation which do thus conflict with the Bible; and that the highest oracles of the sciences, themselves, have pronounced in favour of the doctrines of Revelation, and in opposition to the hypotheses of an infidel philosophy. The popular way in which the answer is conceived and expressed renders it the more valuable as well as the more agreeable to the general reader. It opens in this strain.

Theologians are beginning to take more notice of natural sciences. And it were very much to be desired that they would do this with the disposition of the pious naturalists of former times, who, while they loved the revelation of God in his works, regarded with still higher affection his revelation in Christ. This, however, is not the case with many of our modern divines; on the contrary, they call in the natural sciences to aid them in the war which they have declared against the Bible. One of them has lately asked, "When you consider the present state of natural science, and how it is advancing to a more complete knowledge of the world than could have been anticipated a short time ago, what think you is likely to be the fate, I will not say of our theology, but of our evangelical Christianity itself?" He then goes on to say, that to him it is plain that we must learn to dispense with many things which many are accustomed to consider inseparable from the essence of Christianity.

But it is with Dr. Bretschneider, who has expressed himself far more definitely than the writer who puts the above question, that the Reviewer especially enters the field. That Rationalist mentions certain points distinctly upon which he builds his argument. He says in his "Letter," "The experimental sciences of every kind have had a more sensible and disturbing action upon the old theological system, than even speculative philosophy." Among these sciences he enumerates "the whole knowledge of nature,—geology, geography, ethnology, astronomy." He then proceeds to mention several of the most important doctrines and facts of Scripture, against which these sciences have come out, either in direct or indi-

rect opposition. We shall now see how Dr. Bretschneider proceeds in detail, and how sprightly he is followed by the writer in the "Evangelical Church Journal."

First, Geology and the Bible. "Geology," according to Dr. Bretschneider, "can no longer succeed in reconciling the Mosaic account of the Creation, with the revolutions which our globe has experienced. It teaches, without inquiring how the theologian can extricate himself in this matter, that the earth has passed through many great epochs of formation, of indefinite but long duration, and that the first creations upon it afterwards perished." If the Bible speak of a flood, which was universal, and covered all the mountains of the earth, "this is now known to be *mathematically impossible*, since we have become acquainted with the entire globe, and understand the laws by which the swelling of the sea is governed."

To begin with the last point, we wish to know who has shown, or is able to show, this mathematical impossibility? A late distinguished geologist says, "We have attempted to penetrate as far as possible beneath the surface into the interior of the earth. But if we compare the depth to which we have actually penetrated with the real diameter of the earth, it will be seen that we have scarcely broken the surface, and that a scratch of a needle on the varnish of one of our common terrestrial globes is proportionally much deeper than the deepest perforations with which we have ever penetrated into the interior of the earth." If, now, at the time of the flood, there was not only a rain of forty days upon the earth, but all the "fountains of the great deep were broken up," is it a mathematical impossibility that a gush of water from the interior of this monstrous ball should cover the mountains, which, in comparison with the diameter of the earth, are exceedingly diminutive? The production of water in the dropsy and other diseases would seem to be far more mathematically impossible; and yet the fact is plain. Equally certain must the fact of a former flood, overflowing the mountains, appear to the naturalist (even independently of the Bible, and of the traditions of many ancient nations agreeing with it) when he finds millions of sea-shells upon the highest mountaintops—when he knows that the avalanches in the Himalaya mountains of Central Asia have brought down skeletons of horses from an elevation of 16,000 feet, from summits which no man, not to say beast, is now able to reach. And how many facts are there of a similar nature to these!

In many cases it would be better if men would not put on so much the appearance of knowing to a very hair what is possible and what is impossible in the universe. Some forty years ago, when a learned man read in Livy that it had rained stones, or heard that in the church at Ensisheim a stone was shown, which, judging

from its inscription, had fallen from heaven ; he would shrug his shoulders at the honest credulity of our worthy ancestors in believing something *mathematically* impossible. But after it had repeatedly rained stones in our day, the Academicians were obliged to allow that what they had so long regarded as mathematically impossible, had actually taken place, and the raining of stones was then put down as a fact in natural history. Many of them now assume the air of understanding the process of the thing from the very bottom, and shrug their shoulders at the honest peasant who cannot understand the thing as they do, and who expresses modest doubts at their explanations. Thus it goes in the world.

Geology now, according to Bretschneider, can no longer assent to the Mosaic account of the creation, and professes this, unconcerned how theologians may proceed in the matter. The theologian, too, might take his stand upon the book of Genesis, unconcerned how the geologist could reconcile himself with this. Such, however, is not the opinion of Dr. Bretschneider. He says that "the theologian can refute the sciences, which depend on experience, and are independent of theological principles, appears of itself to be impossible, and the attempt, should it be actually made, must be wholly fruitless." *Should* there be a collision, therefore, between the Bible and—mark well—not *Nature*, but *natural philosophers*, Dr. Bretschneider would not hesitate a moment to declare himself against the Bible, and in favour of the infallible philosophers,—proving himself decidedly unbelieving as to the Bible, and superstitiously confident in natural philosophy as if it had never erred. But how often has philosophy erred, and how often does it still err every day!!

The Reviewer then proceeds to consider more particularly the alleged collision between Genesis and geology. But as our pages have often, and even only a few months ago, been laid open to the arguments which have by several of our countrymen been expended on this subject, we shall pass on to another of the Rationalists' grounds of doubt, merely observing that while many of the clear results of geology are corroborative of, or perfectly consistent with, the Word of God, no geological facts can be pointed out which, *in themselves*, contradict the exact ascertained meaning of any passage in that sacred record.

Astronomy and the Bible are the antagonists that are next named. Bretschneider says, "It was this exalted science (astronomy) which first made a fatal assault upon the notions of antiquity respecting heaven, earth, hell, resurrection, judgment, and the end of the world, which still remained unaltered at the time of the Reformation." He then puts down Melancthon as a man very limited in his astronomical views, because he called the Copernican doctrine of the motion of the earth round the sun foolish and vision-

ary, "being led to this probably," as Bretschneider goes on to say, "by recollecting the words of Joshua, Stand still, O sun, upon Gideon."

One remark here. Every schoolmaster now teaches by hearsay, that the earth moves round the sun, without once thinking of giving himself or his scholars the trouble of comprehending the planetary motions. But Tycho Brahe, Riccioli, Bacon, and other great spirits, did not allow themselves to dispose of this subject so easily. Bretschneider seems to suppose that Melancthon could have been led to his decision only by a blind adherence to the Bible. But if a man of as much genius as Melancthon possessed, gave himself to the diligent study of the heavenly bodies, it is not to be wondered at if, in his best endeavours to understand the Copernican system, many things in it should have seemed to him, if not *against* reason, yet *above* it.

Suppose that on the 21st of June he had beheld from his window in Wittenberg the polar star, exactly over the point of a neighbouring spire; and that on his seeing again, on the night of the 21st of December, the same star, from the same window, and exactly over the same spire, his Copernican colleague *Rhaticus* had told him, that he was now more than forty millions of miles distant from the place in which he was on the 21st of June, viz., that since that time the earth had moved on so far;—it may be put to Dr. Bretschneider's conscience, what would the *rationalist* theologians have decided respecting this fact of the Copernican astronomy, if it had been mentioned, not in an astronomical book, but in the Bible? Would they not have declared it mathematically impossible? But truly these theologians believe science in everything upon its mere word; while in nothing do they repose trust in their rightful Lord and Master! Thus they show how much readier they are to receive the Copernican system of faith than to understand it thoroughly enough not to be perplexed by facts regarding it, which yet must be held to be truly *miraculous*.

It is a remark of Pascal, that "we must doubt in the right place, be decided in the right place, and submit ourselves in the right place. One who does not do this, understands not in what the strength of reason consists." But these theologians doubt just in the wrong place, are decided in the wrong place, and in the wrong place submit their reason; and therefore know but little of the strength of reason, and so can be called *Rationalists*, only by the same privative etymology by which *lucus* is derived à non *lucendo*.

Let us now come to those scriptural doctrines which are said to be endangered by the Copernican astronomy. How the passage in Joshua, which has already been cited, might, on a superficial view, appear to be irreconcilable with the hypothesis of Copernicus, is very obvious: but how many of the things mentioned by

Bretschneider are so it is impossible to understand. To cite only a single example: "Whereas," he says, "the ancients felt the necessity of having an *under world* for the *souls* of the deceased, because they could neither leave them upon the surface of the earth, nor transport them to heaven: this necessity ceased now to be felt any longer. Indeed the whole notion of an under world and a hell, was destroyed by astronomy and geology, and with it all the traditionary notions about the punishments of the damned. With the loss of the old belief about heaven and hell, the devil also, with the evil spirits, lost his place as a fallen angel banished from heaven. The idea, too, of Christ's descent to hell, became very troublesome to theologians, after the under world had been taken from them." "It now became a question with our theologians, where the soul of Christ was while his body lay in the grave." This seems then to imply the thought, that Christ was only *apparently* dead.

The reader will perceive that Bretschneider understands the art of drawing consequences. Were the premises only true, the conclusion would certainly be so. The premises are, that the notion of an under world is destroyed by astronomy and geology. But what does the professor of either the one science or the other know of the interior of the earth? Let our readers recur to what has already been said on this point; and let him also inquire if the texts, Eph. iv. 9, and 1 Pet. iii. 20, can be easily set aside?

But how comes it to pass, every intelligent person will be prepared to ask, that these inconsistencies between the Copernican system and the Bible, if they really exist, have been unobserved during nearly three centuries? The three great heroes of astronomy, Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, were certainly Christian believers, and anything but indifferent to such considerations. Newton's firm and pious adherence to the Bible is too well known to make it necessary for any one to dwell upon it. His work on *Chronology* is, in fact, based upon the Bible. This man, whom his age admired as its greatest genius, wrote a commentary on the prophet Daniel and the Apocalypse. Hence we may infer (*à majori ad minus*) what was the degree of his orthodoxy.

What Kepler thought of the apparent contradictions between the Bible and the system of Copernicus, appears from the following passage. "Astronomy," he says, "unfolds the causes of natural things: it professedly investigates optical illusions. The Bible, which teaches higher things, makes use of the common modes of speech in order to be the more easily understood, speaks only in passing of natural things, according to their appearance, since it is upon their appearance that human language is built. And the Bible would speak in the same way even if all men had insight into these optical illusions. For even we astronomers do not pursue this science with the design of altering common language; but we



wish to open the gates of truth without at all affecting the vulgar modes of speech. We say, with the common people, *the planets stand still, or go down; the sun rises and sets; it comes forth from one end of heaven, like a bridegroom from his chamber, and hides itself at the other end; it mounts into the midst of the heavens*; these forms of speech we use with the common people; meaning only that so the thing appears to us, although it is not truly so, as all astronomers are agreed. How much less should we require that the Scriptures of divine inspiration, setting aside the common modes of speech, should shape their words according to the model of the natural sciences, and by employing a dark and inappropriate phraseology about things which surpass the comprehension of those whom it designs to instruct, perplex the simple people of God, and thus obstruct its own way towards the attainment of the far more exalted end at which it aims!"

Thus plainly and excellently does this great astronomer answer the objections which were made at his time, from the apparent inconsistencies between the Copernican system and the Bible. Still more readily does Copernicus himself dispose of those who attempted to prove such inconsistencies. He had so good a theological conscience in the construction of his system, that he dedicated his celebrated work, *De Revolutionibus Orbium Celestium*, to Pope Paul III. In this dedication, he says, "Should there, perchance, be any foolish praters, who, while they know nothing of mathematical matters, yet assume to pronounce judgment concerning them, and on account of some texts of Scripture which they wickedly pervert to their own purposes, venture to blame and to denounce my work;—for such persons I concern myself not at all, and despise their opinion, as stupidly impudent."

Copernicus, like Kepler, and afterwards Newton, were therefore firmly persuaded, that the new system of the world was not opposed to the Bible. But the monks who condemned Galileo thought differently, and agreed with Dr. Bretschneider. He and the monks place the matter in this position: either the doctrines of the Bible, or the doctrines of Copernicus, are true, one or the other must give way. The monks, and with them the Pope, decided for the Bible; Bretschneider for Copernicus, and *against* the Bible; "since it is obvious," he says, "that the sciences, which rest upon experience, cannot be refuted." "And even the Pope," he again observes, "saw himself compelled, after a number of years, to allow the condemned Copernican system in Rome." Does Bretschneider then really think, that in allowing the Copernican system, the Pope at the same time pronounced as carelessly as he himself does, many of the doctrines of the Bible erroneous, and that he assailed the Book of Joshua? On the contrary, science rather appeals *de papa male informata ad papam melius informandum*—from the Pope ill-



informed to the Pope to be better informed; and the Pope is now convinced, that those who find such contradictions between the Bible and Copernicus, are foolish praters, and it is on this account that he now allows of the Copernican system.

We may add, that those who are desirous to learn how science or the laws of nature may probably be reconciled with Joshua, will find some striking facts and reasoning on the subject in Dr. Adam Clarke's Bible,—a commentator that will not be accused as being flighty or ill-informed.

“Anthropology and the Bible.” According to Dr. Bretschneider, the Natural History of the human race, founded upon the more recent discoveries made respecting the different people of the earth, is the third enemy which Scripture has to encounter: “Natural philosophers and writers of travels,” he says, “communicated unsuspectingly the results of their inquiries respecting the human family, and the nations in all parts and corners of the earth. They described the difference of the races in form, colour, and intellectual powers, and the varieties arising from the mixture of the races. They pointed out the great and permanent distinctions between them, showing that these differences cannot be laid to the account of climate or mode of support, but depend upon an original difference of parentage. Blumenbach collected skulls from all parts of the world, and brought the results of his observations into a system. Into what perplexity was the theologian now thrown! If it is made to appear that instead of *one* Adam for the whole human race, there is an Adam for the Caucasians, another for the Negroes, a third for the American tribes, a fourth for the Malays, a fifth for the Mongoli, &c.; what can theology do with the *one* Adam of the Bible, with the doctrine of the Fall, and the guilt imputed to all men through Adam, with the whole doctrine of original sin as a consequence of the Fall, and an infirmity derived to all men, by ordinary generation from Adam? And if these doctrines were set aside, where was the necessity of the vicarious satisfaction of Christ, the second Adam, in order to remove the guilt of the first? Where was now the ground of the condemnation of the heathen, if they did not descend from Adam?” And since we are put on so good a course of questions by Bretschneider, may it not be asked, where, if it is true that the theologian cannot refute the sciences which depend on experience,—where could he find any ground left, on which to construct a system of Christian doctrine? This must be as difficult an undertaking, as for a cutler to make a knife, in which nothing but the handle and blade were wanting.

That the human race is divided into many species, is not derived from Adam, but from as many Adams as there are species, was said long ago by another man, with whom more lately some German and French writers have agreed. That man was *Voltaire*, of whose

contempt for religion Bretschneider elsewhere speaks. But how can he dare to cast a stone at Voltaire? Indeed, where is there so great difference between them? Has not Bretschneider, as well as the other, assailed the vitals and the foundations of Christian doctrine,—the truth of the divine word, our only consolation in life and in death? The only difference that one can discern between the two, is that Voltaire attacks religion with wit, and Bretschneider without wit.

But Voltaire has been corrected in this matter by the great *Haller*, who thus writes: "Voltaire attempted to throw suspicion upon the narrative of Moses, and to make the derivation of all nations from a single man ridiculous. The pretext for his notion is derived from the fundamental error, that the different people,—the whites and the negroes,—are distinguished from each other by as essential characteristics in their organization, as a palm-tree is from a pear-tree. *This principle is plainly false.* All men with whom we are acquainted, in the South and in the North, or who are every day discovered in the great sea which extends from Patagonia to the Cape of Good Hope, and so around to Patagonia, encircling the known world, have countenances, teeth, fingers, toes, breasts, their whole inward structure, and all the entrails, invariably alike without the least distinction. We are acquainted with many sorts of animals between which there are vastly greater differences than are ever found between two men, which are yet unquestionably of the same origin." Thus the great physiologist Haller.

In this respect *Cuvier*, the celebrated zoologist of more recent times, agrees with Haller. "Man," he says, "consists but of one genus." In another place he says, "Although there is only one genus of men, since all nations of the earth can fruitfully intermingle, yet we observe that different nations of the earth can have a peculiar organization, which is propagated in a hereditary way, and that these differences of organization constitute the different races."

Dr. Bretschneider refers us, however, on this subject, to Blumenbach. After saying, as quoted above, that the differences among men must not be laid to the account of climate or of food, but must be traced to a fundamental difference in their origin, he proceeds to state: "Blumenbach collected skulls from all parts of the world, and brought the results of his observations into a system. Into what perplexity was the theologian now thrown, if it was made to appear, that instead of *one* Adam, &c." Now would not any unprejudiced reader, not familiarly acquainted with this subject, after perusing this passage, certainly suppose that Blumenbach affirmed in his system, that there is a difference among men, which cannot be laid to the account of climate, &c., but which depends upon a difference in their origin,—in short, that there were many Adams?

What then will the reader think, when he is assured, that he may

find the *very opposite* of all this in Blumenbach's work, *De Generis Humani Varietate*. This work concludes with the following words: "It cannot be doubted that each and all the varieties of men, as far as they are now known, belong in all probability to one and the same species." To prove this is the object of the whole book,—to prove that the varieties among men do not result from a difference of origin, but from *climate, food, &c.* And not only in the work already named, but also in his contributions to natural history, has Blumenbach carried through this his characteristic doctrine.

In one place he thus expresses himself: "There have been persons who have protested vehemently against seeing their own noble selves placed by the side of Negroes and Hottentots in one common genus in the system of nature. An idle dreamer, the celebrated *philosophus per ignem Theophrastus Paracelsus Bombastus*, could not understand how all the children of men should belong to one and the same genus, and therefore to solve his doubts, made on paper his two Adams. It may conduce to quiet the minds of many in this matter, which is a universal family concern, for me to name three philosophers of quite a different sort, who, however they may have differed on other points, still perfectly agreed in this; doubtless because it is an object in natural history, and they all were the greatest natural philosophers which the world has recently lost, viz., Haller, Linnæus, and Buffon. These three held, that all true men, Europeans, negroes, &c. are mere varieties of the same genus."

Blumenbach says further, "I see not the least reason why, considering this subject physiologically, and as a subject in natural history, I should have the least doubt that all the people, in all the known parts of the world, belong to one and the same common family. Since all the differences in the human race, however striking they may at first appear, on nearer examination run into each other by the most unobservable transitions and shades, no other than very *arbitrary* lines can be drawn between these varieties."

These quotations may suffice. But what will the reader say, what can he think, when he finds a Protestant divine proceed as Bretschneider has now been shown to do: in the first place setting aside the creeds of the Church to which he pretends to belong, and maintaining that "the divine doctrine of the Holy Scriptures" ought to take precedence with every one over the Augsburg Confession, which is merely the word of man; and then turning himself about, and representing this same word of God as full of falsehoods; and, for proof of this representation, resorting frivolously to futile and baseless arguments, from sciences to which he has never seriously attended; nay, acting so unfaithfully as to misrepresent his alleged authorities?

The Berlin Reviewer proceeds next to consider the province and lights of Natural Religion, which the Rationalists regard as all-

sufficient for the direction and interests of immortal man. He commences with this invocation, "May the Lord be with us, for it will soon be midnight around us." This, he says, we must be ready to say, when we consider the various efforts which are made to disturb the faith of Christians in the Bible, and point them only to the revelation of God in nature. Pascal, he continues, who was a man equally great as a natural philosopher and a theologian, clearly shows, with thorough knowledge of himself and of nature, where this would end. "When I see," he says, "the blindness and misery of men, and the striking contradictions which we observe in our own nature—when I see the whole creation *silent*, and man *without light, left to himself*, and, as it were, lost in a corner of the universe, without knowing who placed him there, for what object he is there, or what will become of him at death, I am seized with horror, like a man who had been carried while asleep to a waste and desolate island. And then I can only wonder why we do not fall into despair at so miserable a condition. I look around me on every side, and see everywhere only darkness. Nature affords me nothing that does not fill me with doubt and disquiet. Did I see absolutely nothing to point me to God, I would determine on entire infidelity. Could I find everywhere the traces of the Creator, I would rest in the peace of faith; but since I see too much to deny, and too little to be certain, I am in a most deplorable state."

In another passage he says, "It is in vain to attempt to convert the wicked by pointing to the works of God, to the course of the moon, of the planets, &c. The creation preaches the Creator to those only who already have a lively faith in their hearts." Compare with this the accordant sentiment of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans; how, according to Paul, the foolish, darkened heart of the heathen turned from the worship of God to the worship of the creature, and how the most shameful vices went hand in hand with this idolatry. How is it possible that so many divines, in the very face of historical facts, should undertake to preach God and virtue to men, without any reference to Christ!

Among those who thus dream is Dr. Bretschneider, when he speaks of Astronomy as follows: "This sublime science, which enlarges our conceptions of immortality by views so inspiring, and which, by opening a view of innumerable worlds, offers the *surest pledges* of our spiritual life beyond the grave." Pledges! what if we had no other pledges of immortality! "In view of the stars, could I, poor man, bound to the earth, and struck with horror at mouldering corpses, build hopes or rather claims for immortality? This would be enthusiasm indeed!"

Instead of this astronomical phantasy about immortality, which resembles some sentimental sermons for which Germany is noted, let the reader refer to the language of that horrible feeling, to

which every contemplation of nature, so far as it is just, must lead the man who turns away from the Redeemer. "There has," writes Werther, "as it were, a curtain drawn itself round my soul. And the theatre of a boundless life has changed before me into the abyss of an ever open grave. Canst thou say that any thing is, since every thing passes away ;—since every thing rolls along with the speed of a tempest, and seldom outlasts the whole power of its being—hurried along by the stream, 'whelmed beneath the waves, or dashed against the rocks !—since there is no moment which does not waste thee and thine around thee ! \* \* \* My heart is undermined by that consuming power, which lies concealed in universal nature, which has formed nothing that does not destroy what is nearest to it, and itself. Thus disquieted, I reel along,—the heavens and earth, and their moving powers around me: I see nothing but a monster ever devouring, and ever again reproducing !"

Thus does death sport with all these heathen phantasies of immortality, and shows his fearful power, which destroys the tender grass of the spring and the new-born infant alike, it may be sooner or later, but yet inevitably.

Before the Reviewer closes his spirited, and, at times, his impressive castigation of Bretschneider, he takes a rapid view of Natural Science in Alliance with Theology, and as certain great spirits have regarded them in connexion, the one with the other department, but each preserving its own proper limits. He says, "I have had so much to do with the abuse of natural science, that the reader may at length begin to think that I see in science only an enemy of Christian theology. But no one can be more thoroughly opposed to such a view than I am,—a view which would stand in direct contradiction to the Bible itself. The Psalmist says, 'O Lord, how great are thy works, thy thoughts are very deep. A brutish man knoweth not, neither doth a fool understand this !'" The writer then goes on to remark that the abuse of which he speaks,—the overturning of the boundary-stone between its province and that of Christian theology,—makes it necessary to mark their respective departments very accurately. This has already been done by Bacon, who says, "We must not presume by the contemplation of nature to attain to the mysteries of God." "If any man shall think, by view and inquiry into these sensible and material things, to attain that light, whereby he may reveal unto himself the nature or will of God, then indeed is he spoiled by vain philosophy. \* \* \* And it is true, that it hath proceeded that divers great, learned men have been heretical, whilst they have sought to fly up to the secrets of the Deity, by the waxen wings of the senses."—"Let men endeavour an endless progress or proficiencie both in divinity and philosophy, \* \* \* only let them beware, that they do not unwisely

minge or confound these learnings together." In the introduction to his "*Novum Organon*," Bacon offers the following prayer, "This also we humbly and earnestly beg, that human things may not prejudice such as are divine; neither that, from the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the kindling of a greater natural light, any thing of incredulity or intellectual night may arise in our minds toward divine mysteries. But rather that by our mind thoroughly cleansed and purged from fancy and vanities, and yet subject and perfectly given up to the divine oracles, there may be given unto faith the things that are faith's."

Beautifully and affectingly is the relation between natural science and the Christian revelation brought to our view in a prayer with which the great Kepler concludes one of his astronomical works. "It remains only," he says, "that I should now lift up to heaven my eyes and hands from the table of my pursuits, and humbly and devoutly supplicate the Father of lights. O Thou, who by the light of Nature dost enkindle in us a desire after the light of grace, that by this Thou mayest translate us into the light of glory,—I give thee thanks, O Lord and Creator, that thou hast gladdened me by thy creation, when I was enraptured by the work of thy hands. Behold! I have here completed a work of my calling, with as much of intellectual strength as Thou hast granted me. I have declared the praise of thy works to the men, who will read the evidence of it, so far as my finite spirit could comprehend them, in their infinity. My mind endeavoured its utmost to reach the truth by philosophy; but if any thing unworthy of Thee has been taught by me—a worm born and nourished in sin—do Thou teach me that I may correct it. Have I been seduced into presumption by the admirable beauty of thy works, or have I sought my own glory among men, in the construction of a work designed for thine honour? O then graciously and mercifully forgive me; and finally grant me this favour, that this work may never be injurious, but may conduce to thy glory, and the good of souls."

Who now can imagine that this was a sort of bigotry and forced humility, in these great and commanding spirits, or a blind submission to the sacred oracles? It is truly a genuine humility, which belongs to every thorough and honest student of nature, and which his knowledge, so far from destroying, rather increases. The famous English philosopher, Robert Boyle, expresses himself somewhere to the following effect: "What inclines the experimental philosopher to embrace Christianity is this, that being constantly employed in endeavouring to give clear and satisfactory explanations of natural phenomena, and finding how impossible it is to do so, this constant experience produces in his mind a great and unfeigned modesty. In the exercise of this virtue, he is not only inclined to desire and receive more particular information respect-



ing things which appear to him dark and concealed, but he is also disinclined to make his simple and abstract reason the authentic standard of truth. And although the pretended philosopher imagines that he understands everything, and that nothing can be true which does not agree with his philosophy; yet the intelligent and experienced student of nature, who knows how many difficulties, even in material things, remain unsolved, by all the boasted explanations that have been given of them, will never flatter himself with the idea that his knowledge of *supernatural* things is complete. And this state of mind is perfectly proper for the student of revealed religion. Familiar converse with the works of God enables the experienced observer to see that many things are possible and true which he believed to be false and impossible, so long as he relied simply on his imperfectly instructed reason."

"I will not deny," says Claudius, "that I have great joy in this Robert Boyle, this Francis Bacon, this Isaac Newton; not so much on account of religion, which, of course, can neither gain nor lose by learned men, be they great or small. But it gives me joy when such a diligent and indefatigable philosopher as Bacon, who had grown old in the study of nature, and who knew by his own observation more respecting it than almost any other person;—when such a bird of Jupiter, with keen and piercing eye, as Newton was, who drew the plan and laid the ground (more admired than used by his successors) for a new and truly great philosophy, and was one of the first, if not the very first, mathematician in Europe;—I say, when we see such men, with all their knowledge, not esteeming themselves wise, and after they have penetrated more deeply than others into the mysteries of nature, standing around the altar and the greater mysteries of God with docility, holding their hats in their hands, as it becomes them to do;—when we see this, we rejoice, and begin to feel more kindly towards learning, which can allow its friends and adherents to become really more knowing, without, at the same time, taking away their better reason, and making them fools and despisers of religion. After seeing these men, in this attitude, it produces a strange effect to see the *light troops* on the other side, passing by the altar, keeping their hats upon their heads, and turning up their noses contemptuously at its mysteries."

It would be well if our Rationalists were to take to heart the plain, humble confessions of the excellent Boyle, who found out by his own experience the *manner* and the *limits* of natural science! In these confessions of humility regarding revelation, Bacon, Newton, Kepler, Pascal, Haller, and others have agreed, as we have seen.

But the light troops, of whom Claudius speaks, understand not, in their blindness and pride, those difficult questions of the Lord in

the book of Job: "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me. Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days?" &c.

The Berlin Reviewer concludes in this fashion. Happy would it be if the Rationalist theologians would humble themselves, and confess with Job, "I have uttered that which I understood not,—things too wonderful for me, which I knew not."

It will by this time be seen by our readers, from the exposure thus sprightlily conducted, that dexterity and want of honesty, rather than argument, characterize the method and the conclusions of the Rationalists. They assume and deny by turns. A fact in nature, on the one hand, is made use of for the sake of founding a sweeping hypothesis; but if, on the other hand, it points significantly towards sustaining the doctrines of Scripture, it is either passed over altogether, or shorn of its meaning. Demonstration is uniformly discovered throughout the system of these reasoners, while mere exceptions are allowed to the believers in Revelation. In short, hypotheses of a shifting and sliding character is their way; theirs is a system of hypotheses altogether; and the result is an unsubstantial, chilling and lifeless creed. The Books of Moses are regarded by them only as a very old legend,—a mythus; or are studied as any other ancient manuscript scroll would be, as a curiosity, or at best for the Hebrew they contain, and the lights they shed on the manners of an Eastern primitive people. And when they come to the New Testament, most of them, by mystical interpretation, sly insinuation, and poorly concealed contempt of all that is miraculous, show their disbelief in the testimony of the Evangelists, and their denial of our Lord's Divine nature. To be sure, it frequently requires the utmost patience to discover what is intended in their writings, so involved and obscure is their meaning, even when anything can be supposed to be distinctly conceived by themselves. Strauss, in his "Life of Jesus," however, cannot be accused with justice in this way; for he speaks out, his purpose is intelligible, his inferences unconcealed. He shows and tells how he would cut and carve the Books of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,—what ought to be their form, and the import of remarkable passages in them; and that after all there is nothing so extraordinary in the whole history as to evade or exceed the explanation which the human mind can readily bring to the task. Nothing better than utter scepticism therefore is the consequence; or, what we have been accustomed to call in England by the terms, Infidelity or Deism.



Indeed, although the Rationalism of Germany presents some original features and national characteristics, it has its foundation and its origin in that common dislike to spiritual truth which is natural to the pride of man, and especially to the disciples of a philosophy that pretends to fathom and grasp all truth. We have near the beginning of our paper noticed the opinion which many entertain, and which is gaining ground at a rapid rate in this country, viz. that the boastings and perversities of philosophy have been countenanced by certain Protestant dogmas; that, in short, the war of metaphysics and of religious sectarianism is but Protestantism run to seed; or, as others have thought, the principles of the Reformation misunderstood. "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible," which is the Shibboleth of Protestants, it is said, are utterances or proclamations that are too unguarded; allowing every man to become his own legislator, and opening the gates to ignorance, presumption, and monstrous errors. In Germany, at least, another and ulterior result has been the annihilation of religious reality to a woful extent.

And what has been the issue amongst ourselves, even although the Anglican Church acknowledges the necessity for the interpretations of its accredited servants, and inculcates the sanctity of ecclesiastical tradition,—amongst ourselves, where, whatever be the diversity of creeds, it cannot be said that there is any want of heat in them, or of fervour in maintaining the several voices in the Babylonish uproar? Why, disputations and all the vagaries of adventurous thought which the unbridled license given to private opinion engendered; the Scriptures being declared by the Reformers capable of private interpretation. Along with this gladly received indulgence there naturally arose a cry for toleration, which however fit and needful in theory, was found too often in reality to beget mere indifferentism; just as liberality became licentiousness.

It has been observed that German Rationalism is nothing more than English Infidelity and Socinianism, with some distinctive colours. Would it not be a remarkable as well as a most desirable sequence,—if a religious and ecclesiastical reform should ere long take place in this country,—did the Continental Protestants become affected by the example, and a return should not only be made by the men of mind and learning among them to an obedience such as distinguished the wisdom of the past, and before accidental errors gathered round these sacred institutions, but when unity of spirit and uniformity of worship should characterize the nations? There is certainly at this moment to be traced in England a moral and religious movement of no mean strength. What its issues may be we cannot tell; but there is reason to hope that it will not be lifelessness. Perhaps it may be constructiveness or conservation of all that is most to be valued in the church. It is understood that

the German orthodox divines bend an anxious eye towards England. But for England the compact band of them to whom allusion was before made, might have despaired; at any rate they would have found their hands comparatively weak, and the hopes of a revival thrown far into the future. To friendly combination, to a reciprocity of efforts, and to a generous rivalry in all that ennobles man, whether the spoils of sober science or the higher yet kindred lights of revealed truth, we must look for the regeneration of Europe and the health and efficacy of the church at home and abroad, its unity and its beauteous harmony.

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ART. II.—*Biblical Researches in Palestine, Mount Sinai, and Arabia Petræa.* By E. ROBINSON, D. D. 3 vols. Murray.

IN the year 1838, Dr. Robinson and Mr. Eli Smith undertook a journey in Palestine and part of Arabia, in reference to Biblical Geography. The former of these gentlemen has been long extensively known and highly esteemed as the author of the most valuable Greek and English Lexicon that exists of the New Testament, and is Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary of New York. Palestine has long been to him a subject of extraordinary interest; and he appears to have contemplated for many years a visit to scenes so endeared to him by his scholarship, as the greatest gratification that his curiosity could possibly experience in this world. Accordingly in 1837 he left New York for the Promised Land, there to fulfil his strong desire; and with his former pupil Mr. Smith, a missionary to the East, he accomplished the tour.

Leaving America, touching England, and sojourning a short time in Germany, with the view of having the suggestions and advice of some of the famous oriental scholars of that country, Dr. Robinson at length reached Egypt, where he met his friend. The pair thence proceeded to Mount Sinai, by a way not often penetrated by travellers, and at last reached the Holy City, where they remained to pursue their researches, as well as to make excursions in Palestine, as often and as far as their time would permit. About half a year was employed in these investigations.

The two friends were well united for such important pursuits. It is unnecessary to speak of the Professor's qualifications for the undertaking; but Mr. Smith was an indispensable assistant; for in the course of his Missionary labours he has acquired an extensive knowledge of the Arabic language, and also of the East and the Eastern people. It was his business, therefore, to furnish whatever information, as to names of localities, he could collect, and which was to be derived in the course of communications with the

natives—a very important consideration—while Dr. Robinson kept his separate diary, the contributions of both being digested at the close of each day, and subsequently prepared for publication by the Professor. Nor is it unworthy of being mentioned that the work was composed for the press while the author resided at Berlin; for it bears striking marks of German scholarly aids, without which we should most probably have had slenderer volumes, and less of that criticism that pursues words and ideas to the furthest limit to which they can possibly be carried.

But, along with much minute scholarship, Dr. Robinson gives us a narrative of his journey, interrupted by many ingenious and learned disquisitions, and varied also by historical sketches; a principal object being to ascertain the precise topographical position of localities rendered memorable in Scripture. And taken in this latter view, the work has no competitor; it supplies entirely new information, derived from researches conducted with consummate learning and judgment, and with all possible diligence.

It has hitherto been generally the practice of travellers in the Holy Land, and in regions identified with the early history of the Children of Israel, to accept more or less of the traditions and legends with which the monks so plentifully cater to the curiosity of strangers. In fact these *authorities* are not only remarkably ignorant and credulous, but they naturally, and for the sake of gain, incline to feed the amazement of those who come from a distance; few of the latter being competent to check the fabrications and absurdities. Not so Dr. Robinson; for he was not only resolved, but in a condition from previous acquirements and habits, to investigate thoroughly the geography of the Bible, without allowing himself to be led astray by superstitious and lying stories, or taking any one thing for granted merely because recorded by some earlier traveller. A single sentence will suffice to explain the principle and the mode of his examinations and surveys: he not merely carefully compared current traditions with ancient records, but with the evidences furnished by local features and positions; by no means overlooking the names used to this day by the natives, whose language does not differ essentially from that of the ancient Hebrews, and who also equally attend to prominent local characteristics in the adoption of these appellations. Former travellers in Palestine and Arabia have generally neglected this last-mentioned source of identification and correction; very often on account of their incapacity to hold familiar communications with the Arabs and Syrians, and because they were obliged to be beholden to the guides furnished by the convents, many of these being themselves foreigners, if not impostors.

It is perfectly obvious that the very slightest reliance can be placed on the legends and traditions of the monks in regard to

sites in Palestine, and the regions where miracles were wrought in relation to the Israelites. No sooner, indeed, did Christianity become the religion of the Roman empire, than flocks of zealous and often most credulous believers, took upon themselves to identify the spots most affecting to the imagination, in relation particularly to the life, crucifixion, and ascension of Jesus. The place of his death was thus identified, which, however, Dr. Robinson clearly shows to be a fabrication; just as the stories of many relics and of miracles wrought must be pronounced to be forgeries. In fact, so many centuries had elapsed from the time of our Saviour's sojourn and sufferings on earth, before any religious regard was shown by imperial authority to Christianity or its vestiges, that the local traces to this day pointed out by legends and traditions,—and after the terrible devastations of war that disfigured the Holy Land,—ought to be viewed with the utmost distrust, even if the stories did not frequently carry with them ridiculous absurdities. The long reign of Mohamedanism, again, forbade such opportunities for correction as some Dr. Robinson might have supplied hundreds of years ago, had such a skilled, patient, and candid traveller visited and explored the scenes of Scriptural geography.

These "*Biblical Researches*" will unquestionably be henceforth regarded as one of the most precious contributions that have ever been made to Christian archæology. With a zeal as fresh and pure as it is ardent; with a judgment that is serene, and a charity that is as amiable as his criticism is close and erudite, does the Professor lay before the reader an immense storehouse crowded with materials that must excite the deepest interest. Even the descriptions of what he experienced, and of what he saw, are often awakening; carrying back the mind to periods that are sacred, or associated with our most devout aspirations and solemn imaginings. One obtains from these pages a satisfactory idea of oriental scenery, and also, if not of the venerable antiquities of scriptural times, at least of a mind filled with the images of them, and of a spirit fraught with religious lore and worship, discerning and enlightened; Protestant, but pleasantly tolerant. To be sure many parts of the bulky volumes are only calculated to instruct and interest scholars; and perhaps compression, as well as another arrangement, might have been adopted with advantage. Still, nothing can be said or thought of the production that will not redound to the reputation of its author, or that will prevent it from becoming a model of research, and a standard authority in all time coming.

We shall now call the attention of our readers to some of those passages which will not only convey a good idea of the characteristic contents of the work, but which also communicate information that must at any time be desirable; several of our extracts also being chosen on account of the special interest they possess at the

present time. First, then, let us attend to certain Biblical subjects, and where criticism is relieved by description of the actual and the existing: we alight at the traditionally-reputed Mount Sinai:—

“My first and predominant feeling while upon this summit, was that of disappointment. Although from our examination of the plain er-Râhah below, and its correspondence to the Scriptural narrative, we had arrived at the general conviction that the people of Israel must have been collected on it to receive the law, yet we still had cherished a lingering hope or feeling, that there might after all be some foundation for the long series of monkish tradition, which for at least fifteen centuries has pointed out the summit on which we now stood as the spot where the Ten Commandments were so awfully proclaimed. But Scriptural narrative and monkish tradition are very different things; and while the former has a distinctness and definiteness, which through all our journeyings rendered the Bible our best guide-book, we found the latter not less usually and almost regularly to be but a baseless fabric. In the present case, there is not the slightest reason for supposing that Moses had anything to do with the summit which now bears his name. It is three miles distant from the plain on which the Israelites must have stood, and hidden from it by the intervening peaks of the modern Horeb. No part of the plain is visible from the summit; nor are the bottoms of the adjacent valleys; nor is any spot to be seen around it where the people could have been assembled. The only point in which it is not immediately surrounded by high mountains, is towards the S. E. where it sinks down precipitously to a tract of naked gravelly hills.”

Dr. Robinson and his companion were not to be satisfied with such a tame and unlikely locality; and at length persuaded themselves that they discovered the true Mount.

“While the monks were here employed in lighting tapers and burning incense, we determined to scale the almost inaccessible peak of es-Sufsâfeh before us, in order to look out upon the plain, and judge for ourselves as to the adaptedness of this part of the mount to the circumstance of the Scriptural history. This cliff rises some five hundred feet above the basin; and the distance to the summit is more than half a mile. We first attempted to climb the side in a direct course; but found the rock so smooth and precipitous, that after some falls and a few exposures, we were obliged to give it up, and clamber upwards along a steep ravine by a more northern and circuitous course. From the head of this ravine we were able to climb around the face of the northern precipice and reach the top, along the deep hollows worn in the granite by the weather during the lapse of ages, which give to this part, as seen from below, the appearance of architectural ornament.

“The extreme difficulty and even danger of the ascent, was well rewarded by the prospect that now opened before us. The whole plain er-Râhah lay spread out beneath our feet, with the adjacent Wadys and mountains; while Wady esh-Shcikh on the right, and the recess on the left, both connected with and opening broadly from er-Râhah, presented

an area which serves nearly to double that of the plain: Our conviction was strengthened, that here or on some one of the adjacent cliffs was the spot where the Lord 'descended in fire' and proclaimed the law. Here lay the plain where the whole congregation might be assembled; here was the mount that could be approached and touched, if not forbidden; and here the mountain-brow, where alone the lightnings and the thick cloud would be visible, and the thunders and the voice of the trump be heard, when the Lord 'came down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai.' We gave ourselves up to the impressions of the awful scene, and read with a feeling that will never be forgotten, the sublime account of the transaction and the commandments there promulgated, in the original words as recorded by the great Hebrew legislator."

Another Mount—that of Gerizim—presented a remnant that is fast hastening to extinction; a people of whom we have innumerable particulars in Holy Writ.

"The Samaritans," says the Professor, "are now reduced to a very small community; these being only thirty men who pay taxes, and few, if any, who are exempt; so that their whole number cannot be reckoned at over one hundred and fifty souls. One of them is in affluent circumstances; and having been for a long time chief secretary of the Mutesellim of Nebulus, became one of the most important and powerful men of the province. He had recently been superseded in his influence with the governor by a Copt; and now held only the second place. He was called El-Abd es-Samary. The rest of the Samaritans are not remarkable either for their wealth or poverty. The physiognomy of those we saw was not Jewish; nor indeed did we remark in it any peculiar character, as distinguished from that of other natives of the country. They keep the Saturday as their Sabbath with great strictness, allowing no labour nor trading, not even cooking or lighting a fire, but resting from their employments the whole day. On Friday evening they pray in their houses; and on Saturday have public prayers in their synagogue at morning, noon, and evening. They meet also in the synagogue on the great festivals, and on the new moons; but not every day. The law is read in public, not every Sabbath-day, but only upon the same festivals. Four times a year they go up to Mount Gerizim (Jebel et-Tûr) in solemn procession to worship; and then they begin reading the law as they set off, and finish it above. These seasons are: The feast of the Passover, when they pitch their tents upon the mountain all night, and sacrifice seven lambs at sunset; the day of Pentecost; the feast of Tabernacles, when they sojourn here in booths built of branches of the arbutus; and lastly, the great day of Atonement in autumn. They still maintain their ancient hatred against the Jews; accuse them of departing from the law in not sacrificing the passover, and in various other points, as well as of corrupting the ancient text; and scrupulously avoid all connexion with them. If of old 'the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans,' the latter at the present day reciprocate the feeling; and neither eat nor drink, nor marry, nor associate with the Jews, but only trade with them."



The following passage gives us a touching trait, and transports the mind to primitive times.

“ When about two thirds of the way up, we heard a woman calling after us, who proved to be the mother of our Samaritan guide. He was her only son, and had come away, it seems, without her knowledge ; and she was now in the utmost terror at finding that he had gone off as a guide to Franks, to show them the holy mountain. She had immediately followed us, and was now crying after us with all the strength of her lungs, forbidding him to proceed, lest some evil should befall him. The young man went back to meet her, and tried to pacify her ; but in vain ; she insisted upon his returning home. This he was not inclined to do ; although he said he could not disobey his mother, and so transgress the law of Moses. This touching trait gave us a favourable idea of the morality of the Samaritans. After reasoning with her a long time without effect, he finally persuaded her to go with us. So she followed us up, at first full of wrath, and keeping at a distance from us ; yet at last she became quite reconciled and communicative.”

But we must present one other specimen of Dr. Robinson's geographical corrections, at least in as far as history has hitherto reported. The opinion has long obtained that the destruction of the “ cities of the plain ” preceded the existence of the Dead Sea ; and that the waters of the river Jordan, before that catastrophe, pursued their course southwards to the Gulf of Akabah. But, says our author,—

“ Instead of the Jordan pursuing its course southwards to the Gulf, we had found the waters of the 'Arabah itself, and also those of the high western desert far south of 'Akabah, all flowing northwards into the Dead Sea. Every circumstance goes to show, that a lake must have existed in this place, into which the Jordan poured its waters, long before the catastrophe of Sodom. The great depression of the whole broad Jordan-valley and of the northern part of the 'Arabah, the direction of its lateral valleys, as well as the slope of the high western desert towards the north, all go to show that the configuration of this region, in its main features, is coëval with the present condition of the surface of the earth in general ; and not the effect of any local catastrophe at a subsequent period. It seems also to be a necessary conclusion, that the Dead Sea anciently covered a less extent of surface than at present. The cities which were destroyed, must have been situated on the south of the lake as it then existed ; for Lot fled to Zoar, which was *near* to Sodom ; and Zoar, as we have seen, lay almost at the southern end of the present sea, probably in the mouth of Wady Kerak as it opens upon the isthmus of the peninsula. The fertile plain, therefore, which Lot chose for himself, where Sodom was situated, and which was well watered like the land of Egypt, lay also south of the lake, ‘ as thou comest unto Zoar.’ Even to the present day, more living streams flow into the Ghôr at the south end of the sea, from Wadys of the eastern mountains, than are to be found so near together in all Palestine ; and the tract,

although now mostly desert, is still better watered, through these streams and by the many fountains, than any other district throughout the whole country."

Jerusalem has often been described by Christian travellers as a filthy city, with an inhospitable population. But the experience of our travellers left more favourable impressions. Christianity, however, as exhibited in the Roman Catholic religious services, was offensive. What we now quote relates to the Easter festival.

"The different sects of Christians who have possession of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre had of course been compelled to alternate in their occupancy of it, and in the performance of their religious ceremonies. On this last 'high day' of the festival, the Greeks held their grand mass at the sepulchre before break of day; and the Latins followed at nine o'clock. I looked in for a few moments, with my friend Mr. Homes, upon this latter ceremonial. Few persons were present except those engaged in the service. These few were all below in the body of the church; in the galleries there were no spectators. The reputed sepulchre, as is well known, stands in the middle of the spacious rotunda, directly beneath the centre of the great dome, which is open to the sky. The high altar was placed directly before the door of the sepulchre; so that we could not enter the latter. The ceremonies we saw consisted only in a procession of the monks and others marching around the sepulchre; stopping occasionally to read a portion of the Gospel; and then again advancing with chanting and singing. I was struck with the splendour of their robes, stiff with embroidery of silver and gold, the well-meant offerings probably of Catholics out of every country of Europe; but I was not less struck with the vulgar and unmeaning visages that peered out from these costly vestments. The wearers looked more like ordinary ruffians than like ministers of the cross of Christ. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the Latin monks in Palestine are actually, for the most part, ignorant and often illiterate men, chiefly from Spain, the refuse of her monks and clergy, who come or are sent hither as into a sort of exile, where they serve to excite the sympathies and the misplaced charities of the Catholics of Europe. There was hardly a face among all those before us that could be called intelligent. A few fine-looking French naval officers, and one or two Irish Catholics, had joined the procession, but seemed quite out of place, and as if ashamed of their companions."

We before spoke of Dr. Robinson's tolerant and charitable cast of sentiment, and deem it proper to quote the paragraph which immediately succeeds the account of Easter at Jerusalem, as a proof of his amiable liberality:—

"I make these remarks merely as relating a matter of fact, and not, I trust, out of any spirit of prejudice against the Romish Church or her clergy. I had once spent the Holy Week in Rome itself; and there admired the intelligent and noble countenances of many of the clergy and monks congregated in that city. For this very reason, the present contrast struck



me the more forcibly and disagreeably. The whole scene indeed was, to a Protestant, painful and revolting. It might perhaps have been less so had there been manifested the slightest degree of faith in the genuineness of the surrounding objects; but even the monks themselves do not pretend that the present sepulchre is anything more than an imitation of the original. But to be in the ancient city of the Most High, and to see these venerated places, and the very name of our holy religion profaned by idle and lying mummeries, while the proud Mussulman looks on with haughty scorn—all this excited in my mind a feeling too painful to be borne, and I never visited the place again."

We must extract some other passages concerning the various efforts made in Jerusalem and Palestine by communions which differ from the Romish. With regard to the Protestants and their missions:—

"We now repaired to the house of Mr. Whiting, where, in a large upper room, our friends had long established regular Divine service in English every Sunday; in which they were assisted by Mr. Nicolayson, the able missionary of the English Church, sent out hither by the London Missionary Society for the Jews. We found a very respectable congregation, composed of all the missionary families, besides several European travellers of rank and name. It was, I presume, the largest Protestant congregation ever collected within the walls of the Holy City; and it was gratifying to to see Protestants of various names here laying aside all distinctions, and uniting with one heart to declare by their example, in Jerusalem itself, that 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.' The simplicity and spirituality of the Protestant worship was to me affecting and doubly pleasing, in contrast with the pageant of which we had just been spectators.

"Early in the afternoon, we were also present at the service in Arabic, which the same missionaries had established in the house of Mr. Lanneau, and which was then regularly attended by some twenty or thirty Arab Christians of the Greek rite. These were men of respectable appearance, merchants and others, and seemed to yield attention to the things which they heard.

"It may not be out of place here to remark, that the object of the American missions to Syria and other parts of the Levant is not to draw off members of the oriental churches to Protestantism, but to awaken them to a knowledge and belief of the Gospel-truth in the purity and simplicity of its original Scriptural form. To this end all the efforts of the missionaries are directed, in the hope that individuals thus enlightened, and remaining, if they choose, within the pale of their own churches, may by degrees become instrumental in infusing into the latter life and vigour, and a love of the truth, before which the various forms of error and superstition will of themselves vanish away. The missionaries would seem thus to have taken the proper course, in going forward simply as preachers of the Gospel, and not as the direct assailants of specific errors; striving to overcome darkness by diffusing light, and not by denouncing it as gross

darkness. True, in this way they make less noise ; for the mere presentation of truth excites less opposition than the calling in question of long-cherished error ; but, with the blessing of God, they are likely to reap a more abundant harvest, and exert a larger and more lasting influence in the moral regeneration of the East."

Dr. Robinson regrets, in a paper on the religious condition and countenance of the Protestants of Palestine and Syria, that the same protection is not extended to, nor secured for, them which is afforded to other churches ; and therefore, he is of opinion, Protestantism has made little progress in these countries. He remarks upon English indifferentism in this respect, and even as deeply concerning her political relations. He observes—

"That England, while she has so deep a political interest in all that concerns the Turkish empire, should remain indifferent to this state of things in Syria, is a matter of surprise. France has long been the acknowledged protector of the Roman Catholic religion, in the same empire ; and the followers of that faith find in her a watchful and efficient patron : quite as efficient since the revolution of July as before. The consequence is, that wherever there are Roman Catholics, France has interested partisans ; and were she to land troops in Syria to-morrow, every Roman Catholic would receive them with open arms, including the whole Maronite nation, now armed and powerful. In the members of the Greek church, still more numerous, but now armed, the Russians have even warmer partisans. In Syria, the famed power of Russia is their boast ; and though this feeling is carefully concealed from the Muslims, and would not be expressed to an Englishman, it often amounts almost to enthusiasm. Hence, wherever Russia sends her agents, they find confidential friends and informants ; and were she to invade the country, thousands would give her troops a hearty welcome. But where are England's partisans in any part of Turkey ? Not a single sect, be it ever so small, looks to her as its natural guardian. Her wealth and her power are indeed admired ; her citizens, wherever they travel, are respected ; and the native Christians of every sect, when groaning under oppression, would welcome a government established by her, as a relief. Yet in this they would not be drawn by any positive attachment, but forced by a desire to escape from suffering. England has no party in Syria bound to her by any direct tie."

A few miscellaneous extracts, and pointing directly to existing or recent circumstances, shall now be presented. Arab guides :—

"We found that our guides of to-day and yesterday, both old and young, knew very little of distant mountains and objects ; while they were familiarly acquainted with those near at hand. It was only after long and repeated examination and cross-questioning, that my companion could be sure of any correctness as to more remote objects ; since at first they often gave answers at random, which they afterwards modified or took back. The young man Sâlim was the most intelligent of the whole. After all

our pains, many of the names we obtained were different from those which Burckhardt heard; although his guides apparently were of the same tribe. A tolerably certain method of finding any place at will is to ask an Arab if its name exists. He is sure to answer yes, and to point out some spot at hand as its location. In this way, I have no doubt, we might have found Rephidim or Marah, or any other place we chose; and such is probably the mode in which many ancient names and places have been discovered by travellers, which no one has ever been able to find after them."

Frankness and friendly feeling towards Franks at Summeil:—

"The people in general in this part of the country were ready to give us information, so far as they could, and seemed not to distrust us. Here too we found the same general impression, that our object was to collect information and survey the country, preparatory to the arrival of the Franks; and here too we were addressed in the usual phrase: 'Do not be long.' Indeed the inhabitants every where appeared, for the most part, to desire that the Franks should send a force among them. They were formerly tired of the Turks; they were now still more heartily tired of the Egyptians; and were ready to welcome any Frank nation which should come, not to subdue, (for that would not be necessary,) but to take possession of the land."

No wonder that they were tired of Egyptian rule, of Mohammed Ali's conscriptions; Palestine, as all know, being governed by that old sly fox when our travellers were describing the country. For example, we thus read:—

"The army consists chiefly of levies torn from their families and homes by brutal force. We saw many gangs of these unfortunate recruits on the river and around Cairo, fastened by the neck to a long heavy chain which rested on their shoulders. Such is the horror of this service among the peasantry, and their dread of being thus seized, that children are often mutilated in their fingers, their teeth, or an eye, in order to protect them from it. Yet the country is now so drained of able-bodied men, that even these unfortunate beings are no longer spared. In the companies of recruits which were daily under drill around the Ezbekiyeh, we saw very many who had lost a finger, or their front teeth; so that an English resident proposed, in bitter irony, to recommend to the Pasha that his troops should appear only in gloves. Indeed, it is a notorious fact, that this drain of men for the army and navy has diminished and exhausted the population, until there are not labourers enough left to till the ground, so that in consequence, large tracts of fertile land are suffered to lie waste."

Here is a touching circumstance connected with the Egyptian Pacha's tyrannous mode of disarming refractory districts:—

"When this process was going on at Bethlehem after the rebellion, an interesting circumstance took place, which serves to illustrate an ancient

custom. At that time, when some of the inhabitants were already imprisoned, and all were in deep distress, Mr. Farran, then English Consul at Damascus, was on a visit to Jerusalem, and had rode out with Mr. Nicolayson to Solomon's Pools. On their return, as they rose the ascent to enter Bethlehem, hundreds of the people, male and female, met them, imploring the Consul to interfere in their behalf, and afford them his protection; and all at once, by a sort of simultaneous movement, 'they spread their garments in the way' before the horses. The Consul was affected unto tears; but had of course no power to interfere. This anecdote was related to me by Mr. Nicolayson; who however had never seen or heard of any thing else of the kind, during his residence in Palestine."

Arab salesmen, and Arab free-and-easy hospitality:—

"The poor kid was now let loose, and ran bleating into our tent as if aware of its coming fate. All was activity and bustle to prepare the coming feast; the kid was killed and dressed with great dexterity and despatch; and its still quivering members were laid upon the fire, and began to emit savoury odours, particularly gratifying to Arab nostrils. But now a change come over the fair scene. The Arabs of whom we had bought the kid had in some way learned that we were to encamp near; and naturally enough concluding that the kid was bought in order to be eaten, they thought good to honour our Arabs with a visit, to the number of five or six persons. Now the stern law of Bedawîn hospitality demands, that whenever a guest is present at a meal, whether there be much or little, the first and best portion must be laid before the stranger. In this instance, the five or six guests attained their object, and had not only the selling of the kid, but also the eating of it; while our poor Arabs, whose mouths had long been watering with expectation, were forced to take up with the fragments. Beshârah, who played the host, fared worst of all; and came afterwards to beg for a biscuit, saying he had lost the whole of his dinner."

The religion of the Arabs is so accommodating that our travellers were told by the superior of a convent, in answer to the question, whether the Bedawi would feel any objection to professing Christianity? "None at all: they would do it to-morrow if they could get fed by it."

The following are additional particulars:—

"The Muhammedanism of all these sons of the desert sits very loosely upon them. They bear the name of followers of the False Prophet; and the few religious ideas which they possess are moulded after his precepts. Their nominal religion is a matter of habit, of inheritance, of national prescription; but they seemed to manifest little attachment to it in itself, and live in the habitual neglect of most of its external forms. We never saw any among them repeat the usual Muhammedan prayers, in which other Muslims are commonly so punctual; and were told, indeed, that many never attempt it, and that very few among them even know the proper words and forms of prayer. The men generally observe the fast of Ramadân, though some do not; nor do the females keep it. Nor is the duty of pilgrimage more

regarded ; for, according to Tuweiled, not more than two or three of all the Táwarah had ever made the journey to Mecca. The profaneness of the Bedawîn is excessive, and almost incredible. ‘ Their mouth is full of cursing,’ and we were hardly ably to obtain a single answer that did not contain an oath.”

We must dismiss these valuable volumes after copying out the Professor’s picturing of an oriental night-scene :—

“ The evening was warm and still ; we therefore did not pitch our tent, but spread our carpets on the sand, and lay down, not indeed at first to sleep, but to enjoy the scene and the associations which thronged upon our minds. It was truly one of the most romantic desert scenes we had yet met with ; and I hardly remember another in all our wanderings, of which I retain a more lively impression. Here was the deep broad valley in the midst of the ‘Arabah, unknown to all the civilized world, shut in by high and singular cliffs ; over against us were the mountains of Edom ; in the distance rose Mount Hor in its lone majesty, the spot where the good prophet brothers took of each their last farewell ; while above our heads was the deep azure of an oriental sky, studded with innumerable stars and brilliant constellations, on which we gazed with a higher interest from the bottom of this deep chasm. Near at hand were the flashing fires of our party ; the Arabs themselves in their wild attire, all nine at supper around one bowl ; our Egyptian servants looking on ; one after another rising and gliding through the glow of the fires ; the Sheikh approaching and saluting us ; the serving of coffee ; and beyond all this circle, the patient camels lying at their ease and lazily chewing the cud.”

ART. III.—*Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan.*

By JOHN L. STEPHENS. 2 vols. Murray.

MR. STEPHENS, our readers may remember, is the author of “ *Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land*,” which we reviewed some two years ago ; a work that was distinguished for its sensible, unaffected, but cheerful and graphic character, and which was much relished both in America, his native land, and in this country. If we remember rightly, it was reprinted by two different London publishers almost simultaneously. The volumes before us exhibit the same cheerful and genuine qualities, with still greater diversity of interest, owing to circumstances, which will be immediately accounted for.

In 1839, Mr. Stephens having been invested with a government mission by President Van Buren to Central America, or more precisely to Guatemala, thus enjoyed unusual facilities of travel in the then exceedingly distracted condition of the country which he was to visit as a diplomatic representative. And yet it was not, even in his case, without encountering a number of difficulties and dangers

that he pursued his journeys amid the conflicts of civil war, all which however lend character and interest to the narrative, however annoying the incidents at the time of their occurrence might be to the narrator. The fact is, that owing to the commotions and distractions referred to, on the part too of an inflammable, reckless, and bigoted people, his official agency was of little avail, and had few opportunities for activity or being of service either to his own country, or that to which he repaired. In these circumstances he was much at liberty to do as he fancied, and to be as adventurous as a passionate and experienced traveller need be. Accordingly, having taken with him Mr. Gatherwood, an artist, and an old companion in his wanderings, he journeyed hither and thither to the extent of "nearly three thousand miles in the interior of Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan, including visits to eight ruined cities." The volumes therefore consist of two sorts of matter, viz., adventures, personal incidents, notices of people, sketches of natural scenery, &c.; and, secondly, of the results of antiquarian research, among the marvellous relics of some hitherto unascertained nation, who must have flourished and arrived at a high pitch of civilization in some very remote age. The portions of the work which give details of these mysterious ruins and monuments are to us by far the most interesting of the whole, especially as they have never been much explored, and that much ignorance prevails with regard to their character and amount. It is probable, however, that Mr. Stephens's book, now that the regions are in a great measure tranquillized in which these relics repose, will send some Champollion or Wilkinson to disinter and interpret many of them, which even as seen in the engravings from some of Mr. Gatherwood's drawings, are wonderful specimens of sculptural as well as architectural art. We, however, can only present samples of the letterpress; and will begin with the sketches of travel, which of themselves, whatever may be the superior attractions of the antiquities, would command for the volumes an extensive circulation.

It was in October that Mr. Stephens sailed from New York, in due time landing at Balize, the arrival at and departure from which enable us to see the traveller in his real character,—in his cool, self-satisfied, humorous manner,—to great advantage. Balize, he says,—

"Was situated on the opposite side of the river, and the road to it was ankle-deep in mud. At the gate (of the mansion found for him) was a large puddle, which we cleared by a leap; the house was built on piles about two feet high, and underneath was water nearly a foot deep. We ascended on a plank to the sill of the door, and entered a large room occupying the whole of the first floor, and perfectly empty. The upper story was tenanted by a family of negroes; in the yard was a house swarming with negroes; and all over, in the yard and in front, were picturesque



groups of little negroes of both sexes, and naked as they were born. We directed the room to be swept and our baggage brought there ; and, as we left the house, we remembered Captain Hampton's description before our arrival, and felt the point of his concluding remark, that Balize was the last place made. We returned ; and while longing for the comfort of a good hotel, received through Mr. Goff, the consul of the United States, an invitation from his Excellency Colonel M'Donald, to the government House, and information that he would send the government dory to the brig for our luggage. As this was the first appointment I ever had from government, and I was not sure of ever holding another, I determined to make the most of it, and accepted at once his Excellency's invitation."

He remained a few days at this *last made place*, where he hired a French Spaniard servant, the very sort of person for roughing it anywhere. Yzabel was the port for which he was next to sail ; and this is the description of his departure and of his infinite gratifications :—

"In order that we might embark at the hour appointed, Colonel M'Donald had ordered dinner at two o'clock, and, as on the two preceding days, had invited a small party to meet us. Perhaps I am wrong, but I should do violence to my feelings did I fail to express here my sense of the colonel's kindness. My invitation to the government house was the fruit of my official character ; but I cannot help flattering myself that some portion of the kindness shown to me was the result of personal acquaintance. Colonel M'Donald is a soldier of the 'twenty years' war,' the brother of Sir John M'Donald, Adjutant General of England, and cousin of Marshal Macdonald of France. All his connexions and associations are military. At eighteen he entered Spain as an ensign, one of an army of ten thousand men, of whom, in less than six months, but four thousand were left. After being actively engaged in all the trying service of the Peninsular war, at Waterloo he commanded a regiment, and on the field of battle received the order of Companion of the Military Order of the Bath from the King of England, and that of Knight of the Order of St. Anne from the Emperor of Russia. Rich in recollections of a long military life, personally acquainted with the public and private character of the most distinguished military men of the age, his conversation was like reading a page of history. He is one of a race that is fast passing away, and with whom an American seldom meets. But to return.

"The large window of the dining-room opened upon the harbour ; the steam-boat lay in front of the government house, and the black smoke, rising in columns from her pipe, gave notice that it was time to embark. Before rising, Colonel M'Donald, like a loyal subject, proposed the health of the Queen ; after which he ordered the glasses to be filled to the brim, and standing up he gave 'The health of Mr. Van Buren, President of the United States,' accompanying it with a warm and generous sentiment, and the earnest hope of strong and perpetual friendship between England and America. I felt at the moment, 'Cursed be the hand that attempts to

break it !' and albeit unused to taking the President and the people upon my shoulders, I answered as well as I could. Another toast followed, to the health and successful journey of Mr. Gatherwood and myself, and we rose from table. The government dory lay at the foot of the lawn. Colonel M'Donald put his arm through mine, and, walking away, told me that I was going into a distracted country ; that Mr. Savage, the American consul of Guatemala, had, on a previous occasion, protected the lives and property of British subjects ; and, if danger threatened me, I must assemble the Europeans, hang out my flag, and send word to him, I knew that these were not words of courtesy, and, in the state of the country to which I was going, felt the value of such a friend at hand. With the warmest feelings of gratitude, I bade him farewell, and stepped into the dory. At the moment flags were run up at the government staff, the fort, the court-house, and the government schooner, and a gun was fired from the fort. As I crossed the bay, a salute of thirteen guns was fired ; passing the fort, the soldiers presented arms, the government schooner lowered and raised her ensign, and when I mounted the deck of the steam boat, the captain, with hat in hand, told me that he had instructions to place her under my orders, and to stop wherever I pleased.

"The reader will perhaps ask how I bore all these honours. I had visited many cities, but it was the first time that flags and cannon announced to the world that I was going away. I was a novice, but I endeavoured to behave as if I had been brought up to it ; and, to tell the truth, my heart beat, and I felt proud ; for these were honours paid to my country, and not to me. To crown the glory of the parting scene, my good friend Captain Hampton had charged his two four-pounders, and when the steam boat got under way he fired one, but the other would not go off. The captain of the steam boat had on board one puny gun, with which he would have returned all their civilities ; but, as he told me, to his great mortification, he had no powder.

"The steam boat in which we embarked was the last remnant of the stock in trade of a great Central American Agricultural Association, formed for building cities, raising the price of land, accommodating emigrants, and improvements generally. On the rich plains of the province of Vera Paz they had established the site of New Liverpool, which only wanted houses and a population to become a city. On the wheel of the boat was a brass circular plate, on which, in strange juxtaposition, were the words, ' Vera Paz,' ' London.' The captain was a small, weather-beaten, dried up old Spaniard, with courtesy enough for a Don of old. The engineer was an Englishman, and the crew were Spaniards, Mestizoes, and Mulattoes."

Mr. Stephens winds up the passage, so full, various, and good, in these words,—“ I have had my aspirations, but never expected to be able to dictate to the captain of a steam boat. Nevertheless, again as coolly as if I had been brought up to it, I designated the places I wished to visit, and retired. Verily, thought I, if these are the fruits of official appointments, it is not strange that men are found willing to accept them.” Yes, our traveller is cool and



calm in his manner; but the reader cannot but perceive how warm his sympathies are, and how poetically his enthusiasm glows. We next copy out an account of the crossing of the Mico mountain, which affords an idea of what travelling is in some parts of the regions in question, even although there should be no peril arising from civil war. Mr. Stephens had joined a caravan consisting of nearly a hundred mules, and twenty or thirty muleteers; and this was the manner of procedure:—

“The whole caravan was moving up the bed of the stream; the water was darkened by the shade of the overhanging trees; the muleteers, without shirts, and with their large trowsers rolled up to the thighs, and down from the waistband, were scattered among the mules; one chasing a stray beast; a second darting at one whose load was slipping off; a third lifting up one that had fallen; another, with his foot braced against a mule's side, straining at the girth; all shouting, cursing, and lashing; the whole a mass of inextricable confusion, and presenting a scene almost terrible. We held up to let them pass; and crossing the stream, rode a short distance on a level road, but over fetlock deep in mud; and, cutting off a bend, fell into the stream ourselves in the middle of the caravan. The branches of the trees met over our heads, and the bed of the stream was so broken and stony that the mules constantly stumbled and fell. Leaving this, and continuing on a road the same as before, in an hour we reached the foot of the mountain. The ascent began precipitously, and by an extraordinary passage. It was a narrow gulley, worn by the tracks of mules and the washing of mountain currents, so deep that the sides were higher than our heads, and so narrow that we could barely pass through without touching. Our whole caravan moved singly through these muddy defiles, the muleteers scattered among them and on the bank above, extricating the mules as they stuck fast, raising them as they fell, arranging their cargoes, cursing, shouting, and lashing them on. If one stopped, all behind were blocked up, unable to turn. Any sudden start pressed us against the sides of the gulley, and there was no small danger of getting a leg crushed. Emerging from this defile, we came again among deep mud-holes and projecting roots of trees, with the additional difficulty of a steep ascent. The trees, too, were larger, and their roots higher and extending further; and, above all, the mahogany tree threw out its giant roots, high at the trunk and tapering, not round, like the roots of other trees, but straight, with sharp edges, traversing rocks and the roots of other trees. It was the last of the rainy season; the heavy rains from which we had suffered at sea had deluged the mountain, and it was in worst state to be passable; for sometimes it is not passable at all. \* \* \* The woods were of impenetrable thickness; and there was no view except that of the detestable path before us. For five long hours we were dragged through mud-holes, squeezed in gulleys, knocked against trees, and tumbled over roots; every step required care and great physical exertion; and, withal, I felt that our inglorious epitaph might be, ‘Tossed over the head of a mule, brained by the trunk of a mahogany tree, and buried in the mud of the Mico Mountain.’ We attempted to

walk, but the rocks and roots were so slippery, the mud-holes so deep, and the ascents and descents so steep, that it was impossible to continue."

We have not room for any account of the sort of rough feeding which the traveller must be contented with at the end of such a stage; neither of the churlish treatment sometimes met with, as well as the inconvenience and provocation occasioned by rascally muleteers. If, however, any traveller could be expected to overcome all opposition, and baffle difficulties, it was the cool, the prudent, the firm, and the resourceful Mr. Stephens. But before reaching the sites of ancient cities, we must catch a glimpse of popular customs, manners, and feelings; the sketches of which, as well as of scenery, often diversify the pages of our agreeable and closely observant traveller.

Having reached the ridge of the Mico Mountain, they came, in the after progress of the party, to a large gate, which "was the first token we had seen of individual or territorial boundary, and in other countries would have formed a fitting entrance to a princely estate." It stood directly across the road like a toll-bar—a massive frame, with all its posts and supporters of solid mahogany. Soon after they approached a cochineal plantation, next passing through a "long lane thickly bordered and overshadowed with shrubs and trees, close to suffocation." In a short time they entered Gualan, where the heat was excessive. "At that moment there was a slight shock of earthquake." At length they reached the house of Donna Bartola, to whom they had a letter of introduction; and here, for the first time since they left Yzabel, they changed their clothes; for the first time, too, they dined. Matters of business, in due course, had to be attended to;—

"The first was to hire mules, which could not be procured till the day but one after. Next I negotiated for washing clothes, which was a complicated business, for it was necessary to specify which articles were to be washed, which ironed, and which starched, and to pay separately for washing, ironing, soap, and starch; and, lastly, I negotiated with a tailor for a pair of pantaloons, purchasing separately stuff, lining, buttons, and thread, the tailor finding needles and thimble himself. Toward evening we again walked to the river, returned, and taught Donna Bartola how to make tea. By this time the whole town was in commotion preparatory to the great ceremony of praying to the Santa Lucia. Early in the morning, the firing of muskets, petards, and rockets, had announced the arrival of this unexpected but welcome visitor, one of the holiest saints of the calendar, and, next to San Antonio, the most celebrated for the power of working miracles."

We are also told that the tour of the Santa Lucia, at that particular time, was regarded as an indication of a change of government, as a prelude to the restoration of the influence of the church, and

the revival of ceremonies "dear to the heart of the Indian." As such, it was hailed by all the villages through which the image or doll was carried. But to quote more particularly, the night having arrived when she was to receive the prayers of the Christians of Gualan, and when Mr. Stephens was there to see:—

"The Santa Lucia enjoyed a peculiar popularity from her miraculous power over the affections of the young; for any young man who prayed to her for a wife, or any young woman who prayed for a husband, was sure to receive the object of such prayer: and if the person praying indicated to the saint the individual wished for, the prayer would be granted, provided such individual was not already married. It was not surprising that a saint with such extraordinary powers, touching so directly the tenderest sensibilities, created a sensation in a place where the feelings, or rather the passions, are particularly turned to love. Donna Bartola invited us to accompany her, and, setting out, we called upon a friend of hers. During the whole visit, a servant girl sat with her lap full of tobacco, making straw cigars for immediate use. It was the first time we had smoked with ladies, and, at first, it was rather awkward to ask one for a light; but we were so thoroughly broken in that night that we never had any delicacy afterward. The conversation turned upon the saint and her miraculous powers; and when we avowed ourselves somewhat sceptical, the servant girl, with that familiarity, though not want of respect, which exists throughout Central America, said that it was wicked to doubt; that she had prayed to the saint herself, and two months afterward she was married, and to the very man she prayed for, though at the time he had no idea of her, and, in fact, wanted another girl. With this encouragement, locking the house, and accompanied by children and servants, we set out to pay our homage to the saint. The sound of a violin and the firing of rockets indicated the direction of her temporary domicile. She had taken up her residence in the hut of a poor Indian in the suburbs; and, for some time before reaching it, we encountered crowds of both sexes, and all ages and colours, and in every degree of dress and undress, smoking and talking, and sitting or lying on the ground in every variety of attitude. Room was made for our party, and we entered the hut. It was about twenty feet square, thatched on the top and sides with leaves of Indian corn, and filled with a dense mass of kneeling men and women. On one side was an altar, about four feet high, covered with a clean white cotton cloth. On the top of the altar was a frame, with three elevations, like a flower-stand, and on the top of that a case, containing a large wax doll, dressed in blue silk, and ornamented with gold-leaf, spangles, and artificial flowers. This was the Santa Lucia. Over her head was a canopy of red cotton cloth, on which was emblazoned a cross in gold. On the right was a sedan chair, trimmed with red cotton and gold-leaf, being the travelling equipage of the saint; and near it were Indians in half-sacerdotal dress, on whose shoulders she travelled; festoons of oranges hung from the roof, and the rough posts were inwrapped with leaves of the sugar-cane. At the foot of the altar was a mat, on which girls and boys were playing; and a little fellow about six years old, habited in the picturesque costume of a straw hat, and that only,

was coolly surveying the crowd. The ceremony of praying had already begun, and the music of a drum, a violin, and a flageolet, under the direction of the Indian master of ceremonies, drowned the noise of voices. Donna Bartola, who was a widow, and the other ladies of our party, fell on their knees; and, recommending myself to their prayers, I looked on without doing anything for myself, but I studied attentively the faces of those around me. There were some of both sexes who could not strictly be called young; but they did not, on that account, pray less earnestly. In some places people would repel the imputation of being desirous to procure husband or wife; not so in Gualan: they prayed publicly for what they considered a blessing. Some of the men were so much in earnest, that perspiration stood in large drops upon their faces; and none thought that praying for a husband need tinge the cheek of a modest maiden. I watched the countenance of a young Indian girl, beaming with enthusiasm and hope; and, while her eyes rested upon the image of the saint, and her lips moved in prayer, I could not but imagine that her heart was full of some truant, and perhaps unworthy lover. Outside the hut was an entirely different scene. Near by, were rows of kneeling men and women, but beyond were wild groups of half-naked men and boys, setting off rockets and fireworks. As I moved through, a flash rose from under my feet, and a petard exploded so near, that the powder singed me; and, turning round, I saw hurrying away my rascally muleteer. Beyond, were parties of young men and women dancing by the light of blazing pine-sticks. In a hut at some little distance were two haggard old women, with large caldrons over blazing fires, stirring up and serving out the contents with long wooden ladles, and looking like witches dealing out poison instead of love-potions. At ten o'clock the prayers to the saint died away, and the crowd separated into groups and couples, and many fell into what in English would be called flirtations. A mat was spread for our party against the side of the hut, and we all lighted cigars and sat down upon it. Cups made of small gourds, and filled from the caldrons with a preparation of boiled Indian corn, sweetened with various *dolces*, were passed from mouth to mouth, each one sipping and passing it on to the next; and this continued, without any interruption, for more than an hour. We remained on the ground till after midnight, and then were among the first to leave. On the whole, we concluded that praying to the Santa Lucia must lead to matrimony; and I could not but remark that, in the way of getting husbands and wives, most seemed disposed to do something for themselves, and not leave all to the grace of the saint."

We must now on to the ruins at Copan. In the meanwhile, however, we shall introduce the few extracts which are to follow by some prefatory observations, the result of our own general reading, and collected from previous accounts, as well as from the speculations of certain theorists concerning the ruins which are strewn over Central America.

When an antiquarian subject is not treated with pedantic display, but with the desire to obtain lights regarding the condition or the degree of civilization of some branch of the human family that

must have existed at a very distant period, especially if that subject have novelty to recommend it, while still such obscurity broods over it as to be pierced only here and there by some flickering rays, the utmost interest is begotten the moment we find that even these faint guides have been subjected to an earnest contemplation. If Egypt has been long made the scene of antiquarian speculation and discovery, and yet continues to supply new and marvellous monuments, the witnesses of primitive times, without exhausting the curiosity of the popular reader, or fatiguing the scholarly and the learned, with how much greater eagerness should we rush to the study of the recently discovered relics in Spanish America, seeing that very strong reasons exist for believing that these are not only as ancient as those to be found in the valley of the Nile, but are equally rich as works of art, and valuable as evidences of a peculiar development of mind and manners! The field is all but untrodden, although it is known that immense treasures are there buried; buried not only by the operations of time and physical nature, but by the crude lumber which most of the few who have yet explored it, have contrived to add. Owing to these absurd accumulations, together with the hasty and disparaging representations of historians, Robertson particularly, the Mexican antiquities have been undeservedly neglected.

It is true that Humboldt and some other travellers, as well as a commission at one time sent out by the Spanish government, gave such accounts, and drew such pictures, both by pencil and pen, of a considerable number and variety of the antiquities in question, as must have satisfied every reflecting mind and competent judge that these remains are not less stupendous, magnificent, grotesque, or tasteful than those of Egypt. Indeed, the former bear a striking resemblance to the latter; with such differences as local circumstances and national peculiarities would originate. Thus in New Spain are to be met with pyramidal graduated fabrics,—evidences of like modes of primeval worship with those which exist in the country of the Pharaohs, such as that of the solar god,—relics of temples and palaces, of sepulchres and domestic edifices which present the strong Cyclopean features. The idols, sculptures, and hieroglyphics exhibit a manifest affinity to the Egyptian. The ground-work plan of one of the palaces is, in fact, the Egyptian Tau.

Boldness of conception and skilful execution distinguish many of the relics which are scattered over Central America, and which crowd vast areas in many places; although, as was to be expected of any nation who arrived at such eminence, there are evidences of different stages having been attained in the progress of the characteristic refinement. It has been said that their architecture is marked by stately grandeur and melancholy beauty. Some of the

discovered statues are in a pure classical style. In like admirable taste are the vessels that have been found in their tombs; and to refer to other tokens of social advancement, it may be sufficient to state, that roads constructed like the Roman military roads extend to considerable distances from the cities, some of them carried by great artificial efforts around acclivities, or so as to unite mountains, great regard being had not only to the construction of levels, guarded too by parapets, but fixed stages being appointed for facilitating travelling by post in some way analogous to what distinguishes our turnpike roads. Now, could the people who contrived these gigantic structures,—these social accommodations, and who attended with such exquisite skill to details, be barbarians or savages? The supposition is self-contradictory. Could it be a nation no further advanced in civilization than the Mexicans were at the period of the Spanish conquest? Even this is a conjecture that may be as summarily disposed of, and upon abstract principles or the necessities of things, although there were no historical facts to direct us.

The monuments of which we have been particularly speaking are not Mexican, but belong to an age and some great nation long prior to the invasion of Cortes and Pizarro; a nation whom the natives at that date could not describe more precisely than to call them “giants and wandering masons.” Now, these vague reports, but significant appellations, have by some been held to characterize, in every district in ancient Europe, the Cyclopean family, a conjecture which the relics themselves so remarkably corroborate. Others maintain that the monuments date no further back than the era of the Tultecans, who only preceded the Mexicans proper by about six hundred years. But even this appears a period approaching too closely upon the present time, or at least upon that of the Spanish conquest, to enable us to account for such majestic and perfect works, without any distinct traditions or remnants of a people that must have been amazingly superior either to the Tultecan or Mexican tribes. How can we think of the authors of such Titanian architecture but as having formed a nation of extraordinary power in America, of which all certain memorial has been lost many centuries ago?

There is one theory which, if true, would give us a sufficiently remote and imposing idea of the nation whose works are desolate in New Spain, and which are such a mystery to antiquaries. This theory has been advanced by Lord Kingsborough and others, viz., that the ten tribes of the Israelites, who were carried away captive by the king of Assyria, in the reign of Hoshea, king of Judah, and who were scattered by the conqueror over north-eastern Asia, passed over into America, which they originally peopled. And indeed several observances and customs distinguish the Red Indian,



which also were remarkable features in the history of the Israelites. Still, serious grounds of doubt may be entertained with regard to affinity or analogy in this case; and one of the most striking is, that the aboriginal people of America are *red and beardless*, and all the world knows how different is the appearance as well as organization of the Hebrews.

To us the theory that is the most feasible remains to be that already noticed, viz., that in as far as can be gathered from architectural types, artistic ornaments, religious rites, hieroglyphical language, and characteristics of physiognomy, &c., that the extraordinary people, whose monuments we are considering, were a branch of the Cyclopean family, or shepherd kings as they have been called, the Titans and giants of the ancient poets, and the wandering architects of a later age. They seem to have constituted a branch of the same race of shepherd kings that invaded Egypt. Indeed the Mexicans are said to have had traditions to the effect that their predecessor came with the great ancestor of the American people, from the Ophite or Hivite land in Phœnicia; and we have seen a description of a Phœnician inscription which has been found engraved on a rock in Massachusetts.

According to this opinion, then, the builders of the monuments under review were Cyclopean Canaanites, traces of whose works occur in the history of Greece and Italy; wanderers; devoted to gloomy mysteries; the authors of an exaggerated architecture; and who "built cities, with walls, and towers reaching to heaven."

How or when a portion of this race may have begun to people the continent of America, will probably for ever baffle all human scrutiny and interpretation of the kinds of language and symbols inscribed on their remains. By what calamity the nation disappeared will not less probably continue a secret and a mystery. It may have been swept from the face of the earth by pestilence or by savage war. It may have retrograded from internal and social disease; although this does not appear to be likely. Possibly barbarians from the North, in Gothic fashion, made irruptions upon the "wandering masons," when they had become effeminate, or felt over secure; and thus so vanquished them as to introduce a series of generations deserving the title of the Dark Ages. But whether one or other of these was the destruction of the people, whose relics Mr. Stephens has partially explored, it is needless for us at present to inquire. If our author returns to the subject, as he seems to intend, we may then have some additional facts to guide us. In the meanwhile we have touched upon points that open an immense field for speculation: indicating, also, to what labour and enterprise the antiquities in Central America may, in the course of a few years, conduct the curious and the crudite.

But now, what of the ruins at Copan? They lie—they are

almost completely hidden by trees and vegetation—in a part of the country where the people, we are told, are less accustomed to the sight of strangers than the Arabs about Mount Sinai; and they “are much more suspicious.” They can hardly be said to have ever before been visited by strangers, and certainly were never before so fully described by the pen, much less delineated by the pencil. They are situated on the left bank of the Copan River, which empties itself into the Motagua, and so passes into the Bay of Honduras. The extent of the ruins along the river, says our author, as ascertained by monuments still found, is more than two miles. He adds,—

“There is one monument on the opposite side of the river, at the distance of a mile, on the top of a mountain two thousand feet high. Whether the city ever crossed the river, and extended to that mountain, it is impossible to say. I believe not. At the rear is an unexplored forest, in which there may be ruins. There are no remains of palaces or private buildings, and the principal part is that which stands on the bank of the river, and may, perhaps with propriety be called the temple. This temple is an oblong enclosure. The front or river wall extends on a right line north and south six hundred and twenty-four feet, and it is from sixty to ninety feet in height. It is made of cut stones, from three to six feet in length, and a foot and a half in breadth. In many places the stones have been thrown down by bushes growing out of the crevices, and in one place there is a small opening, from which the ruins are sometimes called by the Indians *Las Ventanas*, or the windows. The other three sides consist of ranges of steps and pyramidal structures, rising from thirty to one hundred and forty feet in height on the slope.”

We shall now throw together fragments of our author's eloquent description of the relics in the neighbourhood of Copan, in order to convey an idea of their extraordinary and gigantic character. Idols, altars, figures, death's heads, &c., with most elaborate ornaments, appear in profusion. Here is an impressive outline, with a variety of minuter points, given with uncommon graphic power, befitting the imposing scene,—

“The stream was wide, and in some places deep, rapid, and with a broken and stony bottom. Forging it, we rode along the bank by a foot-path encumbered with undergrowth, which Jose opened by cutting away the branches, until we came to the foot of the wall, where we again dismounted and tied our mules. The wall was of cut stone, well laid, and in a good state of preservation. We ascended by large stone steps, in some places perfect, and in others thrown down by trees which had grown up between the crevices, and reached a terrace, the form of which it was impossible to make out, from the density of the forest in which it was enveloped. Our guide cleared a way with his machete, and we passed, as it lay half buried in the earth, a large fragment of stone elaborately sculptured, and came to the angle of a structure with steps on the sides, in



form and appearance, so far as the trees would enable us to make it out, like the sides of a pyramid. Diverging from the base, and working our way through the thick woods, we came upon a square stone column, about fourteen feet high and three feet on each side, sculptured in very bold relief, and on all four of the sides, from the base to the top. The front was the figure of a man curiously and richly dressed, and the face, evidently a portrait, solemn, stern, and well fitted to excite terror. The back was of a different design, unlike anything we had ever seen before, and the sides were covered with hieroglyphics. This our guide called an 'Idol ;' and before it, at a distance of three feet, was a large block of stone, also sculptured with figures and emblematical devices, which he called an altar. The sight of this unexpected monument put at rest at once and for ever, in our minds, all uncertainty in regard to the character of American antiquities, and gave us the assurance that the objects we were in search of were interesting, not only as the remains of an unknown people, but as works of art, proving, like newly-discovered historical records, that the people who once occupied the Continent of America were not savages. With an interest perhaps stronger than we had ever felt in wandering among the ruins of Egypt, we followed our guide, who, sometimes missing his way, with a constant and vigorous use of his machete, conducted us through the thick forest, among half-buried fragments, to fourteen monuments of the same character and appearance, some with more elegant designs, and some in workmanship equal to the finest monuments of the Egyptians ; one displaced from its pedestal by enormous roots ; another locked in the close embrace of branches of trees, and almost lifted out of the earth ; another hurled to the ground, and bound down by huge vines and creepers ; and one standing, with its altar before it, in a grove of trees which grew around it, seemingly to shade and shroud it as a sacred thing ; in the solemn stillness of the woods, it seemed a divinity mourning over a fallen people. The only sounds that disturbed the quiet of this buried city were the noise of monkeys moving among the tops of the trees, and the cracking of dry branches broken by their weight. They moved over our heads in long and swift processions, forty or fifty at a time, some with little ones wound in their long arms, walking out to the end of boughs, and holding on with their hind feet or a curl of the tail, sprang to a branch of the next tree, and, with a noise like a current of wind, passed on into the depths of the forest. It was the first time we had seen these mockeries of humanity, and, with the strange monuments around us, they seemed like wandering spirits of the departed race guarding the ruins of their former habitations. We returned to the base of the pyramidal structure, and ascended by regular stone steps, in some places forced apart by bushes and saplings, and in others thrown down by the growth of large trees, while some remained entire. In parts they were ornamented with sculptured figures and rows of death's heads. Climbing over the ruined top, we reached a terrace overgrown with trees, and, crossing it, descended by stone steps into an area so covered with trees that at first we could not make out its form, but which, on clearing the way with the machete, we ascertained to be a square, and with steps on all the sides almost as perfect as those of the Roman amphitheatre. The steps were ornamented

with sculpture, and on the south sides, about half way up, forced out of its place by roots, was a colossal head, evidently a portrait. We ascended these steps, and reached a broad terrace a hundred feet high, overlooking the river, and supported by the wall which we had seen from the opposite bank. The whole terrace was covered with trees, and even at this height from the ground were two gigantic Ceibas, or wild cotton-trees of India, above twenty feet in circumference, extending their half-naked roots fifty or a hundred feet around, binding down the ruins, and shading them with their wide-spreading branches."

Take some sketches of individual relics to be found in this valley of wonder and romance.

"Towards the south, at a distance of fifty feet, is a mass of fallen sculpture, with an altar, marked R on the map; and at ninety feet distance is the statue marked Q, standing with its front to the east, twelve feet high and three feet square, on an oblong pedestal, seven feet in front and six feet two inches on the sides. Before it, at a distance of eight feet three inches, is an altar, five feet eight inches long, three feet eight inches broad, and four feet high. The face of this 'idol' is decidedly that of a man. The beard is of a curious fashion, and joined to the mustache and hair. The ears are large, though not resembling nature; the expression is grand, the mouth partly open, and the eyeballs seem starting from the sockets; the intention of the sculptor seems to have been to excite terror. The feet are ornamented with sandals, probably of the skins of some wild animals, in the fashion of that day. The back of this monument contrasts remarkably with the horrible portrait in front. It has nothing grotesque or pertaining to the rude conceits of Indians, but is noticable for its extreme grace and beauty. In our daily walks we often stopped to gaze at it, and the more we gazed the more it grew upon us. Others seemed intended to inspire terror, and, with their altars before them, sometimes suggested the idea of a blind, bigoted, and superstitious people, and sacrifices of human victims. This always left a pleasing impression; and there was a higher interest, for we considered that in its medallion tablets the people who reared it had published a record of themselves, through which we might one day hold conference with a perished race, and unveil the mystery that hung over the city."

Again,—

"At the distance of one hundred and twenty feet north, is the monument marked O, which, unhappily, is fallen and broken. In sculpture it is the same with the beautiful, half-buried monument before given, and, I repeat it, in workmanship equal to the best remains of Egyptian art. The fallen part was completely bound to the earth by vines and creepers, and before it could be drawn it was necessary to unlace them, and tear the fibres out of the crevices. The paint is very perfect, and has preserved the stone, which makes it more to be regretted that it is broken. The altar is buried, with the top barely visible, which, by excavating, we made out to represent the back of a tortoise."

## A visit to the quarry:—

“The city was buried in forest, and entirely hidden from sight. Imagination peopled the quarry with workmen, and laid bare the city to their view. Here, as the sculptor worked, he turned to the theatre of his glory, as the Greek did to the Acropolis of Athens, and dreamed of immortal fame. Little did he imagine that the time would come when his works would perish, his race be extinct, his city a desolation and abode for reptiles, for strangers to gaze at and wonder by what race it had once been inhabited. The stone is of a soft grit. The range extended a long distance, seemingly unconscious that stone enough had been taken from its sides to build a city. How the huge masses were transported over the irregular and broken surface we had crossed, and particularly how one of them was set up on the top of a mountain two thousand feet high, it was impossible to conjecture. In many places were blocks which had been quarried out and rejected for some defect; and at one spot, midway in a ravine leading toward the river, was a gigantic block, much larger than any we saw in the city, which was probably on its way thither, to be carved and set up as an ornament, when the labours of the workmen were arrested. Like the unfinished blocks in the quarries at Assouan and on the Pentelican Mountain, it remains as a memorial of baffled human plans. We remained all day on the top of the range. The close forest in which we had been labouring made us feel more sensibly the beauty of the extended view.”

Towards the close of the description and pictorial delineation of the ruins and monuments of Copan, Mr. Stephens thus expresses himself:—

“I have purposely abstained from all comment. If the reader can derive from them but a small portion of the interest that we did, he will be repaid for whatever he may find unprofitable in these pages. Of the moral effect of the monuments themselves, standing as they do in the depths of a tropical forest, silent and solemn, strange in design, excellent in sculpture, rich in ornament, different from the works of any other people, their uses and purposes, their whole history so entirely unknown, with hieroglyphics explaining all, but perfectly unintelligible, I shall not pretend to convey any idea. Often the imagination was pained in gazing at them. The tone which pervades the ruins is that of deep solemnity. An imaginative mind might be infected with superstitious feelings. From constantly calling them by that name in our intercourse with the Indians, we regarded these solemn memorials as ‘idols’—deified kings and heroes—objects of adoration and ceremonial worship. We did not find on either of the monuments or sculptured fragments any delineations of human, or, in fact, any other kind of sacrifice, but had no doubt that the large sculptured stone invariably found before each ‘idol’ was employed as a sacrificial altar. The form of sculpture most frequently met with was a death’s head, sometimes the principal ornament, and sometimes only accessory; whole rows of them on the outer wall, adding gloom to the mystery of the place, keeping before the eyes of the living death and the grave, present-

ing the idea of a holy city—the Mecca or Jerusalem of an unknown people. In regard to the age of this desolate city, I shall not at present offer any conjecture. Some idea might perhaps be formed from the accumulations of earth, and the gigantic trees growing on the top of the ruined structures, but it would be uncertain and unsatisfactory. Nor shall I at this moment offer any conjecture in regard to the people who built it, or to the time when, or the means by which, it was depopulated, and became a desolation and ruin; whether it fell by the sword, or famine, or pestilence. The trees which shroud it may have sprung from the blood of its slaughtered inhabitants; they may have perished howling with hunger; or pestilence, like the cholera, may have piled its streets with dead, and driven for ever the feeble remnants from their homes; of which dire calamities to other cities we have authentic accounts, in eras both prior and subsequent to the discovery of the country by the Spaniards. One thing I believe, that its history is graven on its monuments.”

May we not cherish the hope that the numerous hieroglyphics to be found on these monuments, together with the emblematic figures, will yet be deciphered, so as to form a portion of human and national history preserved by tablets as imperishable, perhaps, as the earth; or, at least, destined, probably, to exist as long as the sculptures of Egypt?

We cannot follow our author to the other scenes of his antiquarian investigations in Central America. But we must not omit mentioning that he astonished Don Jose Maria, first by the proposal to purchase Copan, and next by paying down *fifty dollars* for the lot; the particulars of which transaction he has given for the satisfaction of those who may be curious “to know how old cities sell in Central America.” Here are some of the cogitations of the enthusiast in relation to the purchase; the passage forms a suitable *break-off* in our pages:—

“All day,” says the diplomatic antiquary, “I had been brooding over the title deeds of Don Jose Maria, and drawing my blanket around me, suggested to Mr. Gatherwood ‘an operation.’ (Hide your heads, ye speculators in up-town lots!) To buy Copan! remove the monuments of a by-gone people from the desolate region in which they were buried, set them up in the ‘great commercial emporium,’ and found an institution to be the nucleus of a great national museum of American antiquities! But quere, Could the ‘idols’ be removed? They were on the banks of a river that emptied into the same ocean by which the docks of New York are washed, but there were rapids below; and, in answer to my inquiry, Don Miguel said these were impassable. Nevertheless, I should have been unworthy of having passed through the times ‘that tried men’s souls’ if I had not had an alternative; and this was to exhibit by sample: to cut one up and remove it in pieces, and make casts of the others. The casts of the Parthenon are regarded as precious memorials in the British Museum, and casts of Copan would be the same in New York. Other ruins might be discovered even more interesting and more accessible. Very soon their

existence would become known and their value appreciated, and the friends of science and the arts in Europe would get possession of them. They belonged of right to us, and, though we did not know how soon we might be kicked out ourselves, I resolved that ours they should be ; with visions of glory and indistinct fancies of receiving the thanks of the corporation flitting before my eyes, I drew my blanket around me, and fell asleep."

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ART. IV.—*A Memoir on the Cotton of Egypt.* By GEORGE R. GLIDDON.  
London : Madden and Co.

THIS purports to be the first of a series of papers or pamphlets by Mr. Gliddon, who was lately the United States' Consul at Cairo, having been a sojourner in Egypt, as we are informed in the Dedication, for the greater part of twenty-three years. Avowedly, the Memoir is on the cultivation, manufacture, and trade of Egyptian cotton, and therefore a statistical document ; America, it is plain, feeling considerable anxiety and jealousy with regard to the growth and commerce of such an article, whenever these take place beyond her own territories. Now, if the author had confined himself merely to cotton statistics, and to such observations as the natural history of the varieties cultivated in the valley of the Nile had suggested, we might not have deemed it necessary to do more than in a short paragraph to notice the publication of the pamphlet, especially after the "Report on Egypt and Candia," drawn up for presentation to both Houses of Parliament, in 1840, by Dr. Bowring, and which Mr. Gliddon admits contains the greater part of the statistics to be found in his own Memoir. But finding that these statistics in the present pages are made the occasion of a running fire, from beginning to end, against the Pasha, his policy, and administration ; and aware how oppositely different parties, writers, or witnesses report concerning the character and system of his Highness, we shall give an abstract of some of our author's accusations, without taking it upon ourselves to pronounce a positive opinion concerning their justice ; although we cannot but perceive that the ex-consul often expresses himself as a person would do who felt personally offended, and therefore, probably, under a strong bias.

The Memoir informs us that, previously to the year 1820, the cotton grown in Egypt, and known by the name "Belledi," or Native, was small in amount, and consumed chiefly in the country itself, not only being suited to the ruder manufactures of the people, but to fill the cushions of the Divan, and the beds of the better classes. Other countries were resorted to for the higher numbers of the cotton webs. At length, however, Mohammed Ali introduced an article, which in eighteen years is said to have effected an entire

change in the features of the export trade, and so as to exceed in value all the former productions of the land in modern times. But at what sacrifice? Why, the destruction "of the little happiness that remained to its inhabitants; since the same soil, which twenty-five years ago was the main granary of the Mediterranean, cannot now, owing to the compulsory mis-direction of their industry, always supply enough grain and pulse for their support." The condition of the Fellah is represented to be deplorable, and to be regularly growing worse, even to the rapid diminution of human life. "Wars, pestilence, famine, and the other blights of despotism," are mentioned as having carried off more than one half of the population since 1800; the four millions of that period being now reduced to less than two. And this remarkable as well as astounding calculation is given, viz., that throughout Egypt there are more than six females to one male. The aggregate amount of land, too, formerly in cultivation, "in spite of new canals and dikes, and all the efforts of the Pasha to supply, by mechanical and artificial means, the want of human labour, has diminished one-third. Of the remaining two-thirds, only one can be considered as perfectly cultivated. Nor are they men alone whose numbers have been thinned by the Pasha's iron tyranny; for premiums and inducements of every kind are held out, and schemes, however preposterous, are encouraged for some new mode of irrigation, that shall compensate the annual decrease of this country's beautiful and powerful race of bullocks."

Mr. Gliddon narrates that the cotton, by means of which the Pasha has aggrandized himself, was introduced in this way,—Maho Bey, a Turkish officer, brought down various seeds of Ethiopic plants, which he cultivated in his garden at Cairo. Here he received a friendly visit from a Frenchman, Monsieur Jumel; whose attention being attracted by the appearance of a tree bearing cotton pods, procured some of the seeds, and all the information which the Bey possessed on the subject, without, however, saying anything that might raise suspicions as to the value of the discovery.

Jumel made his calculations, and presented to the Pasha a project for increasing his revenues, for which he was to receive 20,000 dollars if the scheme succeeded. But, after many delays, he "was compelled to seek less brilliant but more solid results." Commencing with a small plantation, the experiment succeeded to his utmost hopes, and in time a mighty increase of revenue accrued to the Pasha. It was now that Jumel thought his reward was due, but we are told that he was flattered, harassed, and deluded, so that when he died in 1824, he was insolvent, or little better. The widow was not more successful in her appeals; and even the attempt has been made to suppress the memory of the Frenchman



by substituting for Jumel the name "Maho," to distinguish the article that has been so productive.

We do not tarry to notice the method of cultivating or preparing the Jumel cotton, but go forward to observe that the article is said to be reared by the Pasha "for his own exclusive account." Most of our readers must be aware that he is a terrible monopolist; quite a leviathan in that way. One might think that the cultivators could sometimes smuggle for their own benefit small portions; but, just as Mohammed was in the practice of completely disarming insurrectionary sections of Syria, described by Dr. Robinson, it appears that the Fellah cannot outwit or escape him, even to the extent of a single pound of cotton. No advance is made to the poor man who is compelled to cultivate cotton, but the annual land-tax and other imposts are taken from him as soon as the crop has been ascertained, the whole of which he is obliged to deliver to government agents, at a fixed rate, aggravated by extortions and deceptions; the mysterious system of Coptic book-keeping being mentioned as one of the arts by which the Fellah is generally brought in *debtor*. And then if the bastinado and other tortures do not force the poor cultivator to prove himself solvent, "the debt is then passed to the debit of the village, or community to which the Fellah belongs, without considering in the least whether the rest have paid their own taxes, or are able to pay them." Should the smaller section not be in a better condition than the individual cultivator, then the thing is transferred to a district; and again, "an aggregation of which districts forms a province, with a similar responsibility *in solidum*." In this way Mohammed and his family are represented as having possessed themselves of vast extents of land; and certainly it is an effectual mode of usurpation; especially when the extreme rate of wages is "40 paras (equal to  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.) per diem, for each able-bodied man, and less in proportion for the labour of women and children; which 40 paras are paid or not, according to circumstances and the discretion of the superintendent, in money or in bread, in corn, in pulse, or in blows;" "which last species of remuneration is, out of all proportion, the most regular and abundant." This is hard measure to a numerous class, the providers of the revenue, who were the proprietors of the land forty years ago; but who are now only serfs, yet held responsible for all deficiencies, from short as well as excessive inundations.

Various modes of disposing of the cotton to foreigners have been adopted by the Pasha, Mr. Gliddon maintaining that his commercial system of administration is as pernicious to the interests of the country as the agricultural. He, however, is represented to have always particular objects in view. Whether it happen to be by auction that the sales are conducted, or by threatening large consignments to Trieste, for example, when a great amount of Eu-

ropean shipping may have been waiting for months, on heavy demurrages, in expectation of obtaining cotton. We read also as follows: "On the 20th May, 1840, the crop of 1839 was brought into the Alexandrian market, and 140,000 cantars were by the 26th May, *i. e.* in six days, sold to the merchants at thirteen dollars the cantar, payable *in advance*. By this a double object was achieved; the government coffers were replenished; while, by taking the money before the cotton was delivered, the Pasha bound up the interests of the merchants with the stability of his own dominion, at that time menaced by the indications which terminated in the treaty of the 15th July." So much for Mohammed Ali's foresight and diplomatic penetration. We shall throw into our large type one paragraph more, the author, however, being of opinion that his Memoir has reached the close of an era in the agricultural, commercial, and political history of Egypt, "which," he says, "by the *Natives* of the country (whose hearts have been so long sickened with 'hope deferred') is looked upon, with one accord, as but the *beginning of the end*." Mr. Gliddon thinks that the Pasha's system has recently been so completely unmasked as not only to exhibit its real and inherent weakness, but to prove to Great Britain that her true interests will insure the future prosperity of the country and the happiness of the people. He seems to regard the re-establishment of the Sultan's authority as necessary to this issue. Now for the paragraph: "It may serve as a guide, in Egyptian cotton statistics, here to record, that, to the end of December 1835, the cantar of cotton weighed  $43\frac{1}{2}$  okes, or 123 rottles. From the 1st January 1836, the government fixed the cantar at 100 rottles, or 36 okes, equal to 99 lbs. English. Notwithstanding, however, that the cantar was reduced 23 per cent, yet the charges, which had been previously levied at the government stores in Alexandria on the cantar of 123 rottles, were not reduced; in this, as in every other *amelioration*, the government of Egypt taking care that the revenues of the Pasha shall be thereby increased."

In an Appendix, Mr. Gliddon shows that he is very angry at the "Mayor, the Bankers," &c. of Liverpool, as well as the "Members of the East India and China Association," on account of certain grateful and congratulatory addresses by these bodies which were transmitted to Mohammed Ali; and he brings to his aid a passage from a Smyrna newspaper which we quote, together with an extract, the subject of complaint:—

*Extract from the Address of the East India and China Association to the Pasha of Egypt, from the Times of Monday, July 19, 1841.*

"But we cannot refrain from expressing how greatly we admire that magnanimity, which amidst harassing political events did not, for a



moment, allow the important mercantile interests of India and Europe to suffer any inconvenience through the interception of their correspondence," &c.

*Extract from Manzari Shark, No. 40, Smyrna, June 19, 1841.*

"What admirable farces are these 'accepted addresses' to Mehmed Ali! How indebted ought we to feel to the subscribers of them, for the monthly modicum of fun they send us, for the broad grins and hearty laughs, with which they enable us to while away a passing hour that perchance lies heavy on our hands. Pity it is, however, that our amusement should be at their expense; but is not the whole affair eminently characteristic of John Bull, one of whose chief services among the family of nations, is keeping them in good humour by his ludicrous mistakes? It reminds us much of a tall lubberly school-boy, who, having floored his opponent, takes sudden compassion on his fall, flies to his side, covers him with his caresses, wipes his bloody face, hopes he is not hurt, and finally stuffs his weekly allowance into the pocket of his disabled foe. Very much like this, (except in the last particular,) is the conduct of the Notables of Great Britain. Those of London, it appears, (determined not to be one whit behind the 'persons of consideration of Liverpool,' in their 'expressions of gratitude and thankfulness' to the lord and master of Egypt for benefits *not* bestowed,) have quickly followed up their address with another equally as remarkable for the elegance and polish of its style, and its thorough acquaintance with the facts which it *assumes* to have taken place. We congratulate the merchants of Liverpool upon having set so laudable an example; one so eagerly followed by their seniors of the metropolis. Rivals for distinction in the Court of an Egyptian despot, whose impartiality in the distribution of 'his returns in kind' must be a new theme of praise to his admirers, we would beg to suggest to each of these parties other avenues of approach to the affection of their idol, which, from our own knowledge, are more desirable and facile. Mehmed Ali knows as well as they—the value of words: they are with him, like his money, of light weight and very current—and we would therefore recommend that more durable marks of estimation—'such as he might bequeath to his posterity'—should be made to him by the united bodies of the Mayor, Notables, and other persons of consideration in London and Liverpool. Several ideas connect themselves with so high-minded a scheme, one that would reflect such new lustre upon those respectable bodies of individuals; for instance—a piece of plate—with Acre in basso relievo, and the British fleet repulsed and burning in the distance, would be more acceptable, and about as true a representation of *facts* as their present 'addresses.' Or a Fancy Ball might be got up for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the martyrs slain in Syria, and the proceeds being paid to the treasury here, would doubtless very soon reach these unfortunates; or, handsomely bound copies of Bowring's Reports, with a few volumes from the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, would be graciously received, as indicative at once of similar powers of understanding, and a singular congeniality of taste between the offerers and the acceptor; or, what would be still more highly prized, a few cargoes of

shot and shell—or, a new frigate or two. These, indeed, would be ‘true balms of consolation to a wounded and harassed spirit,’ and it would exhibit at once the independence of the donors, and their freedom from any vulgar notions of patriotism or national pride, if the arrivals of such ‘tributes of admiration’ could be timed, just when our line-of-battle ships are administering balms of a different kind to the wounded and harassed soldiers of their friend and patron.

“We hear that other notables are coming forward from the ‘East’ and from the ‘West’ to play at this game of follow-your-leader, and as the old rams have leaped the gap, we suppose the rest of the flock will follow. Warning is to them of course useless; they will be going ‘their own gate:’ but for the information of such of your readers as look before they leap, it may be a matter of kindness to them, to review, hastily, a few of the facts relating to Mehmed Ali’s boasted pretensions of protection to British interests during the autumn of 1840.

“On the 10th September, 1840, the *Hydra* brought news of the blockade of the coast of Syria. The next day, a boat bearing British colours, with specie to the amount of 20,000 dollars, was forcibly and piratically seized in the great harbour, by order of the ‘protector of British commerce.’ British subjects were arrested, imprisoned, and maltreated; and only owing to the energetic expostulations of Colonel Hodges (who, thank Heaven! was still here), Mehmed Ali was induced to depart from a course that would speedily have shown him that *his* humanity and justice were called, by the British people, cruelty and injustice.—The 24th of the same month was a memorable day; at a public meeting it was proposed, that the British residents should express to the Pasha their full sense of his willingness to protect them. While at the same time, a public officer connected with the Pasha by the strongest ties of *Eastern* friendship, was heard to declare, that there was not *ten minutes* safety on shore, and accordingly removed himself and family on board the *Asia*. Universal consternation reigned in the town. All who could prepare, hastened on board the *Oriental*, and departed. And the *Great Liverpool*, a month afterwards, took down to Malta a large proportion of the mercantile body, and of the wealth and respectability of Alexandria: so much for ‘personal protection’ from Mehmed Ali. Did his friends trust him? Did those who were most intimately allied to him trust him? Did any of those who had even picked the crumbs of his Divan, leave one more para of property in his country than they could help? Who trusted to his duties ‘as a man and a governor, *then*!’ And who, should similar circumstances arise, would trust to him *now*?”

“Now for the protection in the ‘transit of mails and passengers.’—The Pasha never works by direct means. No!—he is too cunning for that: the mails and passengers of September passed through; and now began the interruption. The Hon. East India Company’s agent was commanded instantly to quit Cairo; he refused, and he was forced to do so at three hours’ notice; his property was left without ‘protection,’ the British Consular arms were lowered before the mandates of him, who ‘thereby procured that tranquillity of soul, which is the greatest happiness this world can bestow.’ Nor was this all; the Bedouins of

the Desert were excited to plunder, and every energy of government was brought to bear against the Suez communication. The inns were closed; every living being, down to the house dog, was turned out, the doors were fastened, and bars of wood nailed upon them, and thus they remained for weeks. Mark what follows; many passengers arrived from Alexandria, and all were anxious to be off for Suez, preferring to wait there for the steamer than at Cairo. They tried every expedient to escape, but in vain; for they were repulsed in succession from every gate in Cairo. Mehmed Ali saw, through the representations of Mons. Cochelet, that a storm was brewing, and he, thanks to six line-of-battle ships off Alexandria, gave way.

"These are the true facts; this is 'plain unvarnished tale,' and we defy contradiction.

"Merchants of London! It matters little by whom you have been deceived—whether by the said agent of Mehmed Ali; whether by those who have mercilessly enriched themselves at his expense; whether by his tenants at will, or by those who, more sagaciously, play on the chances of his crops. But deceived, grossly deceived, you have been; the man whom you address, is he who, in cold blood, murdered five hundred of the only aristocracy that Egypt ever possessed; who slaughtered your countrymen at Rosetta, and displayed their heads in triumph at Cairo; and who, embroiling himself in European politics, began by breaking faith with Codrington, for which he received his deserts, and ends by cheating Charles Napier, for which you render him the tribute of your thanks."

ART. V.—*D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century*. Translated from the French by W. K. KELLY, Esq. B.A. Part I. Whittaker and Co.

THE first volume of the original, and forming one number of the "Popular Library of Modern Authors," of Whittaker's "Copyright Editions;" offering another opportunity for us to feel the pulse, so to speak, of our readers with regard to the tendencies and progression of the public mind upon subjects that have for a long time been regarded as of vital importance in the social, civil, and religious relations of life. It appears to us, that in a political as well as in an ecclesiastical sense, the world, we mean the British world, is drawing towards a general settlement of several of the grand questions that have been distracting the nation for centuries; and which have, the longer and broader that freedom of opinion extended, introduced so many new splits, and exhibited a so strangely chequered garment, as at length almost to defy description, or intelligible arrangement of shades and parts. None of these questions are, of course, of such mighty importance, and therefore none of them have been generative of such wide and curious divisions as those which belong to the kingdom of man's faith with respect to

this as well as a future sphere of existence. Were we to attempt to classify the diversities and the distinctions upon any simple and comprehensive plan, the terms Catholicism and Protestantism, or some such as would characterize the movement that occurred between the old and the new state of opinions and feelings at the period of the Reformation, would certainly meet and satisfy the demand. And yet, true it is that few seem to understand the precise value or meaning of either of these significant words; and that one as well as the other of them convey notions which are either indefinite, or which are made to stand for something far more important, distinctive, and promising, than any correct definition can substantiate. What, for example, is the general impression at this moment relative to the strength and prospects of Popery in England? One party will answer,—a Protestant party, we mean,—that its increase and threatenings are most alarming; another section of the same great body will say that a morbid sensitiveness exists on the subject; and that, independent of the bulwarks of the constitution against an ascendancy that would chain the mind and send us back for several centuries, truth and freedom will of themselves triumph,—that is, priestly domination must cease, while reason and conviction will consolidate the nation.

Perhaps, however, we shall not be far wide of the truth, should we assert that the church dominant of England, as at present established, with all the alliances which parchments and parliaments can yield, does not promise ample security for the reformed doctrines of the sixteenth century; or, in other words, that the Reformation requires to be *reformed*. We are aware that we are treading upon tender ground, and would speak with all diffidence; but may not this question be put, and become productive of anxious and perplexing discussion,—whether did Luther and his great Protestant, or reforming colleagues and successors, err most in declaring a total emancipation from the bondage of the Church of Rome, or in not proclaiming a greater freedom from the yoke and servitude of human authority? We think we discover that reformed England is divided on such a subject; that while one section is tilting at the principles preached at the period to which D'Aubigné's History particularly refers, on account of the ill-defined or bastard disentanglement then announced of the rights of private judgment in matters of religion, another section is disturbing society by holding forth that the world would be wiser, better, and far more perfectly agreed, if greater heed were given to the authority of sacred names and sacred characters:—that it would be for the world's well-being and well-doing if it was semi-popish instead of being semi-infidel. But what is it that we intend by noticing the extremes to which each of these sections appears to be rushing?—It is this, that the very approach to or arrival at these extremities,

—each most probably exhibiting absurdities and woful dangers,—will induce such re-actions that the two will again re-unite, and settle down upon the old, the tried, and the excellent foundations; that the tendencies of human nature, its exigencies, and its needs, will be found nicely to accord with and to require the provisions which Christianity and the Church Apostolical have furnished for mankind.

But if we were to form a judgment of the present tendencies of the public mind, or to speculate concerning the issues that ere long may be witnessed, we should find it necessary to discard the sort of lights which most of our recent and modern ecclesiastical historians have published, and the sectarian sentiments they would inculcate. In fact, there seems, as the day advances, to be in certain quarters a keener heat, and louder explosions; circumstances which in themselves may be supposed to indicate that the final struggle is not distant. May we not hope that the kingdom of heaven is at hand, and that its manifestations, before many ages elapse, shall be so conspicuous, unmistakeable, and brilliant, as to silence all cavillings, and banish all doubts; giving us back what is pure and ancient, and disavowing the rust that must ever accrue to what is of man's seeking and man's making?

But to speak more particularly of the History, the first volume of which, as given in the original, is now in a translated shape before us,—we have to say that it contains, if not an impartial, at least an engaging as well as a very full view of Luther, and also of the Reformation in Germany; frequently, too, derived from sources to which British writers have not ready access. D'Aubigné's own prefatory account of his motives and manner conveys a very fair idea of the work so far as we have consulted it; and we may observe that that consultation goes beyond the Part which is named at the head of this paper; there being another, although a much more expensive translation of the history, in the course of publication. But with regard to our author's intention: he says, "It is not the history of a party that I propose to write, but that of one of the greatest revolutions that have affected mankind, that of a potent impulse given to the world three centuries ago, the influence of which is every where still sensibly manifest in our own day." He goes on to observe that the history of the Reformation is a thing apart from the history of Protestantism; for that the former tells, in every line, of a regeneration of humanity, of a religious and social transformation issuing from God; while the latter exhibits too frequently a decided degeneration from primitive principles, the spirit of sectarianism, and petty intrigues. The distinction, however, appears to us to be rather in words than in effect; since, but for the proclaimed principles of the Reformation, we should not have had the allowance of continually protesting, according to

the dictates of private and individual judgment. However, our author takes a lofty view of the revolution which he essays to describe and illustrate; and his manner of treatment is luminous as well as eloquent. We think, indeed, that he is somewhat ambitiously terse and epigrammatic. But he is evidently in earnest; and this quality will always recommend a writer—can never fail to palliate the mannerism of a teacher. Take a sentence or two, still from the Preface, to show what we mean. “Christianity and the Reformation,” he says, “are the two greatest revolutions recorded in history. Unlike most of the political movements of which history makes mention, their sphere of action embraces, not one people alone, but many, and their effects must needs be felt to the extremity of the earth. Christianity and the Reformation are one and the same revolution, but effected at different epochs and under different circumstances. They are unlike in their secondary features; in their first and principal features they are one. The one is the repetition of the other. The one closes the ancient world; the other begins the new; between them lie the middle ages. They are mother and daughter.”

Here are some other sentences and ideas that are to us still more suggestive: “It is worthy of note to observe a great number of men, tormented by a vague want of believing in something, now turning to the old Catholicism. In one point of view, this movement is a natural one. Religion is so little known, that one hardly hopes to find it except where it is seen announced in large letters on a sign which time has rendered venerable. We do not say that all Catholicism is incapable of bestowing on man all he needs. We believe that a sedulous distinction should be made between Catholicism and Popery. Popery is in our opinion an erroneous and destructive system; but we are far from confounding Catholicism with it. How many worthy men, how many true Christians, has the Catholic church comprised! What immense services has Catholicism rendered to existing nations at the moment of their formation! \* \* \* Does not Roman Catholicism confess the great doctrines of Christianity—God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, the Creator, Saviour, and Sanctifier, who is the truth? Does not vague Protestantism hold in its hand the Book of Life, which is sufficient to teach, to convince, to instruct in the ways of justice? \* \* \* Already there are signs denoting that these two extreme opinions are on the way to draw near to Jesus Christ, who is the centre of truth.” These appear to us to be striking and promising sentences, and especially when coming from the historian of the “Reformation in the Sixteenth Century,” deeply imbued as he is with the sentiments that have prevailed in Geneva, and biassed, as we feel, in favour of the great revolution he undertakes to describe, so as to soften or



overlook some of the errors and flaws that attached to its progress and its instruments. But we must advance to the history itself; and will give as our first and complete extract the opening chapter, which commences with the decline of Paganism :—

“The enfeebled world was tottering on its foundations when Christianity appeared. The national religions which had sufficed for the fathers no longer sufficed for the children. The new generation could not accommodate themselves to the ancient forms. The gods of all nations, transported to Rome, had lost their oracles there, as the nations had there lost their liberties. Set face to face on the Capitol, they had destroyed each other, and their divinity was no more. A great void had taken place in the religion of the world.

“A sort of deism, destitute of spirit and of life, floated awhile above the abyss which had swallowed up the vigorous superstitions of the ancients. But, like all negative creeds, it had no power to edify. The lesser nationalities fell with their gods. Peoples melted one into the other. In Europe, in Asia, and in Africa, there was now but a single empire; and the human race began to feel its universality, and its unity.

“Then was the Word made flesh. God appeared amongst men, and as a man, in order to save that which was lost. In Jesus of Nazareth dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

“Here we have the greatest event in the annals of the world. The ancient times had prepared it, the new flow from it. It is their centre, their bond, and their unity.

“Thenceforth all the superstitions of the nations were destitute of all meaning, and the sorry remains they had preserved from the great shipwreck of incredulity sank before the majestic sun of eternal truth.

“The Son of man lived thirty-three years here below, healing the sick, instructing sinners, having no place where to repose his head, and displaying in this low estate a greatness, a holiness, a power, a divinity, that the world had never before beheld. He suffered, he died, he rose again, he ascended into heaven. His disciples, beginning at Jerusalem, travelled through the empire and the world, every where announcing their Master as ‘the Author of eternal salvation.’ From the midst of a people that rejected all others, sprang the mercy that invited and embraced them all. A great number of Asians, Greeks, and Romans, till then led by priests to the altars of dumb idols, believed in the Word. It suddenly irradiated the earth like a beam of the sun, to use the language of Eusebius. A breath of life began to move over that great field of death. A new people, a holy nation, grew up amongst men; and the astonished world beheld in the disciples of the Galilean, a purity, a self-denial, a charity, a heroism, of which till then it had lost the idea.

“Two principles especially distinguish the new religion from all the human systems which it expelled before it. The one relates to the ministers of its worship, the other to its doctrines.

“The ministers of paganism were almost the gods to whom those human religions referred. The priests led the people, as long at least as the eyes of the latter were not opened. A vast and haughty hierarchy pressed cum-

brously on the world. Jesus Christ dethroned those living idols, destroyed that arrogant hierarchy, took away from man what man had taken away from God, and restored the soul to an immediate contact with the divine Source of truth, by proclaiming himself sole Master and sole Mediator. 'Christ alone is your master,' he says: 'as for you, ye are all brethren.'

"As to doctrine, human religions had taught that salvation proceeds from man. The religions of the earth had fabricated an earthly salvation. They had said to man, that heaven would be given to him as a salary; they had fixed its price, and what a price! The religion of God taught that salvation was of God, that it was a gift of heaven proceeding from an amnesty, from a grace of the sovereign. 'God,' it says, 'hath given everlasting life.'

"Undoubtedly Christianity cannot be summed up in these two points, but they seem predominantly to characterize it, especially in a historical point of view: and as it is impossible we should follow throughout all its features the opposition between truth and error, we have necessarily been led to select the most prominent amongst them.

"Such, then, were the two principal constituents of the religion which at that time took possession of the empire and of the world. With them, one is on the true footing of Christianity; apart from them, Christianity vanishes. On their conservation or their loss depended its greatness or its fall.

"The one of these principles was destined to mark the history of the religion, the other to characterize its doctrine. They both alike reigned in the beginning. Let us see how they became lost; and first of all let us follow the fortunes of the former of them.

"The Church was at first a nation of brethren. All collectively were taught by God, and each individually possessed the right to draw, for himself, from the divine Source of light. The epistles which, in those days, decided great questions of doctrine, did not bear the pompous name of a single man, of a leader. The sacred Scriptures inform us that they presented simply these words: 'The apostles, the elders, and the brethren to our brethren.'

"But already the very writings of the apostles warn us that there will arise from amidst these brethren a power, that will overthrow this simple and primitive order.

"Let us contemplate the formation and follow the developments of this power extraneous to the Church.

"Paul of Tarsus, one of the greatest apostles of the new religion, had arrived in Rome, the capital of the empire and of the world, preaching the salvation which proceeds from God. A Church arose beside the throne of the Cæsars. Founded by this apostle, it was at first composed of a few converted Jews, a few Greeks, and a few Roman citizens. It shone long as a bright light set upon a mountain. Its faith was every where in high repute, but it soon lapsed from its primitive state. It was by small beginnings that both Romes took their way to the usurped dominion of the world.

"The first pastors or bishops of Rome early turned their attention to the conversion of the towns and cities surrounding the capital. The



necessity felt by the pastors and bishops of the Campagna di Roma, of having recourse to an enlightened guide in difficult cases, and the gratitude they owed to the Church of the metropolis, induced them to remain in close union with it. The consequence then followed that so often presents itself in similar cases; this very simple and natural union quickly degenerated into dependence. The bishops of Rome regarded as a right that superiority which the other churches had voluntarily ceded to them. A large portion of history is made up of the encroachments of power, and its counterpart consists of the resistance made by those whose rights are assailed. The ecclesiastic power could not escape the intoxication that besets all who are elevated, prompting them to rise still higher. It underwent this law of humanity.

“Nevertheless, the supremacy of the Roman bishop was then limited to inspecting the churches situated in the district subjected to the civil administration of the prefect of Rome. But the rank sustained in the world by that city of the emperors offered to the ambition of its first pastor still more ample destinies. The consideration enjoyed in the second century by the several bishops of Christendom was proportioned to the rank of the cities in which they respectively dwelt. Now Rome was the largest, the richest, and most powerful city of the world. It was the seat of empire, the mother of the nations. ‘All the inhabitants of the earth belong to it,’ says Julian, and Claudian pronounces it the fountain of the laws.

“If Rome is the queen of the cities of the universe, why should not her pastor be the king of bishops? Why should not the Roman Church be the mother of Christianity? Why should not the nations be its children, and its authority their sovereign law? It was easy for the ambitious heart of man to devise such arguments. Ambitious Rome devised them.

“Thus pagan Rome upon her fall bequeathed to the humble minister of the God of peace, seated amongst her ruins, the proud titles which her invincible sword had won from the nations of the earth.

“The bishops of the various parts of the empire, carried away by the charm which Rome for ages exerted over every people, followed the example of the Campagna di Roma, and lent their hands to this work of usurpation. They took delight in rendering to the bishop of Rome something of that honour which belonged to the queen city of the world. At first there was in this honour nothing of dependence. They comported themselves towards the Roman pastor on a footing of equality; but usurped powers gather bulk like the avalanche. Counsels, at first simply fraternal, soon became in the mouth of the pontiff compulsory commands. A first place amongst equals became in his eyes a throne.

“The bishops of the West favoured the enterprise of the Roman pastors, whether out of jealousy towards the bishops of the East, or because they preferred submitting to the supremacy of a pope, rather than to the rule of a temporal power.

“Again, the theological parties that distracted the East, strove each to interest Rome on its own behalf; they looked for their triumph to the support of the chief Church of the West.

“Rome carefully registered these solicitations and petitions, and smiled to see the nations voluntarily casting themselves into her arms. She passed

not by a single opportunity of augmenting and extending her power. Flattery, blandishments, exaggerated compliments, consultations of the other Churches, all became to her eyes and in her hands titles and vouchers of her authority. Such is man upon a throne,—incense intoxicates him, his head grows giddy. What he has becomes in his eyes a motive for acquiring still more.

“The doctrine of the Church and of the necessity of its external unity, which began to gain ground so early as in the third century, favoured the pretensions of Rome. The great bond which originally tied together the members of the Church, was that living faith of the heart, by which all clung to Christ as to their common head. But various circumstances contributed soon to suggest and strengthen the fancied necessity of an outward society. Men habituated to the political bonds and forms of a terrestrial country, transferred some of their actions and ways of thought into the spiritual and eternal kingdom of Jesus Christ. Persecution, incapable of destroying or even of shaking this new society, had the effect of making it feel a greater self-consciousness, and form itself into a more compact corporation. In opposition to the errors of the theosophic schools or the sects, was maintained the one universal truth received from the apostles and preserved in the Church. This was well, so long as the invisible spiritual Church and the visible and outward were but one. But soon a wide divorce began: life and forms became dissevered. A seeming identity of outward organization was by degrees substituted for the internal and spiritual unity which constitute the essence of the religion of God. Men forsook the precious perfume of faith, and prostrated themselves before the empty vase that had contained it. The faith of the heart no longer uniting the members of the Church, another bond was sought, and their union was effected by means of bishops, archbishops, popes, mitres, ceremonies, and canons. The living Church having little by little withdrawn within the retired sanctuary of some isolated souls, in its place was set up an eternal Church, which was declared to be, with all its forms, of divine institution. Salvation no longer gushing forth from the now hidden Word, the principle was laid down, that it was transmitted by means of certain invented forms, and that no person should possess it if he did not accept it through this channel. No one, said they, can arrive by his own faith at eternal life. Christ has communicated to the apostles, the apostles to the bishops, the unction of the Holy Spirit; and this Spirit is only to be had in this same order. Primitively, whoever possessed the Spirit of Jesus Christ was a member of the Church: now the terms were transposed; and it was affirmed that whoever was a member of the Church received the Spirit of Jesus Christ.

“From the moment the erroneous idea of the necessity of a visible unity of the Church was thus established, another error was seen to arise, that of the necessity of an external representation of this unity. Though nowhere throughout the Gospel be found any trace of the superiority of St. Peter over the other apostles; though the mere idea of primacy be hostile to the fraternal relations uniting the disciples, and to the very spirit of the Gospel dispensation, which on the contrary calls on all the children of the Father to serve one another, whilst they recognise but one Master and but one Chief; though Jesus had sharply reproved his disciples

as often as ambitious notions of pre-eminence had issued from their carnal hearts ; a primacy in the person of St. Peter was invented, and supported by passages ill understood ; and then were this apostle, and his pretended successor in Rome, saluted as the visible representatives of the visible unity, as the heads of the Church.

“ The patriarchal constitution contributed also to the elevation of the Roman Papacy. Already in the first three centuries the Churches of the capitals had enjoyed a peculiar respect. The Council of Nice, in its sixth canon, named three cities whose Churches, according to it, possessed an ancient authority over those of the surrounding districts ; these were Alexandria, Rome, and Antioch. The political origin of this distinction is indicated in the very name given in the first instance to the bishops of those cities : they were called *exarchs*, equally as the political-governors. Subsequently they received the more ecclesiastical name of *patriarchs*. It is in the council of Constantinople that we find the first mention made of this name. This same council created a new patriarchate, that of Constantinople itself, of the new Rome, of the second capital of the empire. Rome then divided with those three Churches the patriarchal supremacy. But when the incursions of Mahomet had annihilated the sees of Alexandria and Antioch, when that of Constantinople fell, and subsequently even separated from the West, Rome remained alone, and her see, which then remained without a rival, became the general rallying point.

“ New and more potent accomplices now came to her aid. Ignorance and superstition seized upon the Church, and surrendered her to Rome, blindfolded and with fettered hands.

“ Still this captivity was not brought about without a contest. Frequently did the Churches lift up their voices to declare their independence. Those bold voices echoed especially throughout proconsular Africa and the East.

“ But Rome found new allies to aid her in stifling these cries. Princes, whom the storms of the times often shook upon their thrones, offered her their aid, if she would in turn support them. They gave her spiritual authority, conditioned upon her affording them secular power. They handed souls over to her on easy terms, in the hope that she would aid them to make an easy bargain of their enemies. The rising hierarchical power and the sinking imperial power thus reciprocally supported each other, and by their alliance hastened the progress of their respective destinies.

“ Rome could not lose thereby. An edict of Theodosius II. and of Valentinian III. proclaimed the bishop of Rome rector of the entire Church. Justinian issued a similar edict. These decrees did not contain all that the popes affected to see in them : but in those times of ignorance, they found it easy to establish that interpretation which was most favourable to themselves. The rule of the emperors in Italy becoming continually more tottering, the bishops of Rome failed not to avail themselves of this state of things to escape from their dependent condition.

“ But by this time there had issued from the forests of the north, the true promoters of the papal power. The barbarians who had overrun the West, and established their abode there, being quite novices in Christianity,

ignorant of the spiritual nature of the Church, and needing a religion with a certain degree of external pomp, prostrated themselves, half-savage and half-pagan, before the grand priest of Rome. With them to aid him, the West lay at his feet. First the Vandals, then the Ostrogoths, shortly after the Burgundians and the Alans, then the Visigoths, lastly the Lombards and the Anglo-Saxons arrived, and bent the knee before the Roman pontiff. It was the sturdy shoulders of the idolatrous north, that achieved at last the placing on the throne of Christendom one of the pastors of the banks of the Tiber.

“It was in the beginning of the seventh century that these things were consummated in the West, precisely at the same period as arose in the East the power of Mahomet, ready also to seize upon its portion of the globe.

“Thenceforward the evil ceased not to gather force. We see in the eighth century the bishops of Rome with one hand repulsing the emperors of Greece, their legitimate sovereigns, and endeavouring to expel them from Italy, whilst with the other they caress the mayors of the palace of France, and solicit from this new power beginning to rise in the West, some of the remains of the empire. Rome establishes her usurped authority between the East, which she repulses, and the West, which she invites. She erects her throne between two revolts. Affrighted by the cries of those Arabs who, already masters of Spain, boast that they will presently arrive in Italy, through the gates of the Pyrenees and the Alps, and cause the name of Mahomet to be proclaimed from the seven hills; terrified at the audacity of Aistulphus, who at the head of his Lombards startles the land with his lion roarings, and brandishes his sword before the gates of the eternal city, threatening to slaughter every Roman; Rome, on the brink of destruction, throws a bewildered glance around her, and casts herself into the arms of the Franks. The usurper Pepin demands of her a pretended sanction for his new royalty; the popedom grants it him, and exacts in return that he shall declare himself the ‘defender of the Republic of God.’ Pepin seizes from the Lombards what they had seized from the emperor; but instead of restoring it to that potentate, he lays on the altar of St. Peter the keys of the cities he had conquered, and declares on oath, with uplifted hand, that it was not on behalf of a man that he took up arms, but to obtain from God the remission of his sins, and to do homage to St. Peter with his conquests. Thus did France establish the temporal power of the popes.

“Charlemagne appears; he ascends the basilica of St. Peter a first time, devoutly kissing the steps. He presents himself there a second time, master of all the nations who formed the empire of the West, and of Rome herself. Leo III. deems it right to bestow the title on him who already possesses the power; and in the year 800, at the feast of Christmas, he places on the head of the son of Pepin the crown of the emperors of Rome. Thenceforth the pope belongs to the empire of the Franks; his relations with the East have ceased. He detaches himself from a rotten and falling tree, to engraft himself on a young and vigorous wild sapling. Amongst those Germanic races with which he connects himself, he awaits a destiny to which before he never could have pretended.

“Charlemagne bequeathed to his feeble successors only the fragments of

his dominion. In the ninth century disunion every where weakened the civil authority. Rome felt that it was the moment for her to raise her head. When could the Church better attempt to make itself independent of the state than at this period of decay, when the crown that Charlemagne had worn was shattered, and its fragments were strewed over the soil of his ancient empire?

“Then it was that the false decretals of Isidore appeared. In this collection of pretended decrees of the popes, the most ancient bishops, the contemporaries of Tacitus and Quintilian, spoke the barbarous Latin of the ninth century. The customs and constitutions of the Franks were gravely attributed to the Romans in the times of the emperors. The popes cited in them the Bible in the Latin translation of St. Jerome, who lived one, two, or three centuries after them: and Victor, bishop of Rome, anno 192, wrote to Theophilus, who was archbishop of Alexandria, anno 385. The impostor who fabricated this collection, laboured hard to prove, that all the bishops derived their authority from the bishop of Rome, who held his of Jesus Christ. Not only did he set down all the successive conquests of the pontiffs, but he even made them go back to the most ancient times. The popes were not ashamed to support their cause upon this contemptible invention. So early as 865, Nicolas I. applied to it for weapons wherewith to combat princes and bishops. This impudent fable was for ages the arsenal of Rome.

“Nevertheless the crimes and vices of the pontiffs could not but suspend for some time the effects of the decretals. The papacy celebrated its admission to the tables of kings with shameful libations. It plunged into inebriety, and its head began to reel with its debauches. It is about this period that tradition places on the papal throne a girl named Jane, who had fled to Rome with her lover, and whose sex the pangs of childbirth betrayed in the midst of a solemn procession. But let us not needlessly exaggerate the shame of the Roman pontifical court. Dissolute women reigned at this period in Rome. That throne which assumed to rise above the majesty of kings grovelled in the filth of vice. Theodora and Marozia installed and deposed at their caprice the self-styled masters of the Church of Christ, and placed on the throne of Peter their lovers, their sons, or their grandsons. These too authentic scandals have perhaps afforded origin to the legend respecting Pope Joan.

“Rome becomes one vast theatre of disorders, of which the most powerful families of Rome dispute possession. The counts of Tuscany usually carry off the victory. In the year 1033, this house dares to place on the pontifical throne, under the name of Benedict IX., a young lad reared in debauchery. This child of twelve years continues as pope his frightful abominations. A party elect in his place Sylvester III. Pope Benedict, with a conscience loaded with adulteries, and a hand dyed by homicide himself had done, at last sells the popedom to an ecclesiastic of Rome.

“The emperors of Germany, indignant at so many disorders, purged Rome of them with the sword. The empire, asserting its rights of suzerainty, drew the triple crown from the mire into which it had fallen, and saved the debased popedom by giving it decent men for its head. Henry III. deposed three popes in 1046; and his finger, adorned with the ring



of the Roman patricians, pointed out the bishops to whom were to be delivered the confessional keys of St. Peter. Four popes, all Germans, and named by the emperor, succeeded one after the other. When the pontiff of Rome died, the bishops of that Church appeared at the imperial court, like the envoys from the other dioceses, to ask for a new bishop. The emperor even saw with pleasure the popes reforming abuses, strengthening the Church, holding councils, appointing and deposing prelates in despite of foreign monarchs: the popedom by these pretensions did but enhance the power of the emperor its liege lord. But it was running a great risk to permit such proceedings. The strength which the popes thus regained by slow and small degrees, might suddenly be turned against the emperor himself. When the beast should have waxed strong, it would tear the bosom that warmed it. And so it actually came to pass.

“Here begins a new epoch for the popedom. It springs up from its degraded prostration, and soon tramples under foot the princes of the earth. To elevate it, is to exalt the Church, to aggrandize religion, to insure the victory of the Spirit over the flesh, the triumph of God over the world. Such are its maxims; ambition finds in them its profit, fanaticism its excuse.

“All this new tendency is personified in one man—Hildebrand.

“Hildebrand, by turns injudiciously cried up and unjustly depreciated, is the personification of the Roman pontificate in its strength and its glory. He is one of those normal phenomena of history that comprise in them a whole order of new things, like those presented to us in other spheres by Charlemagne, Luther, Napoleon.

“Leo IX. took this monk on his way through Clugny, and carried him with him to Rome. Thenceforth Hildebrand became the soul of the popedom, until he became the popedom's self. He governed the Church in the name of several pontiffs, before reigning over it himself under the name of Gregory VII. A grand idea filled the mind of this great genius. It was his design to found a visible theocracy, of which the pope, as vicar of Jesus Christ, should be the chief. The memory of the old universal dominion of pagan Rome fired his imagination and animated his zeal. He would restore to papal Rome what imperial Rome had lost. ‘What Marius and Cæsar,’ exclaimed his flatterers, ‘could not effect with torrents of blood, that dost thou accomplish with a word.’

“Gregory VII. was not led by the Spirit of the Lord. That spirit of truth, of humility, of gentleness, was a stranger to him. He sacrificed what he knew to be true when he deemed it necessary to his designs. This was particularly the case in the affair of Berenger. But doubtless a spirit much superior to the common herd of pontiffs, or deep-felt conviction of the justice of his cause, animated his zeal. Bold, ambitious, inflexible in his designs, he was at the same time dexterous and subtle in the use of means likely to secure their success.

“His first care was to discipline the militia of the Church. It was necessary to make himself strong before attacking the Empire. A council held at Rome parted the pastors from their families, and constrained them to belong solely to the hierarchy. The law of celibacy, devised and executed under the popes, themselves monks, converted the clergy into a

kind of monastic order. Gregory VII. affected to possess over all the bishops and priests of Christendom the same power which an abbé de Clugny exercised over the order submitted to his direction. Hildebrand's legates, who likened themselves to the proconsuls of ancient Rome, scoured the provinces, tearing from the pastors their lawful wives, and, if necessary, the pope himself stirred up the people against married ministers.

“But Gregory's main object was to make Rome independent of the Empire. He never would have dared to conceive so bold a project, had not the disorders incident to the minority of Henry IV., and the revolt of the German princes against this young emperor, necessarily tended to favour its execution. The pope was then like one of the magnates of the Empire. Uniting his cause to that of the other great vassals, he engages the aristocratic interest in his favour, and then forbids all ecclesiastics, on pain of excommunication, to accept a title to their charge at the emperor's hands. He bursts the ancient ties that bind the churches and the pastors to the authority of the prince, but only to fasten them all to the pontifical throne. He makes bold to chain there with vigorous hand, priests, kings, and people, and to make of the pope an universal monarch. It is Rome alone that every priest must fear; on Rome alone must he build his hopes. The kingdoms and principalities of the earth are its domain. Every king must tremble at the thunders launched by the Jupiter of modern Rome. Woe to him who resists! his subjects are released from the vow of allegiance, the ban is laid upon his entire land; all worship ceases; the temples are closed; the bells are mute: the sacraments are no longer administered; the word of malediction reaches the very dead, to whom the earth, at the voice of the pontiff, refuses the quiet of the grave.

“The pope, subjected from the first days of his existence, first to the Roman emperors, then to the Frank kings, and lastly to the German emperors, was now at last emancipated, and for the first time walked as their equal, if not as their master. Nevertheless Gregory VII. was humbled in his turn; Rome was taken; Hildebrand was forced to fly. He died at Salerno, uttering these words: ‘I have loved justice, I have hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile.’ Who shall dare to charge with hypocrisy these words spoken at the gates of the sepulchre?

“The successors of Gregory, like soldiers coming up after a great victory, rushed as conquerors on the subjugated churches. Spain snatched from Islamism, Prussia withdrawn from idols, fell into the hands of the crowned priest. The crusades enacted at his call, every where diffused and augmented his authority: those pious pilgrims who had thought they had beheld saints and angels guiding their armed bands, who entering humbly and barefoot within the walls of Jerusalem, burned the Jews in their synagogues, and bedewed with the blood of many thousand Saracens the places whither they had come to seek the blessed traces of the Prince of Peace, carried into the East the name of the pope, no longer known there since he had abandoned the supremacy of the Greeks for that of the Franks.

“Again, what the arms of the Roman republic and empire had been unable to do, the power of the Church accomplished. The Germans laid at the feet of a bishop the tributes their ancestors had refused the most

powerful commanders. Their princes, on becoming emperors, had imagined they received a crown from the popes; but the popes had only given them a yoke. The kingdoms of Christendom, already submitted to the spiritual rule of Rome, became its tributaries and serfs. Thus every thing is changed in the Church.

“It was in the beginning a people of brethren; it now is an absolute monarchy established in its bosom. All Christians were before sacrifice-bearers of the living God (1 Pet. ii. 9), having humble pastors to guide them. But a haughty head hath risen amongst these pastors; a mysterious mouth pronounces discourses full of pride; an iron hand constrains all men, great and little, rich and poor, free and enslaved, to assume the badge of its sway. The holy and primitive equality of souls before God is lost. Christianity, at the bidding of a man, is parted into two unequal camps; on one side a caste of priests which dares to usurp the name of Christ, and which presumes to declare itself clothed with high privileges in the eyes of the Lord; on the other, one consisting of servile flocks, reduced to a blind and passive submission, a people gagged and swathed, abandoned to the mercy of an overbearing caste. Every tribe, language, and nation of Christendom submits to the domination of this spiritual king, who has received the power to subdue it.”

We have already stated that our author's account of Luther is full, and drawn from sources not always accessible. We shall give an abstract of some passages descriptive of the youth, conversion, and first labours of the great German Reformer, which form the subject of the second book of the history.

“God took the reformers of the church,” says our author, “whence he had taken the apostles.” “The reformer Zuingle issued from the cabin of a shepherd of the Alps; Melancthon, the theologian of the Reformation, from the shop of an armourer; and Luther from the hut of a poor miner.” The happy remark follows, that the first stage of a man's life is always important; for it is that in which he is formed and developed under the hand of God. Peculiarly was this the case in Luther's life; and in it lies the whole germ of the Reformation itself. “All the several phases of that work followed each other in the soul of him who was to be its instrument before they were accomplished in the world.” A knowledge of the Reformation that took place in the heart of Martin Luther himself affords therefore a key to the Reformation of the church; a key by means of which blemishes, perhaps, as well as beauties, may be traced. Indeed, he seems to have inherited from his father a portion of that boldness and strength of purpose which goes by the name of obstinacy; for John is said to have been distinguished by this last-mentioned quality, as well as on account of his intelligence and studious habits, for a man in his condition.

It is curious enough that there are doubts even about the birth of Martin. One party saith, Seckendorff for instance, “that Luther's mother, believing her term still distant, had gone to the



fair of Eisleben, and was there, contrary to her expectation, delivered of a son ;” and this is given on the testimony of Rebham. But our author throws in this idea, first, that none of Luther’s older biographers make any mention of it, and, next, the distance to be travelled was far too great for a woman in her condition lightly to undertake, especially when a fair was in the question. Nay, to all this Luther’s own testimony is directly opposed, and whatever he said or did never can be challenged for want of good faith and probity. Luther *could not* tell a lie.

We are not, of course, going to give an abridgment of Luther’s history, but merely to touch some of its early salient points. Therefore we jump to a period when he was supposed by his parents to be capable of profiting by that lesson of wisdom which saith, “He who loveth his son hasteneth to chastise him.” At this period, we are told, his temper was most impetuous ; yes, we should append, from what we read of him, and naturally austere. But, to pass onwards, and merely to introduce a proverb that was to regulate his upbringing, “He who is to become great must begin little ;” and if children are brought up from their earliest youth with too much delicacy, it spoils them for all the rest of their lives : this, we say, has a great deal to do in making of the man. Yea, at school he was *only*, but *yet*, beat “fifteen times successively one morning.” “We must whip children, but should love them at the same time,” was Martin’s sententious speech many years after. Our author observes that Luther learned something positive at school besides ; for that although the only religious sentiment then discovered in him was that of fear, yet that he was taught the chapters of the catechism, the ten commandments, the apostles’ creed, the Lord’s prayer, canticles, forms of prayer, a Latin grammar by St. Jerome’s master, and, moreover, a very singular calendar, composed in the tenth or eleventh century. “In short, they taught him all that was known in the Latin school of Mansfeld.”

Martin was intended by *obstinate* John to be a man of learning. And here we shall once for all observe that with the particularity even of Milner, our author supplies new facts—assertions at least. The son’s remarkable aptness and persevering industry inspired the father with lively hopes. The lad was therefore sent to Magdeburg, to the school of the Franciscans, where he encountered what was to him a new world, although he had hardly the means of subsistence. However, he there listened to Andreas Proles, the provincial of the order of Augustinians, who was then preaching, with great warmth, the necessity of a reform in religion and in the church ; and, no doubt, the seeds which afterwards budded, blossomed, and grew into a stubborn oak, were here watered and fed. But he passed a hard apprenticeship here, taking it altogether ; and he even sought his subsistence painfully with others poor as himself. “I used,” he

said, "to beg some few victuals with my comrades, that we might have thereby to supply our wants." His parents hearing of all this sent him to another school, where he had many relations, but who could not or would not do anything for him; therefore, as at Magdeburg, he was forced to join his fellow students in singing before the doors to obtain a morsel of bread. But it so happened that Martin, instead of bread, often received only hard words: and then, overwhelmed with sadness, he shed tears in secret, "and thought of the future with trembling." Beautiful upbringing! we are ready to exclaim, in the case of such a spirit. The school of adversity, after all! But then, observe, you must have a competent and adequate soul to deal with. Such was Martin's, right-headed or wrong-headed, say which you please.

But Luther was not for the want of bread to go to work in the mines of Mansfeld; for suddenly, as he is singing, the doors of Conrad Cotta open,—the *pious Shunamite*, as she came to be called, who frequently remarked young Luther at his devotions, resenting at the same time the harsh words she had just heard towards the poor scholar, the sweetness of whose singing touched her. She therefore came to his aid, beckoned him in, and "laid before him wherewith to appease his hunger." Thereby Cotta created for herself, in so far as mortality and the world of heraldry are concerned, an immortality.

In Cotta's house Martin was at home, at ease, and in the enjoyment of what a spirit of high resolves and of strong forwardness is susceptible. His mind settled down, so to speak, and began to utter as well as to develop itself in its great imaginings. Oh! we are not of that company, if even we might quarrel with invention and revolution (taking the last term in its bad sense), who would deny to the poor miner's intrepidity and constancy, the meed of praise fit to be distributed to minds possessed of moral purpose, wide breadth, completeness, and power.

But we hasten forward again; passing over the days of hunger and beggary, but the days also of creation and inspiration. Quick talents, lively fancyings, and prodigious memory, together with ardent zeal and excited convictions, were about to operate upon the European world. Strange, indeed, that a poor monk could produce,—should compass all this! But the fact is, the world has ever now and then been convulsed and revolutioned by means that look at first sight paltry in the eyes of men.

Let us take on this subject of Providence some good ideas of our author. He says, "God is present on this vast scene, where, one after another, the generations of men ply their busy course. He is here, it is true, an invisible God; but if the profane multitude passes before him, heedless of his presence, because it is not seen, profounder souls, minds that yearn after the very principle of their

own existence, seek him with so much the more ardour, and rest not satisfied till they have prostrated themselves at his feet." And this comes well in:—"Gloriously are their efforts repaid. For, from the heights, whether they have climbed to approach to God, the history of the world, instead of appearing to them a confused chaos, as it does to the ignorant multitude, is beheld as a majestic temple wrought by the invisible hand of God, and towering to his glory from out the rock of humanity."

"Shall we not behold God in those grand revolutions?"—But Luther has reached his eighteenth year, has tasted the sweets of learning, is burning with a most thirsty appetite for knowledge, and is longing to slake his thirst "in one of those foundations of all the sciences." The vehement young man goes to study the philosophy of Aristotle, which he afterwards so much abhorred, as to declare that if *he* was not a man, "he should not hesitate to take him for a devil." Still, Martin was greedy of ancient lore and classicism. "He did not, like the common run of students, content himself with getting the works of these authors (Cicero, Virgil, and others) by heart, but sought to fathom their thoughts, to imbue himself with their spirit, to make their wisdom his own, to comprehend the aim of their writings, and to enrich his intellect with their grave sentences and their brilliant images." In truth, he often questioned his professors: and so distinguished was he, that Melancthon says, "all the university admired his genius."

There is a good observation of our historian, when he says that the young man at eighteen did not only labour to cultivate his mind, but he possessed that serious mood, that lifting up of the heart on high, which God gives to those whom he intends to make his zealous servants. But let us trace him.—"One day he opened one after another several books in the library, in order to become acquainted with their authors. A volume he opens in its turn arrests his attention. He has seen nothing like it to this moment. He reads the title;—it is a Bible! a rare book, unknown in those days. His interest is excited to a high degree." "His heart beat as he held in his hand that Scripture all divinely inspired." And he devoured with avidity, of course, those divine pages. Hannah and young Samuel are his first subjects, and he reads them with exuberant joy: "Hannah's song, in which she declared that the Lord raises the poor from the dust, and lifts the needy out of the mire, to make them sit with princes; the young lad Samuel, who grows up in the temple in the presence of the Lord." The truth is, the whole story filled him with emotions till then unknown; and he returned "home with a swelling heart."

A Latin Bible had transported him with joy. He read and re-read it, and in the ecstasy of his delight he returned to read it again. Soon afterwards, he obtained his first academic degree of

bachelor. But death threatened him with a more than ordinary pain; because Martin's mind was not ordinary, and he regarded that wonderful event in humanity's history with a solemnity and weight somewhat befitting its due importance.

Were it belonging to our sphere, we should here enlarge upon the marvellous and hurrying excitement of death and a deathbed: but we only tarry to remark that from all we have witnessed, and from the feelings that have been bred within us, while looking on the departure of a brother or a sister, nothing in the shape of an idea or a lesson has been so strongly borne home as this, that never until we arrive at the same moment of dread account, reckoning, anticipation, and dismay, shall we be able to appreciate—to understand—the mightiness and the terrible anxiety of that hour. Luther must have felt that his great spirit was in the course of its high-souled voyage nearing an indescribable but, perhaps, much longed-for haven. But said a priest, an old venerable man, "Cheer up, my dear bachelor! you will not die of this illness. Our God will yet make of you a man who in his turn shall console many. For God lays his cross on those he loves; and those who bear it with patience acquire much wisdom."

Soon after this he becomes master of arts, or doctor of philosophy. The university at which he now studied was then the most distinguished in Germany, and he became great in academic honours, jurisprudence being the sphere that he selected. Still conscience spoke aloud; a storm overtook him, and he cried as if he was on the brink of the grave and amid the horrors of death. Then it was that he vowed "if the Lord will rescue him from this danger, to abandon the world, and devote himself wholly to God." But when he arose from the ground, he said, "What am I to do?" It resulted in this, that he must become holy and full of knowledge. But the question is where shall he find these things? A convent, that middle-aged appointed propitiator, was suggested to him; and then he thought he would become religious and be sure of eternal life. He parts with all his books, except Virgil and Plautus,—epos and comedy,—strange representatives of Luther. He was a whole epos, "a great, a noble, a sublime poem" himself; but still given to exuberance of soul, whether it were in gravity or hilarity, graciousness or grotesqueness.

But the idea of burying himself amid monastic austerities was to his father and friends a terrible shock; while to himself it became an ordeal striking and trying. "He was agitated yet taciturn, shunning the insipid and gross conversations of the monks." Still there was to be a more decided impulse lent to his zeal and his groundwork principles. He was even to have the benefit of other sacred and kindred fire.

"A young man had made himself distinguished in this way in one of the convents of Germany. His name was John Staupitz, a descendant of a noble family in Misnia. From his tenderest years he had displayed a taste for knowledge and a love for virtue. He felt a need of retirement to devote himself to letters: but he soon found that philosophy and the study of nature could effect little towards eternal salvation. He therefore applied himself to the study of theology, but with a special view to the combination of practice with theory. For, says one of his biographers, it is in vain to assume the honourable name of theologian, if one's life does not justify the title. The study of the Bible and of St. Augustin's theology, knowledge of himself, the struggles that, like Luther, he had to sustain with the devices and desires of his own heart, led him to the Redeemer. In faith in Christ did he find rest for his soul. The doctrine of election by grace seized especial hold of his mind. A just life, profound knowledge, as well as a distinguished exterior, and manners full of dignity, commended him to his contemporaries. Frederick the Wise, elector of Saxony, made him his friend; he employed him on several embassies, and founded the university of Wittemberg under his directions. This disciple of St. Paul and St. Augustin was the first dean of the faculty of theology in that university, whence the light was one day to issue that should enlighten the schools and churches of so many nations. He assisted in the council of Lateran, in the name of the archbishop of Salzburg, became provincial of his order in Thuringen and Saxony, and, subsequently, vicar-general of the Augustinians for all Germany.

"Staupitz mourned over the corruption of morals, and the doctrinal errors that desolated the Church. His writings on the love of God, on Christian faith, on assimilation to the death of Christ, and Luther's testimony, confirm this. But he regarded the former of those evils as much greater than the latter. Moreover, the mildness and indecision of his character, and his desire not to outstep the circle of action assigned him, made him more fit to be the renovator of a convent than the reformer of the Church. He would have wished to appoint to places of some importance none but distinguished men; but, finding none, he contented himself with the necessity of employing others. 'We must till with such horses as we have,' he would say, 'and, if we have no horses, we must till with oxen.'

"We have seen the inward strife and anguish of Luther's spirit in the convent of Erfurth. At this period the approaching visit of the vicar-general was announced, and presently Staupitz arrived on his tour of ordinary inspection. Frederick's friend, the founder of the university of Wittemberg, and the head of the Augustinians, treated the monks subjected to his authority with kindness. One of the brethren very soon attracted his attention. This was a young man of the middle height, worn with study, abstinence, and watchings, till you might count his bones. His eyes, which at a later period were compared to those of the hawk, were sunk and dim; his gait was melancholy, and his look betrayed a soul harassed by a thousand conflicts, but strong and resolute to resist. His whole being bespoke something grave, melancholy, and solemn. Staupitz, whose penetration had been sharpened by long experience, easily disco-

vered what was passing in that soul, and distinguished the young brother from amongst all those around him. He felt himself drawn towards him with a presentiment of his great destinies, and felt a truly fatherly interest for his subordinate. He too, like Luther, had had his struggles; he could, therefore, understand him: he could, above all, point out to him the way of peace which he himself had found. What he learned of the circumstances attending young Augustin's entrance into the convent, increased his sympathy for him. He requested the prior to treat him with more indulgence, and he availed himself of the opportunities afforded him by his position, to win the young brother's confidence. Accosting him affectionately, he strove to overcome his timidity, augmented as it was by the respect and awe with which a man of so elevated a rank as Staupitz necessarily inspired him.

"Luther's heart, hitherto shut close from the effects of harsh treatment, now opened at last to the genial rays of charity: *As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.* The heart of Staupitz answered to the heart of Luther."

The conversations which the young monk held with Staupitz in the convent of Erfurth, the present of a Bible which he could now study at will, and in its entire shape, together with constantly recurring circumstances which stirred and carried forward Luther's vehement soul, prepared him for being called to Wittemberg, where he was at first appointed to fill a philosophical chair. Ere long he proceeded to deliver biblical lectures, his study of the Scriptures and of the ancient languages in which they were first delivered being the grand themes of his most ardent labours. Preaching too became his office; and so remarkable was his style, his energy, and his views, that his fame spread more and more every day. One consequence was that he was sent to Rome in 1510 or the year following, in order to have differences set at rest that had taken place between certain convents of his order and the vicar-general. Every one is acquainted with the results of this journey upon the feelings and the life of the young envoy. He was still, and for a considerable period afterwards, a most zealous Catholic; but Rome, and indeed the Romish Church, had so wofully degenerated that he returned to Wittemberg "with a heart filled with sorrow and indignation. Turning," continues our author, "his looks away in disgust from the pontifical city, he bent them with hope on the Holy Scriptures, and on that new life which the Word of God seemed then to promise to the world. That word gained in his heart all that the church lost there. He withdrew himself from the one to turn to the other. The whole Reformation was involved in that movement." At the same time the views which he afterwards so strenuously maintained relative to salvation by faith alone were strengthening and becoming developed; and being, at the suggestions of the elector and his friend Staupitz, admitted a doctor in



theology, he took this oath,—“ I swear manfully to defend the gospel of truth ;” and the first adversaries he attacked were those “ famous schoolmen whom he had himself studied so much, and who then reigned sovereign in all academies. He accused them of Pelagianism ; and rising up vehemently against Aristotle, the father of the schools, and against Thomas Aquinas, he set himself to hurl them both from the throne from which they gave laws, the one to philosophy, the other to theology.” “ Faith in Jesus Christ, whether from his professor's chair or in the temple,” was what he taught with characteristic power and zeal. “ But no one knew better than Luther the intimate union between God's free salvation and the free works of man : no one better than he demonstrated, that it is in receiving all from Christ, that man can give much to his brethren.”

It would require a minute attention to every passage in Luther's early life ere the reader's mind could perceive the wonderful dramatic interest and progress of that man's history. Whatever may have been his errors,—whether they arose from vehemence of temper, doctrinal errors, or uncharitableness towards those who were not in all things of the same mind with himself,—everyone must feel that his was a grand as well as a marvellous career. Every thing helped to hurry him onward ; there was no halting, no inactivity ; nay, nothing small or paltry about him. His manner of handling lent magnitude even to what would have been common-place according to other men's modes of dealing. We repeat that his life,—its beginning, middle, and end,—presented the true elements of a mighty drama. The subject is amazing, although we should stop short with it at the close of his life—without going away or beyond the man, or knowing that the Reformation was a word or a thing that concerned the nations after he was gathered to his fathers. Yes, nothing was trifling or ordinary in his manner or purposes. He was one day seated in the confessional at Wittemberg ; several of the citizens presented themselves in succession, and confessed themselves guilty of great transgressions. “ He reproves, corrects, enlightens them : but what is his astonishment to hear these people declare that they do not choose to abandon their sins ! Horror-struck, the pious monk announces to them, that since they will not promise to amend, he cannot give them absolution. The wretched creatures then appeal to their letters of indulgence, which they exhibit, boasting of their virtue : but Luther replies, that he cares nothing for the piece of paper they show him, and adds, ‘ Unless you be converted you will all perish.’ Hereupon they beset him with objections and arguments, but the doctor is immovable : they must cease to do evil, learn to do well, otherwise there is no absolution for them. ‘ Beware,’ he adds, ‘ of lending an ear to the declarations of the sellers of indulgences : you have better

things to do than to purchase these licences to sin, which they sell you at the meanest price.' "

We have now arrived at the period of the indulgences, and, of course, at that when Rome and Luther's struggle was to assume its historical might and consequences. We shall not trench upon it, but present another specimen of considerable length from the volume before us.

This is the manner in which Book the Fourth opens, and which is devoted to the history of the reformer's citation, appearance, and bearing before the Legate:—

" Truth had at last raised her head in the midst of Christendom, and now, victorious over the lower organs of popery, she was to grapple with its chief himself. We are about to see Luther in direct conflict with Rome.

" It was on his return from Heidelberg that he took the bold step. His first theses on indulgences had been ill understood, and he now resolved to set forth their meaning more clearly. The yells of blind hatred uttered by his enemies had taught him how essential it was to conciliate the more enlightened part of the nation in favour of truth, and he resolved to appeal to its judgment, by laying before it the bases on which his new convictions rested. It was very necessary that Rome should be once called on to pronounce her decision ; he therefore did not hesitate to send his explanations thither. Presenting them with one hand to the impartial and enlightened men of his nation, with the other he laid them before the throne of the sovereign pontiff.

" These explanations of his theses, which he called *Resolutions*, were written with much moderation. Luther tried to soften the passages that had given most offence, and he gave proof of genuine modesty, while, at the same time, he showed himself immovable in his convictions, and boldly defended all the propositions that truth demanded he should sustain. He again repeated, that every Christian who truly repents has his sins remitted without any indulgence ; that the pope, like the humblest priest, can only declare that God has already pardoned ; that the treasure of the saints' merits administered by the pope was a chimæra ; and that the Scriptures were the sole rule of faith. But let us hear himself on many of these points.

" He begins by establishing the nature of true penitence, and contrasts that act of God, which renews the man, with the mummeries of the Romish Church. ' The Greek word *μετανοεῖτε*,' he says, ' signifies, put on a new mind, a new feeling, a new nature, so that ceasing to be earthly you may become heavenly . . . Christ is a *doctor* (teacher) of the spirit, and not of the letter, and his words are spirit and life. He teaches, therefore, a repentance in spirit and in truth, and not those outward penances which the proudest sinners can discharge without humbling themselves ; he demands a repentance which can be accomplished in all situations of life, under the purple of kings, under the priest's gown, under the bonnet of princes, amidst those pomps of Babylon among which a Daniel was found, as well as under the monk's frock or the mendicant's rags.'



"Farther on we meet with these bold words: 'I do not concern myself about what may or may not please the pope: he is a man like other men. There have been several popes who have loved not only errors and vices, but the most extraordinary things besides. I hearken to the pope as pope, that is to say, when he speaks in the canons, after the canons, or when he decrees any article with a council, but not when he speaks of himself alone. If I did otherwise, ought I not to say with those who do not know Jesus Christ, that the horrible massacres of Christians, with which Julius sullied himself, were good deeds of a pious shepherd towards the Lord's sheep?'"

"'I cannot help wondering,' he continues, 'at their simplicity, who maintain that the two swords in the Gospel represented, one the spiritual power, the other the material power. Yes, the pope holds a sword of steel, and thus he presents himself to Christians, not as a tender father, but as a formidable tyrant. God in his anger has given us the sword we desired, and has withdrawn from us that which we disdained: nowhere in the world have there been more terrible wars than among Christians . . . Why did not the subtle wit that hit upon this fine commentary interpret with equal shrewdness the history of the two keys presented to St. Peter, and lay it down as a dogma of the Church, that the one serves to unlock the treasury of heaven, and the other the treasures of this world?'"

"'It is impossible,' he says again, 'that a man should be a Christian without having Christ, and if he has Christ he has at the same time all that belongs to Christ. What gives peace to our conscience is, that our sins are no longer ours, but Christ's, on whom God has cast them all; and that, on the other hand, all Christ's righteousness is ours, to whom God hath given it. Christ lays his hand on us, and we are healed; he casts his mantle over us, and we are covered; for he is the Saviour of glory, blessed for evermore.'"

"With such views of the richness of Jesus Christ's salvation, there was no longer any need of indulgences.

"Luther, whilst he attacks the papacy, yet speaks of Leo X. 'The times in which we live are so bad,' he says, 'that even the greatest personages cannot afford aid to the Church. We have now a very good pope in Leo X.; his sincerity, his learning, fill us with joy: but what can this so amiable and agreeable man do singlehanded? He is certainly worthy to have been pope in better days; in ours we deserve a Julius II. or an Alexander VI.'"

"He then comes directly to the point: 'I wish to say the sum of the matter in a few words and roundly: the Church has need of a Reformation. And this cannot be the work of a single man, such as the pope, nor of many men, such as the cardinals and the fathers of the councils, but it must be that of the whole world; or, rather, it is a work which pertains to God alone. As for the time when such a work ought to begin, He alone knows that who has created time. . . . The dyke is thrown down, and it is no longer possible to restrain the impetuous rushing of the floods.'"

"Such are a few of the declarations and thoughts addressed by Luther to the enlightened men of his country. The feast of Pentecost was approaching, and it was at that same epoch, in which the apostles offered the first testimony of their faith to Jesus Christ after his resurrection, that

Luther, the new apostle, published that book full of life in which he demanded, with all the earnestness of his soul, a resurrection of the Church. Saturday, May 22, 1518, on the eve of Pentecost, he sent his book to his diocesan, the bishop of Brandenburg, writing to him :

“ ‘ Right reverend father in God ! Some time ago, when a new and unheard-of doctrine touching apostolic indulgences began to be bruited in these parts, both the learned and the ignorant were alike stirred up, and several persons, some of them known to me, others unknown by sight, solicited me to publish orally, or by writing, what I thought of that novelty, I will not say of the impudence, of that doctrine. I kept myself at that time silent and retired : but at last things came to such a pass, that the pope’s holiness was compromised.

“ ‘ What was I to do ? I thought it became me neither to approve nor to condemn these doctrines, but to institute a discussion on so important a point till the Church should have decided.

“ ‘ No one having answered the challenge I offered to all, and my theses having been considered not as matter for discussion, but as propositions laid down absolutely, I find myself compelled to publish an explanation thereof. Deign, therefore, to receive these trifles which I present to you, most clement bishop. And in order that every one may see I do not act presumptuously, I supplicate your reverence to take pen and ink, and to blot out, or even to cast into the fire, all that may be displeasing to you. I know that Jesus Christ has no need of my labour and my services, and that he will be well able without me to announce glad tidings to his Church. Not that the bulls and menaces of my enemies alarm me ; quite the contrary : if they were not so impudent and shameless no one would hear speak of me, I should shrink into a corner, and study there for myself alone. If this affair is not God’s, neither certainly will it be mine nor any man’s, but a thing of nought. Be the honour and glory to Him to whom alone they belong !’

“ ‘ Luther was still filled with respect for the head of the Church ; he gave Leo credit for justice and a sincere love of truth, and therefore proposed to write to him also. Eight days afterwards, on Trinity Sunday, May 30, 1518, he wrote him a letter, of which the following are some fragments :

“ ‘ To the most blessed father, Leo X., sovereign bishop, the brother Martin Luther, Augustinian, wishes eternal salvation !

“ ‘ I learn, most holy father, that ill rumours are abroad respecting me, and that my name is brought into bad odour before your holiness : they call me heretic, apostate, traitor, and a thousand other opprobrious names. What I behold astonishes me, what I hear alarms me : but the sole foundation of my tranquillity remains, a pure and peaceful conscience. Deign to hear me, O most holy father ; me who am but a child and know nothing.’

“ ‘ Luther relates the origin of the whole affair and goes on thus :

“ ‘ Nothing was to be heard in all the taverns but complaints of the avarice of the priests, and attacks against the power of the keys and the sovereign bishop : all Germany is witness to this. At hearing these things my zeal was moved for the glory of Christ, as it seems to me ; or if an-

other explanation must be given, my young and quick blood boiled in my veins.

“ ‘ I warned some of the princes of the Church, but one mocked me, another turned a deaf ear to my representations : the terror of your name seemed to chain them all. Then I published my disputation.

“ ‘ And such, most holy father, such is the incendiary deed which they say has set the entire world in flames.

“ ‘ Now what must I do ? I cannot retract, and I see that this publication draws down an inconceivable hatred upon me from all quarters. I am not fond of appearing in the midst of the world : for I am without knowledge, without wit, and much too little for such great things, especially in this illustrious age, in which Cicero himself, if he lived, would be obliged to hide in an obscure corner.

“ ‘ But in order to appease my enemies, and to satisfy the solicitations of many, behold, here I publish my thoughts. I publish them, holy father, in order to be the more in safety under the shadow of your wings. All those who shall desire it will thus be able to know with what simplicity of heart I have asked the ecclesiastical authority to instruct me, and what respect I have testified for the power of the keys. If I had not comported myself becomingly in the matter, it would have been impossible that his most serene lordship, Frederick, duke and elector of Saxony, who is brightly pre-eminent amongst the friends of apostolic and Christian truth, should ever have endured in his university of Wittemberg a man so dangerous as they pretend that I am.

“ ‘ For these reasons, most holy father, I fall at the feet of your holiness, and submit myself thereto, with all that I have, and all that I am. Ruin my cause or adopt it ; pronounce me right or pronounce me wrong ; take my life or restore it me, as it shall please you : I shall recognise your voice as the voice of Jesus Christ, who presides and speaks through you. If I have deserved death I do not object to die : the earth is the Lord's and all that therein is : praised be his name throughout all eternity ! Amen. May He preserve you everlastingly ! Amen.

“ ‘ Dated this day of the Holy Trinity, in the year 1518.

‘ Brother MARTIN LUTHER, Augustinian.’

“ What humility, and what truth in this fear of Luther's, or, rather, in this avowal of his, that perhaps his young and quick blood had boiled up too fast ! Here we behold the sincere man, who, not presuming in himself, apprehends the influence of his passions even in those very actions of his that seem most conformable to the Word of God. There is a wide difference between this language and that of the proud fanatic. We see in Luther the desire that actuated him to gain over Leo to the cause of truth, to prevent all rupture, and to make that reformation, of which he proclaimed the necessity, proceed from the highest eminence in the Church. Assuredly he is not to be charged with having destroyed that unity in the West, the loss of which all parties have since regretted : he sacrificed everything to maintain it, everything except the truth. It was his antagonists, and not he, who, refusing to admit the plentitude and the sufficiency of the salvation effected by Jesus Christ, rent the garment of the Lord at the foot of the cross.

“After having written this letter, Luther, on the same day, addressed his friend Staupitz, vicar-general of his order. It was through him he wished to have his letter and his resolutions conveyed to Leo.

“‘I entreat you,’ said he, indulgently ‘to accept the trifles I send you, and to cause them to be conveyed to the excellent pope, Leo X. Not that I wish thereby to draw you into the danger in which I stand; I wish to encounter this peril alone. Jesus Christ will see whether what I have said proceeds from him or from me—Jesus Christ, without whose will the pope’s tongue cannot move, nor the hearts of kings resolve on anything.

“‘As for those who threaten me, I have nothing to reply to them except Reuchlin’s saying, The poor man has nothing to fear, for he has nothing to lose. I have neither goods nor money, and I ask for none; if I formerly possessed some honour and some fair fame, he who began to snatch them from me is completing his work. There remains to me but this wretched body, weakened by so many trials; let them kill it by force or cunning to the glory of God. They will thus, perhaps, abridge an hour or two of my time. It is enough for me that I have a precious Redeemer, a mighty High Priest, Jesus Christ, my Lord: I will praise Him as long as I have a breath of life; if any one will not praise Him with me, what matters it to me?’

“These words enable us to read distinctly the heart of Luther.

“Whilst he was thus looking with confidence to Rome, Rome had already conceived projects of vengeance against him. On the 3rd of April, the cardinal Raphaël di Rovere had written to the elector Frederick, in the pope’s name, that some suspicions were entertained as to his faith, and that he must beware of protecting Luther. ‘Cardinal Raphaël,’ said the latter, ‘would feel great pleasure in seeing me burned by duke Frederick.’ Thus Rome was beginning to furbish up her arms against Luther: and her first blow aimed at him was through the mind of his protector. Could she succeed in depriving the Wittenberg monk of that shelter under which he reposed, he would afterwards become an easy prey to her arts.

“The German sovereigns clung eagerly to their reputation as Christian princes; the least suspicion of heresy filled them with alarm; and this was a temper which the court of Rome had skilfully turned to account. Frederick, moreover, had always been warmly attached to the religion of his fathers. Raphaël’s letter made a lively impression upon him. But it was a principle of the Elector’s to do nothing hastily. He knew that truth was not always on the side of the strongest; the affairs between the empire and Rome had taught him to distrust the interested views of the latter court; and he had become convinced that, to be a Christian prince, it was not necessary to be the pope’s slave.

“‘He was not one of those profane spirits,’ says Melancthon, ‘who would have all changes stifled the moment their beginning is seen. Frederick submitted himself to God: he carefully read such writings as appeared, and did not suffer the destruction of what he judged to be true.’ He had the power to do so. Master in his own states, he enjoyed in the empire a consideration, at least as great as that entertained for the emperor himself.

“ It is probable that Luther learned something of this letter of cardinal Raphaël's, which reached the Elector on the 7th of July. Perhaps it was the prospect of excommunication which this missive seemed to hold out, which prompted him to ascend the pulpit in Wittemberg on the 15th of the same month, and pronounce a discourse on that subject, which produced a profound impression. He therein drew a distinction between inward and outward excommunication, the former excluding from communion with God, the latter only from communion with the Church. ‘ No one,’ he said, ‘ can reconcile the fallen soul with God, save only the Eternal : no one can separate a man from communion with God, save that man himself by his own sins. Happy is he who dies in an unjust excommunication ! Whilst he endures a severe chastisement from the hands of men for righteousness' sake, he receives from the hand of God the crown of everlasting bliss.’ . . .

“ Some approved highly of this bold language, others were incensed by it to a still higher degree.

“ But already Luther had ceased to stand alone ; and though his faith needed no other support than that of God, a phalanx that defended him against his enemies had formed around him. The German people had heard the voice of the reformer : from his discourses and his publications issued lightnings that awoke and enlightened his contemporaries. The energy of his faith fell in a fiery rain upon torpid hearts, and the abundant life which God had put into that extraordinary soul, communicated itself to the dead body of the Church. Christendom, motionless for so many ages, became animated with religious enthusiasm : the devotion of the people to the superstitions of Rome was day by day diminishing ; still fewer and fewer hands offered money for pardon, while, at the same time, Luther's fame was constantly and steadily on the increase. People turned towards him, and saluted him with love and with respect, as the intrepid defender of truth and liberty. All, no doubt, did not discover the depth of the doctrines he defended : for many it was enough to know, that the new doctor set his face against the pope, and that the empire of the priests and the monks was tottering at the breath of his powerful words. Luther's attack was, for them, like one of those mountain beacons that announce to an entire nation that the moment is come to burst their chains. The reformer was not yet aware what himself had done, when, already, all that was generous amongst his fellow-countrymen had hailed him by acclamation as their leader. But, to a great number, the apparition of Luther was much more than this. God's Word, which he wielded with so much vigour, pierced into their souls like a two-edged sword : in many hearts was kindled an ardent desire to obtain assurance of pardon and of eternal life ; and never, since the first ages, had the Church known such a hungering and thirsting after righteousness. If the words of Peter the Hermit and of Bernard had acted on the people of the middle ages, to induce them to take up a perishable cross, Luther's words impelled the men of his age to embrace the true cross, the cross which saves. The scaffolding with which the Church was loaded had, till then, obscured everything ; forms had supplanted life : but the mighty voice given to this man, spread a breath of life over the soul of Christendom. At the first onset Luther's writings had

captivated believers and unbelievers alike ; the latter, because the positive doctrines to be afterwards established, were not yet fully developed in them ; the former, because these doctrines existed in the germ in that living faith therein so energetically expressed. Accordingly, the influence of these writings was immense : in an instant they filled all Germany and the world. Everywhere the deep conviction prevailed, that men beheld, not the commencing establishment of a sect, but the new birth of the Church and of society. Those who were then born of the Spirit of God ranged themselves round him who was its organ. Christendom became divided into two camps : the one fought with the Spirit against forms, the other with forms against the Spirit. Forms had on their side, it is true, all appearances of strength and greatness ; on the side of the Spirit was weakness and littleness. But forms without spirit are but a lifeless body, which the first breath may overthrow, and whose seeming strength does but provoke hostility and hasten its fall. Thus the simple word of truth had created for Luther a mighty army."

Before concluding, we may mention that having glanced at some parts of the other translation of D'Aubigné's history, the *third* volume for example, and which is chiefly taken up with the Reformation in France from 1500 to 1526, we discover a very strong Protestant zeal in the author, and which might naturally be expected from the "President of the Theological School of Geneva, and Member of the *Société Evangélique*." He appears to have drawn many of his statements and anecdotes from French libraries and other storehouses of curious documents which have seldom been ransacked. But we must also state that he attributes considerably more to what he believes to be orthodox influences and reforming piety than we think is consistent with facts, with probability, or with a perfectly fair regard to antecedent and concomitant circumstances. We speak in these very general terms ; and just as we reasonably do in characterizing the persecutions and martyrdoms—the hatreds and the miseries, which the volume in question describes and records. What a picture does it give of what churches and sects profess to be Christianity, when we read of the bloodshed and the desolation that followed or accompanied mere differences of opinion upon points of faith !—it might be, and sometimes was, about mere outward observances ! We shall not sentimentalize further on this melancholy theme ; but close our paper with a short extract that seems to contain a novel and untenable view :—

"Painting was, of all the arts, the least affected by the Reformation. This, nevertheless, was renovated, and, as it were, hallowed by that universal movement which was then communicated to all the powers of man. The great master of that age, Lucas Cranich, settled at Wittemberg, and became the painter of the Reformation. We have seen how he represented the points of contrast between Christ and Antichrist (the Pope),



and was thus among the most influential instruments in that change by which the nation was transformed. As soon as he had received new convictions, he devoted his chastened pencil solely to paintings in harmony with the thoughts of a Christian, and gave to groups of children represented as blessed by the Saviour that peculiar grace with which he had previously invested legendary saints. Albert Durer was one of those who were attracted by the Word of Truth, and from that time, a new impulse was given to his genius. His master-pieces were produced subsequently to conversion. It might have been discerned, from the style in which he thenceforward depicted the Evangelists and Apostles, that the Bible had been restored to the people, and that the painter derived thence a depth, power, life, and dignity, which he never would have found within himself. It must, however, be admitted, that of all the arts, painting is that one whose influence upon religion is most open to well-founded and strong objection. We see it continually connected with grievous immorality or pernicious error; and those who have studied history, or visited Italy, will look for nothing in this art of benefit to human-kind."

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ART. VI.—*The Amenities of Literature; consisting of Sketches and Characters of English Literature.* By J. D'ISRAELI. 3 vols. London: Moxon.

"It was my design," says Mr. D'Israeli, "not to furnish an arid narrative of books or of authors, but, following the steps of the human mind through the wide track of time, to trace from their beginnings the rise, the progress, and the decline of public opinions, and to illustrate, as the objects presented themselves, the great incidents in our national annals." Therefore the volumes before us contain only a portion of an intended history of our vernacular literature, and of an exhibition of its fortunes as blending with and inseparable from those of the people, socially, civilly, and religious. But alas! the great design has been interrupted by a severe visitation, which finally and for ever closes the writer's literary labours; for in the rear and in company of bad health total blindness has struck him; so that he is "denied the satisfaction of reading a single line" of the work. Thus we have one illustration more of the Calamities of Authors, with which Mr. D'Israeli has made himself so fully acquainted. We must not, however, set down the loss of sight at his age, and especially after the straining to which his eye-balls have been so long subjected, as one of the Curiosities of Literature; for about fifty years have sped over him since he commenced, with remarkable literary and antiquarian zeal, to be a pioneer in a new field of letters; never relaxing, but adding volume to volume, the anecdotes and other information within them being collected from innumerable sources, and all kinds of books. Our author has therefore done his duty in his particular walk; his visual organs have done him good service; so that we must not



place him among the exceptions to the ordinary decay and losses which humanity is heir to.

We have said that Mr. D'Israeli's field was peculiarly his own fifty years ago. And very pleasant and popular reading he supplied; gossip and anecdote relative to the learned authors of all sorts, and bookcraft being the staple of his volumes. These materials, besides, which must ever be agreeable, were delivered with a considerable show of erudition, but a still larger display of authority in a rhetorical style; and the consequence was, that while general readers were satisfied and amused, taking every thing as told by our author, men of learning, clear judgment, and indefatigable energies, took to the field of literary antiquities, frequently going deeper in their researches than Mr. D'Israeli had or has done, and frequently, also, convicting him of error, of hasty conclusions, and also of superficiality. Some writers have, indeed, taken a kind of wicked pleasure in ferreting out his mistakes. But the disadvantages he had at first to contend with should be allowed for, as well as the amazing number and the extremely miscellaneous character of his subjects, the facts to be dealt with, and the articles to be entered. The manuscripts that have been consulted by him, must have interposed difficulties, owing to their imperfect, their corrupt, or their obscure character. On the other hand, he enjoyed peculiar advantages; for the walk was open to him, and he could also range whither he chose, without crossing the path of others, or following a guide. He was not incommoded, and had no occasion to incommode any one else.

With regard to the present volumes, as compared with Mr. D'Israeli's former works, we think they are fully as carefully written; but the following faults will probably be by many found with these *Amenities*,—a title not at all applicable or descriptive, according to our thinking:—first, we have a mere collection of papers, which look like separate contributions, among and between which there is frequently no obvious connexion—over which there appears no combining or harmonizing mind. It will be answered that we have only a portion, the separate members of an unfinished work of great scope. But then, secondly, we object that Mr. D'Israeli has never exhibited a philosophic power over his materials, so as to educe manifest and important ideas. His digestion is not quick and sound. On the other hand, he is rather notorious for vapid speculation and dogmatic vapouring when he intends to philosophize or to sentimentalize; so that we question much, had he been in a condition to fulfil his design, whether it would not have subjected him to still more critical severity. In the third place, we have in these volumes a vast number of things that are now hackneyed and known on the part even of every reader of the periodicals of the day; and although the author has corrected or modified some of

his former hasty opinions, the work looks very much like what he might have produced twenty-five years earlier. We suspect that it contains a considerable portion of the sweepings of his study, or the stray leaves of his portfolio; otherwise, we think, there would have been tokens of judicious editorship, more skilful apportioning of space to things that are new as compared with those that are old—to what is important with the unimportant.

But after all that we have, or that can be said, the work is sure to attract much attention, to find many purchasers, and to be placed on the shelves where D'Israeli's former publications have obtained a prominent abode.

These "Sketches and Characters" extend over a large space, commencing with the Druidical Institutions, and thence traversing the Saxon, the Anglo-Saxon, Norman, Anglo-Norman, and old English eras down to Henry the Seventh. Thus far does the first volume reach. In the second we are brought to the Elizabethan period. The third is concerned with the drama,—Shakspeare and his contemporaries,—and passes on along with the course of time until we are landed in the seventeenth century.

The mode of treatment, and the subjects handled, may be thus summarily indicated:—by means of about sixty papers, each era is designed to be illustrated, characters and literary productions being introduced for this purpose; or, at other times, an essay is given upon some general subject and natural phasis; while, at others, again, an institution or a peculiar form of life is taken for the index. Thus we have Chaucer and his works—early libraries—ancient minstrels—the psychological history of Raleigh, &c., the picture being sometimes faint as well as conjectural; but at others evincing much research and acute suggestions. The following are some of the topics, besides those already named:—origin of the English language, sources of history, travels of Mandeville, orthography and orthoepey. But we go forward to extract, and our first specimen concerns the ancient Britons, their internal wars, their subjugation, and extirpation or disappearance.

"The tale of these ancient Britons, who should have been our ancestors, is told by the philosophical historian of antiquity. Under successive Roman governors they still remained, divided by native factions: 'A circumstance,' observes Tacitus, 'most useful for us, among such a powerful people, where each combating singly, all are subdued.' A century, as we have said, had not elapsed from the landing of Cæsar to the administration of Agricola. That enlightened general changed the policy of former governors; he allured the Britons from their forest-retreats and reedy roofs to partake of the pleasures of a Roman city—to dwell in houses, to erect lofty temples, and to indulge in dissolving baths. The barbarian who had scorned the Roman tongue now felt the ambition of Roman eloquence; and the painted Briton of Cæsar was enveloped in the Roman toga.

Severus, in another century after Agricola, as an extraordinary evidence of his successful government, appealed to Britain,—‘Even the Britons are quiet!’ exclaimed the emperor. The tutelary genius of Rome through four centuries preserved Britain—even from the Britons themselves; but the Roman policy was fatal to the national character, and when the day arrived that their protector forsook them, the Britons were left among their ancient discords: for provincial jealousies, however concealed by circumstances, are never suppressed; the fire lives in its embers ready to be kindled. The island of Britain, itself not extensive, was broken into petty principalities: we are told that there were nearly two hundred kinglings, the greater part of whom did not presume to wear crowns. Sometimes they united in their jealousies of some paramount tyrant; but they raged among themselves; and the passion of Gildas has figured them as ‘the Lioness of Devonshire’ encountering a ‘Lion’s Whelp’ in Dorsetshire, and ‘the Bear-Baiter’ trembling before his regal brother ‘the Great Bull-dog.’ ‘These kings were not appointed by God,’ exclaims the British Jeremiah; he who wrote under the name of Gildas. Thus, the Britons formed a powerless aggregate, and never a nation. The naked Irish haunted their shores, covering their sea with piracy; and the Picts rushed from their forests,—giants of the North, who, if Gildas does not exaggerate, even dragged down from their walls the amazed Britons. Such a people in their terrified councils were to be suppliants to the valour of foreigners; from that hour they were doomed to be chased from their natal soil. They invited, or they encouraged, another race to become their mercenaries or their allies. The small and the great from other shores hastened to a new dominion. Britain then became ‘a field of fortune to every adventurer when nothing less than kingdoms were the prize of every fortunate commander.’ We have now the history of a people whose enemies inhabited their ancient land: the flame and the sword ceaselessly devouring the soil; the dominion shrinking in space, and the people diminishing in number; victory for them was fatal as defeat. The disasters of the Britons pursued them through the despair of almost two centuries; it would have been the history of a whole people ever retreating, yet hardly in flight, had it been written. Shall we refuse on the score of their disputed antiquity the evidence of the Welsh bards? The wild grandeur of the melancholy poetry of those ancient Britons attests the reality of their story and the depth of their emotions. We have spun the last thread of our cobweb, and we know not on what point it hangs, such irreconcilable hypotheses are offered to us by our learned antiquaries, whenever they would account for the origin or the disappearance of a whole people. The mystery deepens and the confusion darkens amid contradictions and incredibilities, when the British historian contemplates in the perspective the Fata Morgana of another Britain on the opposite shores of the ancient Armorica—another Britain in La Bretagne.”

The religion and the literature of the Britons were alike destroyed by the Romans; but if vestiges of their stories had reached us, we might have had another version than even Tacitus has bequeathed to the world. However, when we find that the Anglo-Saxon manu-

scripts are in a most corrupt state, occasioned by the inattention or the unskilfulness of the calligrapher, whose task must have required a learned pen, as Mr. D'Israeli's experience has sufficiently impressed upon his mind, we can hardly suppose that any clearly decipherable literary relics of an earlier people could descend to us, not only after Roman invasion, and Pictish devastation, but Saxon usurpation. We must therefore remain content with the testimony of the Welsh Bards, or be lost in mystery. We now come to a subject for delightful description, and which our author has treated with warmth and ability,—we mean that of the ancient minstrels:—

“ There were minstrels who held honourable offices in the great households, sometimes chosen for their skill and elocution to perform the dignified service of heralds, and were in the secret confidence of their lord; these were those favourites of the castle, whose guerdon was sometimes as romantic as any incident in their own romance. No festival, public or private, but there the minstrel poet was its crowning ornament. They awakened national themes in the presence of assembled thousands at the installation of an abbot, or the reception of a bishop. Often, in the Gothic hall, they resounded some lofty ‘Geste,’ or some old ‘Breton’ lay, or with some gayer Fabliau, indulging the vein of an improvisatore, altering the old story when wanting a new one. Delightful rhapsodists, or amusing tale-tellers, combining the poetic with the musical character, they displayed the influence of the imagination over a rude and unlettered race :

‘ ———They tellen Tales,  
Both of weeping and of game.’

Chaucer has portrayed the rapture of a minstrel excited by his harp, a portrait evidently after the life,—

‘ Somewhat he *lisp*ed for his wantonness  
To make the English swete upon his tonge ;  
And in his Harping when that he had songe,  
His Eyen twinkled in his Hed aright,  
As don the Sterrés on a frosty night.’

The minstrel more particularly delighted ‘the Lewed,’ or the people, when, sitting in their fellowship, the harper stilled their attention by some fragment of a chronicle of their fathers and their father-land. The family harper touched more personal sympathies; the ancestral honours of the baron made even the vassal proud—domestic traditions and local incidents deepened their emotions—the moralising ditty softened their mind with thought, and every county had its legend at which the heart of the native beat. Of this minstrelsy little was written down, but tradition lives through a hundred echoes, and the ‘Reliques of ancient English poetry,’ and the ‘Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,’ and some other remains, for the greater part, have been formed by so many metrical narratives and fugitive effusions. There were periods in which the minstrels were so highly favoured that they were more amply rewarded than the clergy;—a circumstance which induced Warton to observe with more truth than acuteness,

that 'in this age, as in more enlightened times, the people loved better to be pleased than to be instructed.' Such was their fascination and their passion for 'Largesse!' that they were reproached with draining the treasury of a prince. It is certain that this thoughtless race have suffered from the evil eye of the monkish chroniclers, who looked on the minstrels as their rivals in sharing the prodigality of the great; yet even their monkish censors relented whenever these revellers appeared. It was a festive day among so many joyless ones when the minstrel band approached the lone monastery. Then the sweet-toned vielle, or the merry rebeck, echoed in the hermit-hearts of the slumbering inmates; vaulters came tumbling about, jugglers bewitched their eyes and the grotesque mime, who would not be outdone by his tutored ape. Then came the stately minstrel, with his harp, borne before him by his smiling page, usually called 'the minstrel's boy.' One of the brotherhood has described the strolling troop who

' Walken fer and wyde,  
Her, and ther, in every syde,  
In many a diverse londe.'

The easy life of these ambulatory musicians, their ample gratuities, and certain privileges which the minstrels enjoyed both here and among our neighbours, corrupted their manners, and induced the dissipated and the reckless to claim those privileges by assuming their title. A disorderly rabble of minstrels crowded every public assembly, and haunted the private abode. At different periods the minstrels were banished the kingdom, in England and in France; but their return was rarely delayed. The people could not be made to abandon these versatile dispensers of solace amid their own monotonous cares. At different periods minstrels appear to have been persons of great wealth—a circumstance which we discover by their votive religious acts in the spirit and custom of those days. The priory of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield, in 1102, was founded by 'Rahere,' the king's minstrel, who is described as 'a pleasant-witted gentleman,' such as we may imagine a wealthy minstrel, and, moreover, 'the king's,' ever to have been. In St. Mary's church at Beverley in Yorkshire, stands a noble column covered with figures of minstrels, inscribed 'This Pillar made the Mynstrels;' and at Paris, a chapel dedicated to St. Julian of the Minstrels was erected by them, covered with figures of minstrels bearing all the instruments of music used in the middle ages, where the violin or fiddle is minutely sculptured. \* \* \* The personages and the manners here imperfectly sketched, constituted the domestic life of our chivalric society from the twelfth century to the first civil wars of England. In this long interval few could read; even bishops could not always write; and the Gothic baron pleaded the privilege of a layman for not doing the one nor the other. The intellectual character of the nation can only be traced in the wandering minstrel and the haughty ecclesiastic. The minstrel mingling with all the classes of society reflected all their sympathies, and in reality was one of the people themselves; but the ecclesiastic stood apart, too sacred to be touched, while his very language was not that either of the noble or of the people."

On the Vernacular Languages of Europe, and also with regard to our own Saxon, Mr. D'Israeli amid much that is universally known regarding the use of Latin in the middle ages, as well as during a succeeding period, advances some unwarrantable, and we think, clearly erroneous sentiments, when the languages in question had advanced with the advancement of mind, and when the finest human energies were fully awakened. Why, he even appears to accuse Bacon with having, if not despised, at least, never appreciated the wealth of his mother tongue. He "did not foresee," says our author, "that the English language would one day be capable of embalming all that philosophy can discover, or poetry can invent; that his country, at length, would possess a national literature, and exult in models of its own." It is added,—“So little did Lord Bacon esteem the language of his country, that his favourite works are composed in Latin; and what he had written in English he was anxious to have preserved, as he expresses it himself, in ‘that universal language which may last as long as books last.’” In a previous part of the same paragraph this strange piece of assertion occurs:—“The genius of Verulam, whose prescient views often anticipated the institutions and the discoveries of succeeding times, appears never to have contemplated the future miracles of his maternal tongue.”

These, we say, are strange assertions. Why, has not Bacon left us his Essays, and had he not read and appreciated Shakspeare and Spenser, as well as the noble English writings of many other predecessors? To be sure he wrote a number of learned works in the *universal language*, because he wished the *learned* in all nations to understand him. But when he had a more homely purpose in view, he was all-powerful and all-beautiful,—exhaustless and enthusiastically exuberant. But we go on to quote:—

“The Saxon language had been tainted by some Latin terms from the ecclesiastics, and some fashionable Normanisms from the court of the Confessor; when the Norman-French, fatal as the arrow which pierced Harold, by a single blow struck down that venerable form—and never has it arisen! And now, with all its pomp, such as it was, it lies entombed and confined in some scanty manuscripts. We indeed triumph that the language of our forefathers never did depart from the land since it survived among the people. What survived? It soon ceased to be a written tongue, for no one cared to cultivate an idiom no longer required and utterly contemned. After the Conquest, the miserable Saxons lost their ‘book-craft.’ We find nothing written but the continuation of a meagre chronicle. A few pietists still lingered in occasional homilies, and a solitary charter has been perpetuated; but the style was already changed, and, as a literary language, the Anglo-Saxon had for ever departed! It had sunk to the people, and they treated the ancient idiom after their fashion—the language of books served not simple men; laying aside its



inflections, and its inversions, and its arbitrary construction, they chose a shorter and more direct conveyance of their thoughts, and only kept to a language fitted to the business of daily life. This getting free from the encumbrances of the Anglo-Saxon, we may consider formed the obscure beginnings of the English language. All the gradual changes or the sudden innovations through more than two centuries may not be perceivable by posterity; but philologists have marked out how first the inversion was simplified, and then the inflections dropped; how the final *e* became mute, and at length was ejected; how ancient words were changed, and Norman neologisms introduced. As this English cleared itself of the nebulosity, the anomalies, and all the complex machinery of the mother idiom, a natural style was formed, very homely, for this vaunted Saxon now came from the mouths of the people, and from those friends of the people, the monks, who only wrote for their humble brother Saxons. The English writers, who were composing in French, and the more learned, who displayed their clerkship by their Latinity, had a standard of literature which would regulate or advance their literary workmanship; but there was no standard in the language of bondage; it had mixed, as Ritson oddly describes it, 'with one knows not what;' a disorganisation of words and idioms. Numerous dialects pervaded the land; the East and the West agreed as ill together as both did with the North and the South; and they who wrote for the people each chose the dialect of their own shire."

Our author affords, no doubt, much curious information regarding the modern languages of Europe. For example, he shows how differently different nations have gone to work with the Latin as respects its introductions. The French are said to have impoverished themselves by such abbreviations as merely omit terminations, and hence their numerous monosyllables. Thus, aureum becomes *or*; amicus—*ami*; homo—*hom*; vinum—*vin*; bonus—*bon*. "Titus Livius is but *Tite Live*; and the historian of Alexander the Great, the dignified Quintus Curtius, is the ludicrous *Quinte Curve*."

Italy, on the other hand, retained the "sonorous termination of the paternal soil, and Spain did not forget the majesty of the Latin accent;" while the "Gothic and the northern race barbarously abbreviated or disfigured their Latin words; to sounds so new to them they gave their own rude inflections; there is but one organ to regulate the delicacy of orthoepy—a musical and tutored ear."

But further, with regard to the English language:—

"When the learned Hickes, in his patriotic fervour to trace the legitimacy of the English from its parent language, adjudged that 'nine-tenths of our words were of Saxon origin,' he exultingly appealed to the Lord's Prayer, wherein there are only three words of French or Latin extraction. This startled Tyrwhit, then busied on his Chaucerian glossary, and who in that labour had before him a different aspect of our mottled English. That was not the day when writers would maintain opinions against authority. Awed by the great Saxonist, the poetical antiquary compromised, alleging that 'though the *form* of our language was still Saxon, yet the *matter* was



in a great measure French.' His successor in English philology, George Ellis, still further faltered and arbitrated; suggesting that the great Saxonist, to complete his favourite scheme, would trace some *old Gaulish* French to a *Teutonic* origin. In tracing the formation of the English language, we are sensible that the broad and solid foundations lie in the Saxon, but the superstructure has often, with a magical movement, varied in its architecture. An enamoured Saxonist has recently ventured to assert that 'English is but another term for Saxon; but an ocular demonstration has been exhibited in specimens of the *modern English* of our master-writers, marking by italics all the words of Saxon derivation. By these it appears that the translators of the Bible have happily preserved for us the pristine simplicity of our Saxon-English, like the light in a cathedral through its storied and saintly window, shedding its antique hues on hallowed objects. But as we advance, we discover in our most eminent writers the anglicisms diminish; and Sharon Turner has observed that a fifth of the Saxon language has ceased to be used. A recent critic has curiously calculated that the English language, now consisting of about 38,000 words, contains 23,000, or nearly five-eighths, Anglo-Saxon in their origin; that in our most idiomatic writers, there is about one-tenth *not* Anglo-Saxon, and in our least about one-third. A cry of our desertion of our Saxon purity has been raised by those who have not themselves practised it in their more elevated compositions; but are we to deem that English corrupted which recedes from its Saxon character, and compels the daughter to lose the likeness of her mother? Are we to banish to perpetuity those foreigners who have already fructified our Saxon soil? In an age of extended literature, conversant with objects and productive of associations which never entered into the experience of our forefathers, the ancient language of the people must necessarily prove inadequate; a new language must start out of new conceptions. Look into our present 'exchequer of words;' there lies many a refined coinage struck out of the arts and the philosophies of Europe. Every word which genius creates, and which time shall consecrate, is a possession of the language which must be inscribed into that variable doomsday book of words—the English Dictionary. Devotees of Thor and Woden! the day of your idolatries has passed, and your remonstrances are vain as your superstitions."

The safe and proper rule is never to import a foreign word, and never to invent a new term, when we already have legitimately born ones to serve the purpose. Our rich and stately language has been sadly disfigured by such impertinencies. By the time, indeed, at which Gower and Chaucer wrote, the English tongue had great compass, and was capable of very graceful as well as terse expression. And here a good anecdote may be introduced:—

"This tale of Gower's free and honest satire on courts and courtiers is not yet concluded. The sphere of a poet's influence is far wider than that of his own age; and however we may now deem of this grave and ancient poet, he still found understanding admirers so late as in the reign of Charles the First. In the curious 'Conference' which took place when Charles the

First visited the Marquess of Worcester, at Ragland Castle, with his court, there is the following anecdote respecting the poet Gower. The marquess was a shrewd though whimsical man, and a favourite of the king for his frankness and his love of the arts. His lordship entertained the royal guest with extraordinary magnificence. Among his rare curiosities was a sumptuous copy of Gower's volume. Charles the First usually visited the marquess after dinner. Once he found his lordship with the book of John Gower lying open, which the king said he had never before seen. 'Oh!' exclaimed the marquess, 'it is a book of books! and if your majesty had been well versed in it, it would have made you a king of kings.' 'Why so, my lord?' 'Why, here is set down how Aristotle brought up and instructed Alexander the Great in all the rudiments and principles belonging to a prince.' And under the persons of Aristotle and Alexander, the marquess read the king such a lesson that all the standers-by were amazed at his boldness. The king asked whether he had his lesson by heart, or spake out of the book? 'Sir, if you would read my heart, it may be that you might find it there; or if your majesty pleased to get it by heart, I will lend you my book.' The king accepted the offer. Some of the new-made lords fretted and bit their thumbs at certain passages in the marquess' discourse; and some protested that no man was so much for the absolute power of a king as Aristotle. The marquess told the king that he would indeed show him one remarkable passage to that purpose, and turning to the place, read

' A king can kill, a king can save;  
A king can make a lord a knave;  
And of a knave, a lord also.'

On this several new-made lords slunk out of the room, which the king observing, told the marquess, 'My lord, at this rate you will drive away all my nobility.' This amusing anecdote is an evidence that this ethical poet, after two centuries and a half, was not forgotten; his spirit was still vital, his volume still lay open on the library table; it afforded a pungent lesson to the courtiers of Charles the First, as it had to those of Richard the Second."

Before the art of printing inundated the world with books, there could hardly be any private libraries; and even those of kings and of great national institutions must have been upon a very limited scale. Mr. D'Israeli brings together a great number of curious facts connected with the subject, as will be seen from the following long extract, which we could not well curtail, without destroying its effect:—

"There probably was a time when there existed no private libraries in the kingdom, nor any save the monastic; that of Oxford, at the close of the thirteenth century, consisted of 'a few tracts kept in chests.' In that primeval age of book-collecting, shelves were not yet required. Royalty itself seems to have been destitute of a royal library. It appears, by one of our recently published records, that King John borrowed a volume from a rich abbey, and the king gave a receipt to Simon his chancellor for 'the

book called Pliny,' which had been in the custody of the abbot and convent of Reading. 'The Romance of the History of England,' with other volumes, have also royal receipts. The king had either deposited these volumes for security with the abbot, or, what seems not improbable, had no established collection which could be deemed a library, and, as leisure or curiosity stimulated, commanded the loan of a volume. The borrowing of a volume was a serious concern in those days, and heavy was the pledge or the bond required for the loan. One of the regulations of the library of the Abbey of Croyland, Ingulphus has given. It regards 'the lending of their books, as well the smaller without pictures as the larger with pictures;' any loan is forbidden under no less a penalty than that of excommunication, which might possibly be a severer punishment than the gallows. Long after this period, our English libraries are said to have been smaller than those on the Continent; and yet, one century and a half subsequently to the reign of John, the royal library of France, belonging to a monarch who loved literature, Jean le Bon, did not exceed ten volumes. In those days they had no idea of establishing a library; the few volumes which each monarch collected, at great cost, were always dispersed by gifts or bequests at their death; nothing passed to the successor but the missals, the *heures*, and the offices of the chapels. These monarchs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, amid the prevailing ignorance of the age, had not advanced in their comprehension of the uses of a permanent library beyond their great predecessor of the ninth; for Charlemagne had ordered his books to be sold after his death, and the money given to the poor. Yet among these early French kings there were several who were lovers of books, and were not insensible of the value of a studious intercourse, anxious to procure transcribers and translators. A curious fact has been recorded of St. Louis, that, during his crusade in the East, having learned that a Saracen prince employed scribes to copy the best writings of philosophy for the use of students, on his return to France, he adopted the same practice, and caused the Scriptures and the works of the fathers to be transcribed from copies found in different abbeys. These volumes were deposited in a secure apartment, to which the learned might have access; and he himself passed much of his time there, occupied in his favourite study, the writings of the fathers. Charles le Sage, in 1373, had a considerable library, amounting to nine hundred volumes. He placed this collection in one of the towers of the Louvre, hence denominated the 'Tour de la Librarie; and intrusted it to the custody of his valet-de-chambre Gilles Mallet, constituting him his librarian. He was no common personage, for, great as was the care and ingenuity required, he drew up an inventory with his own hand of this royal library.

"In that early stage of book-collecting, volumes had not always titles to denote their subjects, or they contained several in one volume; hence they are described by their outsides, their size and their shape, their coverings and their clasps. This library of Charles V. shines in extreme splendour, with its many-coloured silks and velvets, azure and vermeil, green and yellow, and its cloths of silver and of gold, each volume being distinctly described by the colour and the material of its covering. This curious document of the fourteenth century still exists. This library

passed through strange vicissitudes. The volumes in the succeeding reigns were seized on, or purchased at a conqueror's price, by the Duke of Bedford, regent of France. Some he gave to his brother Humphrey, the Duke of Gloucester; and they formed a part of the rich collection which that prince presented to Oxford, there finally to be destroyed by a fanatical English mob. Others of the volumes found their way back to the Louvre, repurchased by the French at London. The glorious missal that bears the regent's name remains yet in this country, the property of a wealthy individual. Accident has preserved a few catalogues of libraries of noblemen in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, more pleasing than erudite. In the fourteenth century, the volumes consisted for the greater part of those romances of chivalry which so long formed the favourite reading of the noble, the dame, and the damoiselle, and all the lounging damoiseaux in the baronial castle. The private libraries of the fifteenth century were restricted to some French tomes of chivalry, or to 'a merrie tale in Boccacce;' and their science advanced not beyond 'The Shepherd's Calendar,' or 'The Secrets of Albert the Great.' There was an intermixture of legendary lives of saints and apocryphal adventures of 'Notre Seigneur' in Egypt; with a volume or two of physic, and surgery, and astrology. A few catalogues of our monastic libraries still remain, and these reflect an image of the studies of the middle ages. We find versions of the Scriptures in English and Latin—a Greek or Hebrew manuscript is noted down; a commentator, a father, and some schoolmen; and a writer on the canon law, and the mediæval Christian poets who composed in Latin verse. A romance, an accidental classic, a chronicle and legends,—such are the usual contents of these monastic catalogues. But though the subjects seem various, the number of volumes was exceedingly few. Some monasteries had not more than twenty books. In such little esteem were any writings in the vernacular idiom held, that the library of Glastonbury Abbey, probably the most extensive in England, in 1248, possessed no more than four books in English, on common religious topics; and in the latter days of Henry VIII., when Leland rummaged the monasteries, he did not find a greater number. The library of the monastery of Bretton, which, owing to its isolated site, was among the last dissolved, and which may have enlarged its stores with the spoils of other collections which the times offered, when it was dissolved in 1558, could only boast of having possessed one hundred and fifty distinct works. In this primitive state of book-collecting, a singular evidence of their bibliographical passion was sometimes apparent in the monastic libraries. Not deeming a written catalogue, which might not often be opened, sufficiently attractive to remind them of their lettered stores, they inscribed verses on their windows to indicate the books they possessed, and over these inscriptions they placed the portraits of the authors. Thus they could not look through their windows without being reminded of their volumes; and the very portraits of authors, illuminated by the light of heaven, might rouse the curiosity which many a barren title would repel."

One of the passages that has pleased us much, in regard to

thought and sagacity, concerns the young Josiah of England, as he has been named, Edward the Sixth. Mr. D'Israeli, instituting a strict account of the boy-king's character, whom he also calls a "puppet-prince," and taking note of his promise for the future, as drawn from his literary displays, has produced a striking, but far from an engaging picture. It has been usual to look upon Edward's laborious diary with strong prepossessions in his favour; for "a nation's hope has always been the flattering painter of every youthful prince who dies immaturity: in the royal youth is lamented the irreparable loss of the future great monarch." But our author also remarks that Edward's father had been the most glorious youthful prince who ever adorned a throne. The much admired diary, however, exhibits extraordinary heartlessness; for whether it be the decapitation of his two uncles, the burning of Joan of Kent, or how a live goose suspended had its head sliced off by those who run at the ring,—all seems to be jotted down equally as matters of course; so that such an imperturbable spirit was as likely to have turned out a Nero as a Titus. "Had the reign of Edward the Sixth been prolonged, we should have had a polemical monarch, if we may judge by a collection of texts of Scripture, in proof of the doctrine of justification by faith, which exists in his own hand-writing." Again, "Edward and Mary were opposite bigots; and both alike presumed that they were appointed to the work of sanctity." "The bigotry, as well as the puerile taste of the Prince, appeared when he composed a comedy or interlude against 'The Whore of Babylon,' and 'The False Gods.'" Such is our author's severe representation.

But before we conclude, we must again invite our readers to mark some extraordinary assertions, loose and hasty conclusions, that are opposed to facts and evidence, which we cannot suppose the author to have overlooked or forgotten, and therefore we must impugn his logic, or accuse him of dealing in paradoxes and antitheses to catch the uninformed ear. He says, "Shakspeare was destined to have his dramatic faculty contested by many successful rivals; to fall into neglect; to be rarely acted, and less read; to appear barbarous and unintelligible; to be even discarded from the glorious file of dramatists by the anathemas of hostile criticism; and finally, in the resurrection of genius (a rare occurrence!) to emerge into universal celebrity." Again, "the universal celebrity of Shakspeare is comparatively of recent origin." Hear ye this, you who have made yourselves acquainted with the testimonies of a series of our greatest poets, from Shakspeare's time downwards—including Ben Jonson, who had also been a rival! And how many others, critics, essayists, and general writers, have paid tribute to the dramatist's marvellous genius, from the time of Charles the Second, whose ill-starred father appreciated the poet! It may be that the

public generally did not for a long time understand the character of Shakspeare's works, or perceive their beauties, so as to make them the subject of study or of private reading. Even in this age of books, of cheap publications, when the schoolmaster is abroad, and when almost every one in our large towns purchases and peruses writings of some sort, we question if any great number know more of England's chiefest pride than what they may have learned within the walls of a theatre, or from the current reports of him. They believe in him because it is the belief of the country. It cannot, however, be questioned that Shakspeare's dramas in his own day, and in his own theatre, were popular and stock plays; and future managers of no very recent period found their gain in giving them a preference. These are facts that become the more manifest by every scarce tract or publication concerning the Elizabethan drama which antiquaries and antiquarian societies are continuing to bring before the public; and we can only wonder at Mr. D'Israeli's ignorance of their contents, or rather his contempt of them, his adherence to some crotchet of his own, and the love of rhetorical flourish.

But we are far from desiring to underrate our author's services to the literature of his country, or the merits of the publication before us. His works have not only afforded much positive information and intellectual pleasure, but they have stimulated and widely propagated, we believe, a taste for literature as well as literary researches. He has also awakened many proper sympathies towards authors and the author's craft. And the *Amenities*, with all the writer's former style of gossiping, conjecture, and rambling, will be perhaps as suggestive as any thing he has ever published; and therefore these volumes must be regarded as a valuable contribution, a pleasant offering.

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ART. VII.—*A History of Harvard University ; from its Foundation in the Year 1636, to the Period of the American Revolution.* By BENJAMIN PEIRCE. Cambridge, U. S.

THE history of the literary institutions of any country must, to a considerable extent, be the history of that country. It cannot but embrace an interesting portion of the lives of most of the distinguished men in it, whether churchmen or civilians; a portion, at least, when the powers of the mind are pliant, and may be moulded by wise direction to future valuable purposes. The pupils go forth prepared in part to sustain the duties of professional and active existence, under the influences which the establishment lent and fostered from which they proceed, and to reflect back upon the place of their education the character and distinction of riper years.



The quality of instruction is a measure of the general intelligence and refinement of the community ; for no seminary of learning can be sustained, that lags in the rear of an improved condition of literature, science, and the arts in the public around. Hence the higher institutions, in their combination of learning and distinguished men, with the means of knowledge abundantly within their reach, form an important part of the great whole, and become of indispensable and incalculable value to the permanency of national welfare and the progress of national character. Such an aggregation of men embraces the aspiring of every rank and condition in life, and therefore lend impulses even to the most enterprising.

With these views of the importance of literary institutions, we can never but take pleasure in noticing any attempt to sketch their history, whatever be the country to which they belong, especially if it be one which may be regarded as a mighty offshoot of our own, morally as well as naturally speaking ; and therefore we seize the present opportunity of introducing some instructive and also entertaining account of, we believe, the most celebrated university in the United States of America ; the period embraced enabling us to obtain striking glimpses of a young and rapidly rising nation, and also of the indications it offered of the time to come.

The late Mr. Peirce was librarian of the University, and an educated man ; and he also possessed the other qualifications (as Mr. Pickering, the editor of the posthumous publication, informs us, and as the volume itself demonstrates) essential to the successful execution of a work of this kind. We are told that he had an industry and an accuracy which steadily and faithfully carry us back to the scholars of another age. Thorough research into a subject in which he was interested, was to him a pleasure and not a task, as a catalogue of the library is said abundantly to testify. He never rested content with second-hand information, but went always to the original sources. He scrupulously weighed and sifted evidence, and never formed nor changed his opinions upon slight grounds. He was always a lover of books. In his youth he was a distinguished scholar ; and in the midst of his daily business he found some time for the gratification and the assiduous cultivation of his mind by study. His modest and retiring habits prevented him from offering his acquisitions to the public view ; but the present work was found at his death, nearly ready for the press, and supports the eulogy bestowed on the author. It is thorough, exact, lucid, and learned. Not a stone seems to have been left unturned ; not a scrap of information, useful or amusing, relating to the first one hundred and thirty years of the history of the University, has been left ungathered. It is evidently, in short, the production of one whose heart was in what he was doing. He must have taken a deep interest in the institution, for he has traced with



a filial affection its progress from a grammar-school to a flourishing and well-endowed college.

Nor is the work a mere register of events connected with the institution itself, but it gives frequent glimpses into the state of manners and the opinions of other days, and occasional sketches also of the distinguished men who yet live in their works. As an instance of this, we may mention the discriminating account of the famous Cotton Mather, who, if his sense had been equal to his talents, and his digestive powers on a par with his appetite, would have been truly a great man.

The present work is a history of Harvard University, from its foundation to the last important epoch previous to the American revolution. It comprises the whole of the author's original plan; but the editor of it thinks that, had Mr. Peirce lived, he would, perhaps, at some future time have brought his work down to a later period. Nevertheless the book is complete in itself, its subjects being included within well-defined marks and periods; while it comprehends a space, which from its antiquity and other causes, affords more materials than any other to gratify the natural desire of men to look back to the illustrious deeds of their fathers.

The style of the work is good and pleasing. The editor informs us that Mr. Peirce was a diligent reader and hearty admirer of the English Classics, Addison, Pope, Dryden, Swift, and their contemporaries; and that he took these for his models, although he was in some degree tinctured with the plainness of still older writers. The style, indeed, is unostentatiously simple; it is also correctly severe, without being harsh, or descending into feebleness and tameness. It is condensed, not attenuated.

In an age of magazine and novel writing such tricks are played with our mother tongue, such uncouth words and phrases are pressed into it, such involved sentences are manufactured, while there is such a love of the monstrous, fancy for the artificial, or yielding to the sentimental, that it is really refreshing when, on turning away from the distorted, the dazzling, or the mawkish and twaddling, one alights upon the green, the natural, and the healthy.

As already intimated, the work has been published under the editorship of a Mr. Pickering, who was an early and an attached friend of the author, and who has enriched the volume by assembling in an Appendix a great variety of miscellaneous and illustrative matter relating to the University.

Without attempting to give an analysis or an abstract of the volume, we shall present a few things to be found in it that will engage attention.

The University dates its existence from an act of the General Court, in 1636, by which there was voted £100, towards the erec-

tion of a public "school or college," to be situated at Newtown (which name was afterwards changed to Cambridge,) "a place very pleasant and accommodate," and "then under the orthodox and soul-flourishing ministry of Mr. Thomas Sheaphard." This most liberal appropriation, taking into consideration also the time at which it was made, speaks volumes in praise of the founders; illustrating also the general feeling which must have countenanced the measure. The transaction took place only six years from the first settlement of Boston, and only sixteen years from the landing at Plymouth, at a time when they were struggling for very existence, surrounded with vast and unexplored wildernesses, inhabited by savage foes, whom imagination invested with more than their real terrors. One would have supposed that the sustenance and protection of their bodily lives would have engrossed their whole time and thoughts; but with what moral purpose and far-sightedness did they set about providing the mind with convenient and enduring food; and with what high-minded disinterestedness did they give up so large a portion of their scanty means for the good of posterity, and "that learning might not sleep in the graves of their fathers!" Mr. Peirce remarks well and becomingly on this subject, when he says, "To minds less enlightened, less impressed with the value of liberal studies, and less resolved on achieving whatever duty commanded, such a project would have presented itself in vain; but from the fathers of New England it was precisely the measure which was to have been expected; it flowed from their principles and character, as an effect from its legitimate cause; and, while the qualities of a stream are a test of the nature of its source, this venerable institution must be regarded as a memorial of the wisdom and virtue of its pious founders."

The regular course of academic instruction began in 1638, and in 1639 it was ordered that the college should be called Harvard College, in honour of its great founder, the Rev. John Harvard. It was at first under the charge of Nathaniel Eaton, who, as Cotton Mather says, "was a brave scholar, but cruel withal, and was fined 100 marks for beating a young gentleman (his usher) unmercifully with a cudgel." That this ruffianly, rather than brave, master should have attempted to beat his usher, shows the spirit of subordination much more than that of equality. Indeed the former sentiment was as prevalent at one period as the latter is now in that country. Eaton was also accused of ill-treating the students in various ways, and of giving them bad and scanty diet, a source of complaint which, curiously enough began at the very foundation of the college, and has continued to break out from time to time to the present day.

There is some very amusing matter in the Appendix touching this same cudgelling Mr. Nathaniel Eaton, extracted from several

quarters. We learn that he beat his unfortunate usher with a walnut-tree cudgel, "a yard in length, and big enough to have killed a horse," he being, as may be supposed from this statement, harder to kill than a horse, as indeed may also be inferred from the result; for it seems that his savage master gave him "two hundred stripes about the head and shoulders, and so kept him under blows (with some two or three short intermissions) about the space of two hours." No head, made as heads are made in our degenerate days, could have survived such a *flailing*; but if not poetical there must be some lawyer-like exaggeration in the statement of the usher's case. Eaton was interrogated *anent* the ill and scanty diet of his boarders, "for although their friends gave large allowance, yet their diet was ordinarily nothing but porridge and pudding, and that very homely." Nathaniel with that want of manliness and gallantry which might be expected from his cruelty towards the weak, laid all the blame upon his wife. A curious paper is furnished, which, no doubt, contains the statement given by this Mrs. Eaton, relative to the charges brought against her domestic economy. It is a very amusing document, and we should extract it, if we had room. It is full of contrition and humble acknowledgment; yet laughable as the whole affair may be to those readers who have been and are exempted from all such abuses, yet we cannot help being touched with the conjugal affection which made the woman so prompt to transfer all the blame to herself, and to exonerate her *dear* husband. From the very submissive tone of her confessions, we have a fear that Nathaniel was woman's master, and that he had long kept a "walnut-tree cudgel" at home, and one too of much more than the orthodox thickness of a man's little finger. This trouble about the diet of the students at Harvard was gravely investigated by the government of the state, and rightly so it was. The institution's interests might have been disastrously affected by the ferocity and baseness of teachers, not to speak of the lives of pupils.

The wheel of time has brought about strange revolutions in the character of the Commencement exercises. Orations, dissertations, and forensics in the vernacular language, are reliefs and luxuries of modern introduction and growth. Within the memory of some who are now alive, the principal exercises consisted of a Syllogistic discourse in Latin, in which four or five distinguished scholars were appointed respondents, to whom was assigned the task of defending certain positions which the rest of the class severally opposed and attacked. All this was done in Latin, and in the form of Syllogisms and Theses, and might have been *very edifying*. In the old institutions of a similar kind in Europe, and down to a comparatively recent date, the same method of sharpening the intellect, and making combatants expert, as it was thought, and also of rendering them

dexterous in the universal language, was in vogue ; the Americans but followed and imitated us in their first foundations.

A list is preserved of the Theses which were defended by the first graduates in 1642, from which we cull a few specimens, which may well make the young scholars at Harvard College, at the present day, bless their stars that they were not born in the times of which we speak :—“ *Causa sine qua non, non est peculiaris causa a quatuor reliquis generalibus;*” “ *Axioma contingens est, quod ita verum est ut aliquando falsum esse possit;*” “ *Forma est principium individuationis;*” “ *Unius rei non est nisi unica forma constitutiva,*” &c. &c. How would one of our spruce, learned, modern orators at the bar or in the senate, or even at some academical debating club, with all his scholastic lore at his fingers' ends, and his Latinity upon his tongue, look, were he called upon to defend “ *pro virili parte,*” as the order of performances was wont to word it, one of the above Theses in Latin Syllogisms? But the masters were, of course, expected to soar to a higher sphere of disputation, or to plunge into a deeper and darker well of scholastic metaphysics, as will be seen from the following questions, “ *methodically to be discussed by the candidates for the degree of Master of Arts,*” at the Commencement in 1743 :—“ *An ex operibus Sanctificationi comitantibus, optimæ exquiratur Justificatio;*” “ *An conscientia invincibiliter erronea sit inculpabilis.*” But we presume even our learned readers have enough of these scholastic puzzles, and therefore we proceed to some more interesting matters.

The sons of Harvard must have read with great pleasure and sympathy the indications scattered through Mr. Peirce's volume, of the pride and affection with which their forerunners looked upon the University, and the large space it occupied in the public mind. Life has become so crowded with stirring interests, and men are whirled now with such rail-road velocity, through such a multitude and variety of excitements, that a peaceful literary institution does not obtain its due share of consideration or respect by the many, and is only adequately thought of by the scholars who have anchored their barks in those placid recesses to which the turmoil and the foam of the world of noise and of traffic seldom reach. But it was not so in America some hundred years ago. Its people formed then but a “ *feeble folk,*”—an infant colony, supporting their tottering and impeded steps, by clinging to their mother on this side of the deep. The peculiar character of the Pilgrim Fathers and their more immediate successors in general, and the clergy in particular, possessed a great influence out of their sphere. Harvard College was long the eye of New England. It was regarded with pride and veneration. Every leading man felt a strong personal interest in it, and considered the prosperity of the colony as largely involved in its own. Thus the death of president Leverett is spoken of as a “ *dark and*

awful providence," a "heavy judgment of God," a "token of his anger," a "sore frown upon the College." When President Wadsworth died, it was voted by the Corporation, that, "whereas the choosing of a President is a matter of great concern, it be proposed to the Honourable and Reverend Overseers, that they with the Corporation might spend some convenient time in prayer to God for his gracious direction in that important affair." We find the General Court voting to President Wadsworth, one hundred and fifty pounds, "to enable him to enter upon and manage the great affair of President of Harvard College, to which he is appointed." The sense of the value and the importance of the institution which was cherished, may be learned from the liberal appropriations made to it from time to time by the General Court, and by the amount of private benefactions. The great number of small gifts, donations, and legacies, from men of humble fortunes, shows at once the high respect in which learning was held, and the spirit of generous self-sacrifice which distinguished the times. It would be doing injustice to Mr. Peirce, to withhold from the reader his appropriate and feeling remarks on this subject.

"In looking over the list of early benefactions to the College," he observes, "we are amused, when we read of a number of sheep bequeathed by one man, a quantity of cotton-cloth worth nine shillings by another, a pewter flagon worth ten shillings by a third, a fruit-dish, a sugar-spoon, a silver-tipt jug, one great salt, one small trencher-salt, by others; and of presents and legacies amounting severally to five shillings, nine shillings, one pound, two pounds, &c., all faithfully recorded, with the names of their respective donors. How soon does a little reflection change any disposition we may have to smile, into a feeling of respect, and even of admiration! What, in fact were these humble benefactions? They were contributions from the 'res angusta domi;' from pious, virtuous, enlightened penury, to the noblest of all causes, the advancement of education. The donations were *small*, for the people were *poor*; they leave no doubt as to the motive which actuated the donors; they remind us of the offering, from 'every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, to the work of the tabernacle of the congregation:' and, like the widow's mite, indicate a respect and zeal for the object, which would have done greater things, had the means been more abundant."

It is a curious trait, and characteristic of the stern discipline of the times, that personal chastisement was for a long period tolerated and practised in the College. It is related in Judge Sewell's MS. diary, that in June, 1674, Thomas Sargeant, having been convicted of speaking blasphemous words concerning the Holy Ghost, was, among other punishments, publicly whipped before all the scholars in the library, *prayer being had before and after by the President!* Notwithstanding the barbarity of this law, and the constant troubles it produced, it for a long time maintained its place in the

statute-book ; for in the revised body of laws, made in the year 1784, this article occurs,—“ Notwithstanding the preceding pecuniary mulcts, it shall be lawful for the president, tutors, and professors, to punish under-graduates by boxing, when they shall judge the nature or circumstances of the offence call for it.” It soon after, however, fell into disuse, and at length, as Mr. Peirce states, “ was expunged from the code, never, we trust, to be recalled from the rubbish of past absurdities.”

In the earliest annals of the College, the students seem to have indulged very little in those wild freaks which now so often perplex professors. In those puritan days youths ripened apace into austere men. A dissipated or even frolicsome descendant of the fathers presents a paradoxical idea to the mind. One can hardly but imagine that their infants wore long faces, or that their knee-buckled urchins could ever think of hoops and marbles when pacing to school. As the country grew older and richer, however, livelier fancies began to stir in the stiff-skirted youth. Thus in 1740, a committee appointed to inquire into the state of the College, reported a long list of grievances and enormities. The students are accused of “ *improving* persons in fetching liquors,” and of wearing silk night-gowns. A curious law was passed in 1761, “ that it shall be deemed an offence if the scholars shall in a *sober manner* entertain one another and strangers with *punch*, any law, usage, or custom, to the contrary notwithstanding.”

But we must bring our paper to a close, although we could profitably and pleasantly linger longer among the monuments and the recollections of the past in the New World. Who can look back, be he a son of this Alma Mater, or an entire stranger to her, without taking an interest and feeling delight in her honourable career? Often assailed as we believe she has been by evil tongues, and no doubt not only liable to many imperfections, but sometimes chargeable with errors, her course, we learn, has been almost uniformly high, consistent, and upright. The light that was kindled at Harvard in darkness, and which long glimmered or shone with a faint lustre, now burns with a steady and powerful gleam, and thousands have lighted their lamps by it. Emulous and answering flames have now kindled throughout the union, throwing the bright yet mellow beams of letters and science athwart the land—to the remote south and the far west. May Harvard University flourish perpetually !



ART. VIII.—*History of the Corn Laws.* By J. C. PLATT. London: Knight and Co.

WE take for a text this number of "Knight's Store of Knowledge," to lay before our readers some of the more striking and practical views as well as details which belong to the Corn-law question; and shall endeavour, without any degree of heat such as the controversy for the most part excites, to exhibit some of the principal arguments and opinions which are maintained on each side. In order, however, that something like an accurate and adequate notion may be obtained of the various regulations under which the trade in corn and grain has been placed, we first of all avail ourselves of portions of the very clear and succinct account given in the cheap publication before us; and thus, while saving ourselves a great deal of trouble, assist in giving publicity to the merits of this new series of useful knowledge relative to which we refer our readers also to our last number for further information, to be met with in an article on Shakspeare.

Mr. Platt divides his subject into two periods:—1st. When England exported considerable quantities of grain annually; and, 2ndly. When she ceased to do so, and became an importing country. Accordingly we have historical details, classed within separate, and in some senses, distinct epochs, with the view of showing what the corn laws are, out of what circumstances they had their rise, and what variations have taken place in the enactments framed at different times for their regulation.

The first epoch, according to Mr. Platt's distribution of his subject, extends over a wide space of time, embracing the earliest notices our national records furnish concerning the prices of grain and the municipal regulations put in force respecting wheat, till we arrive at the year 1688; the landlords having succeeded in carrying a very important measure, immediately after the Revolution.

It was not until after the middle of the 15th century, that any symptom occurs of a corn law for the protection of the home grower. In 1463, the importation from other countries gave rise to complaints, which were followed by a statute, in the preamble of which it is stated that, "Whereas the labourers and occupiers of husbandry within this realm be daily grievously endangered by bringing of corn out of other lands and parts into this realm, when corn of the growing of this realm is at a low price;" and the remedy appointed was, that wheat should not be imported unless the price at the place of import exceeded 6s. 8d. per quarter. By previous enactment, so long as the price of wheat was below 6s. 8d. per quarter, exportation was free, and now by the statute the preamble of which we have just quoted, importation came to be forbidden; so that the intention was to maintain the price at that rate and height, the



agricultural interest having succeeded in carrying two modifications which, it must have been expected, would reciprocate conveniently and surely, respect being solely paid to the benefit of the corn-grower. It will be necessary, however, to quote Mr. Platt's rapid summary of the corn-law history, from the point at which we have arrived, down to 1688; for it is impossible to indicate the changes that took place in the system, and the course of restrictive measures in shorter space than he has done. We therefore introduce an extract, which, although occupying too many of our pages, yet affords an interesting and instructive glimpse of national development.

“In 1533-4 an end was put to the system of free exportation which had been established in 1463, and, with some few occasional exceptions, had continued from that time; and thenceforth it was forbidden to export corn and provisions without the king's licence. The statute enacted for this purpose was intended to keep down prices, though the preamble sets out with the rational observation that, ‘forasmuch as dearth, scarcity, good cheap [good market], and plenty [of victual], happeneth, riseth, and chanceth, of so many and divers reasons that it is very hard and difficult to put any certain prices to any such things.’ It however ended by enacting that, on complaint being made of high prices, they shall be regulated by the lords of the council, and made known by proclamation; and that farmers and others shall sell their commodities at the prices thus fixed.

“During the greater part of the sixteenth century a struggle was maintained by the makers of the laws against the rise of prices which characterised nearly the whole of that period. The discouragement of tillage and the increase of sheep-pastures were supposed to be the main causes of this rise. In 1533 a statute was passed which enacted that no man should keep more than two thousand sheep, except on his own land, and that no tenant should rent more than two farms. The statute entitled ‘An Act for the Maintenance and Increase of Tillage and Corn’ attempted to force cultivation by enacting that for the future at least as much land should be tilled in every parish as had been under the plough at any time since the accession of Henry VIII., under a penalty, to be exacted from the parish, of 5s. for every acre that should be deficient.

“This remarkable period in the history of agriculture, and in the social condition of the people, was marked by other singular regulations respecting the supply of the necessities of life and their price. In September, 1549, a proclamation was issued, directed against dealers in the principal articles of food. According to it, no man was to buy and sell the self-same thing again, except brokers, and they were not to have more than ten quarters of grain in their possession at one time. This proclamation directed ‘that all justices should divide themselves into the hundreds, and look what superfluous corn was in every barn, and appoint it to be sold at a reasonable price; also, that one must be in every market-town to see the corn bought. Whoso brought no corn to market, as he was appointed, was to forfeit 10l., unless the purveyors took it up, or it was sold to the neighbours.’ Obedience to these regulations was not confined to the temporary provisions of a proclamation; but in 1551-2 they were, with some modifi-

cations, embodied in a statute. By this enactment, engrossers (persons buying corn to sell again) were subjected to heavy penalties. For the third offence they were to be set in the pillory, to forfeit their personal effects, and to be imprisoned during the king's pleasure. Farmers buying corn for seed were compelled to sell at the same time an equal quantity of their corn in store, under penalty of forfeiting double the value of what they had bought. Persons might engross corn, not forestalling it—that is, enhancing the price or preventing the supply—when wheat was under 6s. 8d. per quarter.

“ In 1562-3 a further attempt was made to restrict the operations of buying and selling in articles of food as well as many other commodities. The 5 and 6 Edw. VI. c. 14, already quoted, contained a proviso that corn-badgers, allowed to that office by three justices of the peace of the county where the said badger dwelt, could buy provisions in open fair or market for towns and cities, and sell them, without being guilty of the offence of forestalling; but this relaxation of the statute was corrected by another statute passed in 1562-3, in the preamble of which the former enactment is thus alluded to:—‘ Since the making of which act such a great number of persons, seeking only to live easily and to leave their honest labour, have and do daily seek to be allowed to the said office, being most unfit and unmeet for those purposes, and also very hurtful to the commonwealth of this realm, as well as by enhancing the price of corn and grain, as also by the diminishing of good and necessary husbandmen.’ It was then enacted, that the licenses to corn-badgers should only be granted once a year by the justices at quarter-sessions, instead of at any period by three justices; and that none were to obtain a licence but resident householders of three years’ standing, who are or have been married, and of the age of thirty, and are not servants or retainers to another person. Those who received a licence were to have it renewed at the end of every year. Licensed persons were also required to find security not to forestall or engross in their dealings, and not to buy out of open fair or market, except under express licence. The statute did not apply to the counties of Westmoreland, Cumberland, Lancaster, Chester, and York.

“ It was scarcely possible for the legislature to do more towards the discouragement of a most useful class of men, whose operations are of such service to society in general, and to the poor in particular. But enactments of this description were loudly demanded by the people, who could scarcely get bread sometimes in consequence of the high price of provisions, which they attributed to the intervention of the corn-dealer between the producer and customer.

“ The system introduced in 1534, under which exportation was interdicted, lasted about twenty years, and even during that period was most probably in a great degree inoperative.

“ In 1554 a new act was passed, which restored the freedom of export so long as the price of wheat should not exceed 6s. 8d., that of rye 4s., and that of barley 3s. per quarter. The preamble complains that former acts against the exportation of grain and provisions had been evaded, by reason whereof they had grown unto a ‘wonderful dearth and extreme prices.’ Under the present act, when prices exceeded 6s. 8d. per quarter for wheat,

exportation was to cease ; and when it was under that price it could not be exported to any foreign country, or to Scotland, without a licence, under penalty of forfeiting double the value of the cargo as well as the vessel, besides imprisonment of the master and mariners of the vessel for one year. The penalty for exporting a greater quantity than was warranted by the licence was treble the value of the cargo, and imprisonment ; and a cargo could be taken only to the port mentioned in the licence. The object of the act was in effect to prevent exportation when there was not a sufficient supply in the home market, and to permit it to be sent abroad so long as it was below a certain price at home.

“ In 1562, only eight years after the above act had been passed, the liberty of exportation was extended, and wheat might be carried out of the country when the average price was 10s. per quarter, that of rye, peas, and beans 8s., and that of barley or malt 6s. 8d. per quarter. The better to prevent evasion of the law, it was at the same time enacted that the commodity should only be exported from such ports as her Majesty might by proclamation appoint.

“ In 1571 a statute was passed which contains provisions for settling once a-year the average prices by which exportation should be governed. The Lord President and Council in the North, also the Lord President and Council in Wales, and the Justices of Assize, within their respective jurisdictions, ‘ yearly shall, upon conference had with the inhabitants of the country, of the cheapness and dearth of any kinds of grain,’ determine ‘ whether it shall be meet at any time to permit any grain to be carried out of any port within the said several jurisdictions or limits ; and so shall, in writing, under their hands and seal, cause and make a determination either for permission or prohibition, and the same cause to be, by the sheriff of the counties, published and affixed in as many accustomed market-towns and ports within the said shire as they shall think convenient.’ The averages, when once struck, were to continue in force until the same authorities ordered otherwise ; and if their regulations should ‘ be hurtful to the country by means of dearth, or be a great hinderance to tillage by means of too much cheapness,’ they could make the necessary alterations. All proceedings under this act were to be notified to the queen or privy council. The statute enacted that, ‘ for the better increase of tillage, and for maintenance and increase of the navy and mariners of this realm,’ corn might be exported at all times to friendly countries, when proclamation was not made to the contrary. A poundage or customs duty of 1s. per quarter was charged on all wheat exported ; but if exported under a special licence, and not under the act, the customs duty was 2s. per quarter.

“ The law of 1463, which prohibited importation so long as the price of wheat was under 6s. 8d., that of rye under 4s., and that of barley under 3s. the quarter, appears not to have been repealed, but it must have remained inoperative, from the prices seldom or probably never descending below these rates. The importation of corn, therefore, we may reckon to have been practically free at this time, so far as the law could render it so.

“ In 1592-3 the price at which exportation was permitted was raised to 20s. per quarter, and the customs duty was fixed at 2s. In 1603-4 the importation price was raised to 26s. 8d. per quarter ; and, in 1623, to 32s.

—having risen, in the course of sixty-five years, from 6s. 8d. By the 21 Jac. I. c. 28, unless wheat was under 32s. per quarter, and other grain in proportion, buying corn and selling it again was not permitted. The King could restrain the liberty of exportation by proclamation. In 1627-8 another statute relative to the corn-trade was passed, which, however, made no alteration in the previous statute of James I. In 1660 a new scale of duties was introduced. When the price of wheat per quarter was under 44s. the export duty was 5s. 6d.; and when the price was above 44s., the duty rose to 6s. 8d. Exportation was permitted free whenever the price of wheat did not exceed 40s. per quarter.

“ In 1663 the corn-trade again became the subject of legislation, and an act was passed which favoured the corn-grower, or at any rate that portion of the community connected with and dependent upon agriculture, to a greater extent than any previous statute. The preamble of this act commenced by asserting that ‘ the surest and effectualest means of promoting and advancing any trade, occupation, or mystery, being by rendering it profitable to the users thereof,’ and that, large quantities of land being waste, which might be profitably cultivated if sufficient encouragement were given for the cost and labour on the same, it should be enacted, with a view of encouraging the application of capital and labour to waste lands, that, after September, 1663, when wheat did not exceed 48s. per quarter at the places and havens of shipment, the export duty should be only 5s. 4d. per quarter. The demand of the home market was not sufficient to take off the surplus produce of the corn-growers, and the reduction of the duty was intended to encourage exportation. By the same act when wheat did not exceed 48s. per quarter ‘ then it shall be lawful for all and every person (not forestalling nor selling the same in the open market within three months after the buying thereof) to buy in open market and to keep in his or their granaries or houses, and to sell again, such corn and grain,’ any statute to the contrary notwithstanding. The latter part of this statute may be regarded as indicating a juster view than others passed since the 5 and 6 Edw. VI. c. 14.

“ In 1670 a further important change was made in the same direction, exportation being permitted as long as wheat should be under 53s. 4d. the quarter, the customs duty being only 1s. per quarter. Corn imported from foreign countries was at the same time loaded with duties so heavy as effectually to exclude it, being 16s. when the price in this country was at or under 53s. 4d. per quarter, and 8s. when above that price and under 80s., at which latter price importation became free. The object of this act was to relieve the agricultural interests from the depression under which they were labouring from the low prices of produce which had existed for twenty years, more particularly from 1646 to 1665, and also more or less during the greater part of the century. Between 1617 and 1621 wheat fell from 43s. 3d. the quarter to 27s., in consequence of which farmers were unable to pay their rents. The low price was occasioned by abundant harvests; ‘ for remedy whereof the Council have written letters into every shire, and some say to every market-town, to provide a granary or storehouse, with a stock to buy corn, and keep it for a dear year.’ The cheapness of wheat was attended with the good effect of raising the standard of diet amongst

the poorer classes, who are described as 'traversing the markets to find out the finest wheats, for none else would now serve their use, though before they were glad of the coarser rye-bread.' The act of 1670 does not appear to have answered its object. Roger Coke, writing in 1671, says,—'The ends designed by the acts against the importation of Irish cattle, of raising the rents of the lands of England, are so far from being attained that the contrary hath ensued;' and he speaks of a great diminution of cultivation.

"The harvests of 1673-4-5 proved defective, and the same result occurred in 1677-8, so that the average price of the seven years ending 1672, during which wheat ranged at 36s. the quarter, was followed in the seven subsequent years, ending 1679, by an average of 46s., being a rise of nearly 30 per cent. Under this encouragement there was a considerable extension of tillage, and the years of scarcity being followed by twelve abundant seasons in succession (with the exception of 1684, which was somewhat deficient), the price of corn and grain again sunk very low. In the six years ending 1691 the average price of wheat was 29s. 5d. the quarter, and if the four years ending 1691 be taken, the average price was only 27s. 7d., being lower than at any period during the whole of the century. There was no competition in the English market with the foreign grower during the above-mentioned years of low prices: exportation was freely permitted on payment of a nominal duty; but scarcely ever had the agriculturists been in so depressed a state. The means which they took to relieve themselves will be noticed in the next period."

It has already been stated that immediately after the Revolution the landowners carried a very important measure. Tillage had been extended, and there had been a succession of favourable seasons. Agricultural produce consequently was abundant and at a depreciated value: exportation therefore was resorted to, bounties being granted to encourage the sale of grain to foreign countries, and with the view of protecting the landed interest from the distress arising from low prices at home. With the fluctuations occasioned by plentiful and deficient harvests, this system of bounties was subject to a variety of fortune for a number of years. Alterations and new enactments were every now and then introduced, according as pressures were felt, or changes took place in the commercial and manufacturing as well as agricultural condition of the country; the stimulus applied being frequently altogether artificial, and therefore, in all probability, partial, short-sighted, and in violation of the principles of trade. Wars, heavier and heavier taxations, the rapid increase of population, the gigantic operations performed by machinery, and a variety of ever-accruing circumstances, were, year after year, demanding enlargements and modifications of a system that adopted prohibition and restriction for its safeguards. Just think of the population of Great Britain being now about twice as great as it was half a century ago, and of an annual increase regularly approaching to *three hundred thousand*. But the land does

not widen; and although agricultural improvements have during the last century greatly enlarged the supply of food, yet this increase by no means keeps pace with that of the mouths that require to be fed. Let us, however, accompany Mr. Platt through some of the periods that fall within our own remembrance, and see exactly how we are situated at this moment with regard to the corn-law. We therefore come up to him as he starts with his sixth epoch, viz., the year 1815, and which extends to 1822.

“The corn law of 1815 originated in the desire to preserve, during a state of peace, the high rents and prices which had existed during the war. The war had been a period of scarcity, arising from various causes, and the real effect of this measure was to perpetuate the high prices and high rents by an artificial scarcity. On the 10th of June, 1814, a Committee of the House of Lords on the corn-trade was appointed, which made a brief report on the 27th, when the Committee was instructed to examine witnesses in support of allegations contained in petitions presented to the House on the subject. The principal feature of the second report was the recommendation of the Committee, that so long as the average price of wheat was under 80s. the ports should be completely closed against supplies from other countries. The prohibitive price suggested by the agricultural witnesses examined by the Committee varied from 72s. to 96s. Out of sixteen witnesses belonging to this class, only four were in favour of the free importation price being below 80s. per quarter. The second report was presented on the 25th of July; but the attempt to give so complete a monopoly as would have been established by carrying out the recommendations of the Lords’ Committee was so resolutely opposed by the country that the bill which had been brought in for the purpose was abandoned. An act was however passed, repealing the bounty on exportation, which had been allowed under various circumstances since 1688, though from 1792, the high prices which prevailed in the home market rendered it inoperative. By the new act exportation might take place at any time without reference to prevailing prices.

“The average price of wheat for the year 1814 was about 34s. per quarter lower than the average of the preceding year, though the harvest had not been an abundant one. In the month of February, 1815, the average price was under 60s., and before harvest it might rise to 66s., when the ports would be open and prices again be depressed, and it was brought to a very low point, in consequence of the obstacles to free intercourse with the Continent being removed. Early in the session of 1815, therefore, a bill was brought in, giving effect to the recommendation of the Committee of the previous year, and fixing 80s. as the lowest point at which importation could take place. The measure produced great excitement throughout the country, particularly in the manufacturing districts, and in all the large towns. In the House of Commons, at an early period, a division took place in favour of 72s. being substituted for 80s., with the following result:—For the motion 35; against it 154; majority 119. On the 3rd of March an attempt was made to throw out the bill:—For the motion 56; against it 218; majority 162. On the 6th of March the



vicinity of the House of Commons was thronged by an excited multitude, and several members were stopped, some of them roughly handled, and they were questioned by the mob as to the vote which they intended to give. Ultimately the military were called out, and, with the civil force, kept the streets clear. This evening the gallery of the House of Commons was closed. An attempt was made to render the bill more favourable by substituting 74s. instead of 80s. as the pivot price; and the motion was supported by 77 against 208, being a majority of 131. On the 8th of May, on bringing up the report, an amendment was moved, that the bill be read that day six months, when there voted 50 in its favour, and 168 against it; majority 118. A final attempt was made to substitute a lower rate than 80s., leaving it to the House to determine the exact price at which prohibition ceased; but only 78 voted for the motion, and 184 in favour of the measure as originally proposed. On the 10th of March, on the third reading, an amendment was moved, that the bill be thrown out, but it was only supported by 77 against 245; majority 168. On the 20th of March the bill passed the Lords by a majority of 107: 128 contents, and 21 non-contents. The measure was opposed with great force and acuteness by several of the most eminent statesmen of the day; and Lord Grenville drew up a protest embodying the views of the leaders of the minority. We give a copy of this historical document:—

**“ PROTEST.**

“ 1. Because we are adverse in principle to all new restraints on commerce. We think it certain that public prosperity is best promoted by leaving uncontrolled the free current of national industry; and we wish, rather, by well-considered steps, to bring back our commercial legislation to the straight and simple line of wisdom, than to increase the deviation, by subjecting additional and extensive branches of the public interest to fresh systems of artificial and injurious restriction.

“ 2. Because we think that the great practical rule of leaving our commerce unfettered applies more peculiarly, and on still stronger grounds of justice, as well as of policy, to the corn-trade, than to any other. Irresistible, indeed, must be the necessity which could, in our judgment, authorise the legislature to tamper with the sustenance of the people, and to impede the free purchase and sale of that article on which depends the existence of so large a portion of the community.

“ 3. Because we think that the expectations of ultimate benefit from this measure are founded on a delusive theory. We cannot persuade ourselves that this law will ever contribute to produce plenty, cheapness, or steadiness of price. So long as it operates at all, its effects must be the opposite of these. Monopoly is the parent of scarcity, of dearness, and of uncertainty. To cut off any of the sources of supply can only tend to lessen its abundance; to close against ourselves the cheapest market for any commodity must enhance the price at which we purchase it; and to confine the consumer of corn to the produce of his own country is to refuse to ourselves the benefit of that provision which Providence itself has made for equalising to man the variations of season and of climate.

“ 4. But, whatever may be the future consequences of this law, at some



distant and uncertain period, we see, with pain, that those hopes must be purchased at the expense of a great and present evil. To compel the consumer to purchase corn dearer at home than it might be imported from abroad is the immediate practical effect of this law. In this way alone can it operate. Its present protection, its promised extension of agriculture, must result (if at all) from the profits which it creates by keeping up the price of corn to an artificial level. These future benefits are the consequences expected, but, as we confidently believe, erroneously expected, from giving a bounty to the grower of corn, by a tax levied on its consumer.

“ 5. Because we think that the adoption of any permanent law for such a purpose required the fullest and most laborious investigation. Nor would it have been sufficient for our satisfaction could we have been convinced of the general policy of so hazardous an experiment. A still further inquiry would have been necessary to persuade us that the present moment was fit for its adoption. In such an inquiry we must have had the means of satisfying ourselves what its immediate operation will be, as connected with the various and pressing circumstances of public difficulty and distress with which the country is now surrounded: with the state of circulation and currency; of our agriculture and manufactures; of our internal and external commerce; and, above all, with the condition and reward of the industrious labouring classes of our community. On all these particulars, as they respect this question, we think that parliament is almost wholly uninformed; on all, we see reason for the utmost anxiety and alarm from the operation of this law.

“ Lastly. Because, if we could approve of the principle and purpose of this law, we think that no sufficient foundation has been laid for its details. The evidence before us, unsatisfactory and imperfect as it is, seems to us rather to disprove than to support the propriety of the high price adopted as the standard of importation, and the fallacious mode by which that price is to be ascertained.

“ And on all these grounds we are anxious to record our dissent from a measure so precipitate in its course, and, as we fear, so injurious in its consequences.

“ On the 23rd of March the bill received the Royal assent.

“ Until the average price of wheat rose to 80s. the ports were to be effectually closed. Colonial wheat was admitted when the average prices reached 67s. per quarter. Such was the leading feature of the new act. But the mode in which the average prices were determined greatly increased its stringency. A new average was to be struck quarterly, on the 15th of February, May, August, and November, from the aggregate prices of the six preceding weeks; but it was provided that, if during the six weeks subsequent to any of these dates the average prices, which might be at 80s., fell below that price, no supplies should be admitted for home consumption from any ports between the rivers Eyder and the Bidassoa,—that is, from Denmark to Spain.

“ It was the general expectation of the farmers that the act of 1815 would maintain the prices of their produce at a rate somewhat under that of the scale which the legislature had adopted; and which, for wheat, was

80s. ; barley 40s. ; oats 27s. ; and rye, beans, and peas, 53s. They entered into contracts with their landlords and others with this conviction. But, as in every measure passed since 1773 prices had risen above the scale which had been fixed as the prohibitive rate, it happened that they now sunk below it to an extent which they had not anticipated. In 1816, 1817, and 1818, three deficient harvests occurred, that of the former year being below an average crop to a greater extent than in any year since the periods of scarcity at the close of the last century. Prices rose above the rate at which foreign supplies were admitted, and in 1817 and 1818 above 2,600,000 quarters of wheat were imported. In 1821 and 1822 the agriculturists endured the severest season of distress which had been experienced by that body in modern times, and the engagements which they had been induced to make under the fallacious hopes excited by the last Corn Act and the range of high prices during the war, occasioned them to be swept from the land by thousands."

The fluctuations in price under the law of 1815 were extraordinary, and altogether unlooked for by the landed interest.

"The framers of the corn-law of 1815 did not take into account the effect of the years of scarcity which occurred so frequently after 1804, nor the obstruction of foreign supplies caused by the war. It was founded on the supposition that, high as were the average prices of those years, they were only such as resulted from the cost of production, with the addition of the farmer's profit, and the landlord's rent (both calculated on too high a scale). In the interval between 1804 and 1815, whenever a foreign supply of corn was required, the home market rose to an elevation sufficient to command a supply subject to enormous charges, amounting to from 30s. to 50s. the quarter. Freight, insurance, and other charges, which had amounted to 50s. the quarter from the Baltic, have been as low as 4s. 6d. within the last few years, but the difference between a free and obstructed intercourse was taken as little into account as the influence of a series of defective crops. Prices having sunk so much below the amount which had been assumed to be necessary to remunerate the British corn-growers, the law of 1815 was suspended by a new act passed in July, 1822. It enacted that, 'as soon as foreign wheat shall have been admitted for home consumption under the provisions of the Act of 55 Geo. III. c. 26 [the corn-law of 1815], the scale of prices at which the home consumption of foreign corn, meal, or flour is permitted by the said Act shall cease and determine.' The new scale was as follows:—Wheat at or above 70s., duty 12s. ; and for the first three months of the ports being open an additional duty of 5s. per quarter, being a duty of 17s. Above 70s. and under 80s., the 'first low duty' of 5s. with the addition of 5s. for the first three months ; above 80s. and under 85s., the 'second low duty' of 1s. was alone to be charged."

Many were the schemes which were devised, before the new scale now stated was ordered ; the agricultural panic being so great that its cry was heard from every part of the country. But the act which fixed this altered scale never came into operation at all, as

prices never reached 80s. It had become by this time pretty manifest that there was something wrong or rotten in the views which had been adopted both by landlords and legislators. Mr. Canning, therefore, in 1827 introduced the principle of a graduated scale, in place of absolute prohibition under 80s. But his bill did not pass the House of Lords, although some partial modifications and relaxations of the law were adopted to meet the force of temporary circumstances. At length, in 1828, Mr. Charles Grant embodied in a bill Canning's principle, when the measure by which the corn-trade is at present regulated was carried, which, however, it is now generally thought, has not operated as any very marked improvement upon the previous state of the law. Says Mr. Platt,—

“The present law has not succeeded in maintaining steadiness of price, the extremes of fluctuation being 35s. 4d. in December, 1835, and 81s. in January, 1839, or a difference of 129 per cent. To this derangement of prices is to be attributed much of the depression which the agriculturists experienced in 1833 and 1836. In each of these years their distressed condition was noticed in the speech from the throne on the opening of Parliament, and select committees were appointed in both years to inquire into their state. Since the commencement of 1836 nothing has been heard of agricultural distress, prices having risen from 39s. 4d. per quarter for wheat in 1835 to 70s. 8d. in 1839; but the commercial and manufacturing interests have been visited with a season of adversity.

“When the harvests have been abundant, the labourer and artisan contented, and trade and manufactures flourishing, the agriculturist has suffered from the depreciation of prices. If abundant crops thus plunge him into distress, there can be no other reason for it than the engagements which he has contracted with his landlord being adapted only for years of scarcity and high prices, such as occurred during the war, when the effect of unfavourable seasons was aggravated by the obstructions to commercial intercourse. The tenant now seems to be dependent upon years of deficiency in order to realise the average rate of profit on his capital; and so long as the price of grain is subject to such great fluctuations as have been already stated, there is no permanent basis on which he can contract with his landlord. His rent must be determined by the rate of prices when he takes his lease, which may turn out in the long run to be favourable either to himself or his landlord.”

A variety of objections have been urged against the practical character of the fluctuating scale. The following extract exposes some of its defects; Mr. Platt in the second paragraph forcibly correcting certain exaggerated notions which widely prevail relative to the prices of foreign corn:—

“Another defect of the fluctuating scale is to limit the radius of supply, which, instead of comprising the north and south-east of Europe, the Black Sea, Egypt, the United States, and other distant corn-growing countries, is confined chiefly to the markets of Hamburg, Dantzic, and the

Baltic ports, to which buyers rush, and, by their competition within a narrow circle, raise the prices to an unnecessary height, relying upon the profits to be obtained under the fluctuating scale amply indemnifying them for the extra charges which the necessity of despatch and expedition occasions. Purchases are made with bills drawn on England; as the unsteadiness of the trade does not encourage that demand for our manufactures which would spring up to the advantage of both parties if it were less subject to impulsive starts. The derangement of monetary affairs is a necessary consequence of a trade conducted under these circumstances; and the value of merchandize of all kinds declines from sales being forced in order to meet engagements at a time when money has been rendered scarce by the drain of remittances for corn. Neither does the present sliding scale work beneficially for the farmer, since it renders prices unsteady. The farmer with large capital may derive advantage from it, as he can select his own time for the sale of his produce; he can act in tacit co-operation with the importer of foreign corn, and, taking advantage of the highest rise of prices, get it off his hands before the markets have been temporarily glutted with a foreign supply. In 1838 this influx of foreign grain took place just before the harvest, and the great majority of farmers had to dispose of their produce when the markets had been lowered from the large foreign supply admitted just when the produce of our own harvest was coming to market. Another disadvantage of the sliding scale is experienced in those years when the crops are of inferior quality. There is an excessive scarcity of good wheat, but the quantity sold of an inferior quality depresses the average prices, and raises the duty so as to exclude a supply of sound wheat from abroad. In this case the holders of English wheat which happens to have been favourably harvested enjoy an exclusive monopoly of the market; or, if it be disturbed, it is not until the price of the best wheat has risen so high as to enable the importer to pay a duty, probably exceeding 20s. per quarter, in addition to all other charges.

“A very exaggerated notion prevails in this country respecting the prices of foreign corn in the principal markets from which we obtain a supply when our own crops are deficient. The average price of wheat in Dantzic during the ten years ending 1831 was 33s. 5d. per quarter, and during the twenty-two years ending with 1838 it was 34s. 4d. the quarter. It is to no purpose to refer to the prices in Volhynia or in Podolia, which are of course very low compared with the prices in this country; but the competition is not between the *growers* of England and those of Poland. The question is at what price wheat from these districts can be introduced into the English market, for the competition of the English grower is with the foreigner after *his* produce has been charged with all the costs of conveyance to the ports of shipment and with the profits of intermediate dealers both foreign and English. Mr. Porter, of the Board of Trade, says:—‘The charges, in ordinary times, of merely transporting a quarter of wheat from the north of Germany and the lower ports of the Baltic to England, are stated, on good authority, to be 10s. 6d. in addition to all the charges of shipping; and I am assured that in order to get back in London the cost of a quarter of wheat bought in the Dantzic market

with the lowest rate of mercantile profit, it must be sold at an advance of 18s. upon the original cost.' Another eminent authority estimates the cost of importing wheat from Dantzic, warehousing it here, and keeping it six months till sold, including insurance, but without profit, at 18s. 3d. per quarter. Mr. M'Culloch, in the appendix to a pamphlet published by him in May, 1841, gives an account of the charges on 100 quarters of wheat imported from Dantzic for sale on consignment in London, in May, 1841. This includes the expenses of its importation, its landing, its retention for three weeks, and its delivery to the buyer, which amount in the aggregate to 45l. 13s. 8d., and, with an allowance for waste, the cost would be raised to 50l. One hundred quarters of fine high mixed wheat, weighing about 61 lbs. per bushel, 'would cost, by the latest advices, 40s. per quarter,' so that this parcel of wheat could not be sold at less than 50s. per quarter, and to this has to be added the profit of the importer, which at 10 per cent. would raise the price to 54s. the quarter; and a fixed duty of 8s. would further increase it to 62s. Wheat is always cheaper in Dantzic, quality considered, than in any of the continental ports nearer London; and Mr. M'Culloch states that, whenever there is a demand from this country for 150,000 or 200,000 quarters, the price uniformly rises to 40s. the quarter; and in 1839, when 384,369 quarters of wheat were shipped at Dantzic for England, it cost the shippers 45s. to 55s. per quarter. If the ports of this country were always open, it may be concluded that the price of good wheat in Dantzic, in ordinary years, would not be under 45s. the quarter. 'But taking it at the lowest limit, or 35s., and adding to it 10s. or 12s. for the freight and other charges attending its conveyance to England, and its sale to the consumer, it is obvious it could not be sold here, even if there were no duty, for less than from 45s. to 47s. a quarter;' and if it were charged with a fixed duty of 8s. its prices would be raised from 53s. to 55s. a quarter. Now, during the ten years ending with 1840 the average price of wheat in England and Wales was 56s. 11½d. a quarter. In five of these years the price was above this average, and in the other five years the average price was 48s. 6½d. per quarter. Thus, since the law of 1815, which assumed the average remunerating price of wheat at something under 80s. per quarter, the question of 'protection' has been considerably narrowed, and in abundant years in this country the importation of wheat could scarcely be profitable, while in years of scarcity the demand would raise prices abroad and check them here only in the degree in which they had risen beyond the ratio of the deficiency. In the ten years ending 1820 the average price of wheat in England was 86s. 3d. the quarter, and in the ten years following the average was 56s. 11½d., and yet the improvement in agriculture has been so great as to provide food for one-third more population. Mr. Tooke says, that during the three years (1834-5-6) when the price of wheat in this country was on an average under 45s., there was no apparent tendency to diminished or deteriorated cultivation."

It remains for us now only further to quote from Mr. Platt's History some of his observations relative to Lord John Russell's announcement made on the 7th of May, with regard to the import-

ation of foreign corn, a system of fixed duties being proposed by the Melbourne government:—

“ The proposed alteration in the import duties on corn and grain has been brought forward in connexion with plans of fiscal reform, which, if carried, will lead to a complete revision of our commercial policy, with a view of placing our relations with other countries on a more satisfactory foundation, and of enabling our manufacturers to preserve their footing in some of the principal markets of the world. The effect of the present competition is to reduce profits and wages to the same level, whether on the continent or in England, with this disadvantage to ourselves,—that the cost of food is artificially raised in this country. Had our commercial policy been placed on a proper basis at the peace, we should still have had customers where we have now rivals. But duties have been placed on British manufactures in retaliation of our attempt to exclude raw produce sent in payment for them. This is the argument with which our diplomatists are met at every foreign court, from Berlin to Cairo. Mr. M'Gregor, Secretary of the Board of Trade, related to the Committee on the Import Duties the appeals which were made to him as the commercial representative of this country at Berlin, and at the two congresses held at Munich and Dresden:—‘ You compelled us,’ they said ‘ to become manufacturers ; we have not mines of gold and silver, and you will not take what we have to give you ; but if you had taken what we have to give, we should have continued to produce it ; but as you would not take it, our people were intelligent enough to turn their attention extensively to manufactures.’ Dr. Bowring’s ‘ Report to Lord Palmerston on the Prussian Commercial Union ’ is to the same effect. ‘ We have rejected,’ says he, ‘ the payments they have offered,—we have forced them to manufacture what they were unable to buy.’ ‘ We should not have complained,’ says a distinguished German writer, ‘ that all our markets were overflowing with English manufactures,—that Germany received, in British cotton goods alone, more than the hundred millions of British subjects in the East Indies,—had not England, while she was inundating us with *her* productions, insisted on closing her markets to *ours*. The English Corn Law of 1815 had, in fact, excluded our corn from the ports of Great Britain : she told us we were to buy, but not to sell. We were not willing to adopt reprisals ; we vainly hoped that a sense of her own interest would lead to reciprocity. But we were disappointed, and we were compelled to take care of ourselves.’ With reference to the United States of America, Mr. Addington, the British Minister at Washington, in a despatch to Mr. Canning, said:—‘ I have only to add, that had no restrictions on the importation of foreign corn existed in Great Britain, the tariff would never have passed through either House of Congress, since the agricultural states, and especially Pennsylvania, would have been opposed to its enactment.’

“ The reconsideration of our commercial system (in which the corn-trade forms so important a part) would, sooner or later, have been forced upon us by the change which has for some time been going on in our foreign trade, and by the fact that the exports of our manufactured goods, in



which 'much labour' is employed, have been replaced by those of raw and partially-manufactured materials, in which 'little labour' is required. To Northern Europe we exported cotton manufactured goods to the value of 4,651,299*l.* in 1820, and, in 1838, our exports of the same goods only amounted to 1,607,990*l.*; but while the value of cotton twist (a half-manufactured article) exported to the same quarter, in 1820, was 1,961,554*l.*, it amounted to 5,378,455*l.* in 1838. The same kind of change has taken place in the other great branches of manufacture. It is stated that 'The quantity of cotton twist exported, if made into goods in this country, would give employment to nearly double the number of hand-loom and double the number of power-loom weavers at present engaged in making cotton goods for exportation.' But the necessity of the proposed revision was unequivocally demonstrated by the unsuccessful attempt in 1840 to increase the revenue by additional taxes. On the assessed taxes, which cannot be evaded, the increase was realised; but on articles of daily consumption scarcely any additional revenue was obtained. The energies of the country were already too much depressed, and they had lost that elasticity which had carried it through so many difficulties. To restore its resources to their former vigour is the object of the proposed change in the corn-laws."

It is evident that Mr. Platt is hostile to our existing system of corn-laws, as well as to that of restriction throughout the whole of our present commercial code; and no doubt he would support the Whig propositions, according to the principles inculcated by his historical sketch, which carries to our mind far more weight than declamation or the abuse of any party can ever do; and we shall now follow his dispassionate example in our statement of the alleged injuries and evils of a corn-law, as dwelt upon by the repealers; and next of the benefits and good which are said by the landowners to result from such a law in the circumstances of this country.

Without a question the most important and yet difficult British subject of political economy of the present day is that which concerns the supply of corn. Like other weighty matters, it happens that such a variety of interests are deeply involved in the subject, and by many treated as competing, that it has been surrounded with much irritating extraneous stuff, so as to divert the mind of the plain thinker from its merits, and to obscure its bearings. Still, there seems to be a possibility of placing it, in the course of a few paragraphs, in certain strong practical lights, whereby the mind may come to a tolerably good decision upon its merits, as a general question at least, whatever may be the sort of exception which this country presents in existing circumstances.

It cannot be denied that corn or bread made from some kind of grain is the cheapest species of food which man can rear; in other words, it is the prime article for the sustenance of the human race in almost



all countries. Any law, therefore, that directly tends to restrict its supply must raise its price and render it more scarce than it would be if trade in it were entirely unfettered. The greatest number of men have to labour for their bread, or are poor, so as to be forced to earn a livelihood by the sweat of their brows. If, then, such persons are denied a sufficient supply of the abundance which the earth yields, the direct injury must be great both to health and productive capability. Labourers in England are now, more than those of almost any other country, in need of having the grain of all other countries, at the price it can be imported for; because England is no longer dependent on agriculture and the home trade alone. The home market is not sufficiently extensive to give full activity to the productive powers and industry of the country; and the markets of the world are necessary to ensure our prosperity and the supply of those necessities in the way of food and luxuries which the non-agricultural portion of the population require in return for the products of their extraordinary skill in other departments, and the mighty manufactures by means of machinery.

But the direct tendency of restriction in respect of bread, the repealers argue, does not show us the whole of the disastrous consequences of a corn-law. Wide and ramified are the workings of every regulation which limits the supply of the chief article of food; for it raises the price of every other necessary or comfort, be it in the shape of furniture, clothing, or anything else which can be made or sold. No man will lay out money for himself or family upon luxuries, nay, upon what in ordinary cases would be regarded as indispensable things, when it takes all he earns and is worth to procure the grand necessary of life. He will not eat butcher's meat, if he has not the means to buy bread; and then think how the farmer is thence indirectly affected; for he again will not rear cattle when there is not a sufficient market for what his fields would yield in the way of grazing and feeding. Every class is indeed affected by a restriction of bread. If the farmer cannot find a market for the most profitable objects of culture for which his land is fitted, his landlord must in time participate in the loss. The manufacturers, too, cannot produce goods for exportation at an encouraging profit, nor upon a scale equal to their ability, when those countries which grow corn far beyond their domestic consumption cannot get our people to take it in return. When merchants and manufacturers come thus to be hampered they must reduce their establishments, dismiss hands, and even economize in every relation of life.

We have already said that the agriculturists themselves and their landlords are affected perniciously by the operations of the corn-laws, although it remains to be considered whether the counterbalancing benefits do not neutralize the injuries. They must, for

instance, even when their returns for grain are raised, pay like all other classes, higher prices for everything else which are occasioned by the scarcity of the staple of life. Less of all other articles will be consumed by them. Minutely, but in a far-reaching manner, society is thus touched and reduced. General poverty makes advances; discontent and immorality increase; and more and more frightful does the picture become the further we trace its lines, the more closely we scan its shades.

But not only do poverty and discontent make advances in this country under a prohibitory system in respect of corn, and consequently of all other products, natural as well as artificial; but foreign states are kept poorer and are rendered more jealous of us by the restrictions. And then should a bad harvest occur, and we are obliged to import, gold has to be paid for what we require, or are capable of purchasing; bullion finds its way to foreign countries; the Bank of England is drained; numerous failures and a general depression of trade take place; and national bankruptcy is the terrible thing which many contemplate; while multitudes of the working classes live upon the brink of starvation for want of employment or adequate wages.

Such is but a very hasty index of the evils which naturally result from a restricted supply of bread. On the other hand, the advocates for a corn-law maintain that the benefits conferred upon that great national interest, the agricultural, completely counterbalance the evils we have indicated; or, at least, that we are not in a condition at present to declare that the policy which has so long been pursued can be safely changed.

There are those who take this high ground, that the principles which ought to regulate the trade in corn, no matter what the independent state to which that trade belongs, should be of a prohibitory and restrictive character against importation from foreign countries. They maintain that without such a law a nation can have no sure reliance upon a domestic market, no certainty of its permanence; and that, without a market supported and guarded by positive enactments, England, for example, might suddenly become dependent on other countries. Now, the answer to the first of these assertions as given by the repealers is, that the permanent prosperity said to be secured by a corn-law to the home market, can only mean that restriction benefits the agricultural interest solely, or rather the receivers of the rent of farms, at the expense of the rest of the community; and again, since the scarcer and dearer that corn is rendered by restrictive operations, the dearer does everything else become, at the same time that the people grow the poorer, and therefore the less able to purchase even the first necessary of life; and that this contradiction is involved in the argument or assertion referred to, viz., that the prosperity of

the home market is concurrent with increased general poverty, since all classes must be viewed as constituting the resorters to the home market. No one can dispense with food, and the cheapest species will be called for by the poor; and consequently it is maintained that the natural effects of a restrictive corn-law is to spoil the home market, seeing that it sends a multitude of impoverished consumers to make purchases; even the merchant as well as the manufacturer's opportunity for employing his capital and skill to advantage being hampered so as in a variety of ways to injure the home market, were it merely by preventing their operations in it, and the wealth they would bring to it. No country, the repealers say, had ever its industrial capacities stimulated, or adequately developed, without resorting to foreign trade; and when a commodity can be obtained at a cheaper rate from abroad than that at which it can be manufactured at home, the nation neglects its true interests if it continue to waste its energies in such a direction as would suppose an unprofitable competition. It is held to be impossible to render a country prosperous by cramping its industry. We have an immense non-agricultural population, owing to whose skill, aided by the wondrous power of machinery, we ought to be able to procure the comforts and luxuries which nature has bestowed on other countries but are denied to this, giving it instead unlimited mineral wealth, a fortunate geographical position, and a people whose admirable qualities never have been surpassed. Even, to use Mr. Platt's precise words, "if a portion of the population could, by any possibility, be annihilated and cut down to a proportion which would be fully employed in satisfying the domestic demand, the energies of the diminished portion would soon need a wider field for their unfettered exercise, and would require the removal of the artificial barriers which limited their powers, and diminished their prosperity."

The restrictive party sometimes argue that a corn-law tends to encourage domestic agriculture, and to increase home-grown grain. To this it is not only answered that inferior and waste lands, in an old country, where all the best, and even the moderately fertile soils, have long been brought under the plough, might be a very unprofitable labour, and instead of alleviating the distress of the population, hasten its poverty and degradation; but it is asserted that the removal of competition has never yet rendered men more industrious.

With regard to the independence which it is alleged this country must preserve in respect of foreign supplies, the anti-corn-law party answer, that, even as the enactments stand, we are not independent of foreign grown grain; and that sometimes we are largely indebted to imported supplies. Besides, according to the commercial principle founded upon human nature and that of things, the

advantages of trade between two independent nations are mutual, and as necessary to the one as to the other; so that the very relations begotten in this way afford a strong guarantee against the sudden outbreak of war in their case; whereas one of the bad effects, it is maintained, of restrictive laws, is to prevent foreign powers from becoming wealthy, and thereby to produce jealousies and the occasions for quarreling; that real and permanent independence can only be created and preserved by encouraging domestic enterprise and industry so as to have a preference in foreign markets that will abundantly serve those at home, and render the people really contented and powerful. In short, the free-trade doctrine is, that independence does not consist in being able to dispense with all which our neighbours possess and can dispose of, but of being in that condition that they have more need of what we can supply than we have of their aid; and that no other party can furnish them in a way so much to their mind. In such a case a foreign power would either love or dread us more than we could require to feel towards it in return.

Such are some of the answers that have been made to those who argue upon general and broad grounds that a corn-law is essential to the prosperity of our home markets, and the upholding of our national independence in relation to foreign states.

Other ideas of a practical character are often urged on the corn-law question, which we have not room, neither think there is much occasion to notice; seeing that we have indicated what we believe to be the plainest and most direct bearings of the chief arguments on both sides. A great deal has been said of the very peculiar position of this country as compared with foreign states where taxation is so much lighter, that it is by many believed we cannot admit their corn duty free without destroying the agriculture and the prosperity of England. Others see special difficulties at the present moment, and are keenly afraid that any sudden and sweeping interference with the existing system would be dangerous or disastrous. As these points are likely to be contested in Parliament in a few days from the time we write, we shall not further remark upon them, than to observe, that if it be true that a restrictive corn-law impoverishes a nation, and cannot fail but to cramp its energies and industry, there can be no good argument for continuing the system, in order either to provide a sufficient revenue, protect the landed interest (that is, one class of the community at the expense of all other classes), nor for dreading a national or more than a temporary discontent on account of modification.

ART. IX.—*Sixth Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners on Criminal Law.*

THE gradual and guarded progress which has been made towards the reform of our Criminal Code, affords not only an interesting subject in the science of legislation, and an illustration of the advancement of mankind in the knowledge of jurisprudential principles, but of the cautious and practical character of the British people. When Bentham, in the year 1789, published his "Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation," his countrymen, with few exceptions, treated his work as that of a wild theorist, an impracticable philosopher; and for many years it would have been difficult to discover any important influence which his speculations had upon the opinions or the daily interests and feelings of the community. By degrees, however, the thinking portion began to perceive that his philosophy had penetrated to first principles, at least with regard to national laws; while a select few of our most eminent men clearly saw how the greatest practical benefits might be derived from an adherence to, and a development of, these principles, and how a healthfully-working system might be built upon them. In fact, our principal law reformers, in modern times, from Romilly downwards, have been prompted, enlightened, and guided by Bentham; nor can we believe that we speak rashly when we say that the future historians of the reforms wrought, the revolutions produced, during the last fifty years, will recognize the philosopher whom we particularly mention as having been the instrument and originator of far more permanent benefits to mankind than was that revolution which had its outbreak in France in the same year that the world received the "Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation."

Jeremy Bentham was gifted with wonderful powers for the office of pioneer in the wilderness of English law. Who can describe the philosopher so accurately as Lord Brougham, who long knew him well, and who at any time can sketch a character or abilities vividly, although the person may have but seldom stood before the portrait-painter. His Lordship has said,—“To the performance of the magnificent task which he had set before him, this great man brought a capacity, of which it is saying everything to affirm, that it was not inadequate to so mighty a labour. Acute, sagacious, reflecting, suspicious to a fault of all outward appearances, nor ever to be satisfied without the most close-sifting, unsparing scrutiny, he had an industry which no excess of toil could weary, and applied himself with an unremitting perseverance to master every minute portion of each subject, as if he had not possessed a quickness of apprehension, which could, at a glance, become acquainted with all its general features. In him were blended, to a degree perhaps

unequalled in any other philosopher, the love and appreciation of general principles, with the avidity for minute details; the power of embracing and following out general views, with the capacity for pursuing each one of numberless particular facts."

It is to Bentham's philosophic and also detailed views in relation to penal laws that we are particularly considering him. We must next name, as his illustrious disciple, the amiable and the profound Romilly, whose exertions towards the amendment of our Criminal Code enlisted on the side of wisdom, amelioration, and humanity, a much greater multitude than his predecessor in law reform had done. The weight of Sir Samuel's character, his position at the bar, and in the House of Commons, the moral and intellectual qualities of the philanthropist, together with the majesty of his talents, and the solemn sedate perseverance that distinguished him, produced the best effects amongst our legislators; and, what was not less to be desired, secured the sympathies of the well-informed and the estimable throughout the country. And yet, how great was the opposition which he encountered in high places! how slow the progress of his conquests over prejudice, ignorance, and indolence! After his death, however, the seed which he had sown, the convictions he had wrought, the effects of his beneficent efforts, became more and more visible; and indeed most of the reforms of which he maintained the expediency, have since his death been adopted by the legislature. Romilly's mantle may be said to have fallen upon Sir James Mackintosh, although the folds were not so massive nor the drapery so ample. Yet the Scotchman was no mean champion in the field; for, within a few months after the death of Sir Samuel, viz. in March, 1819, Mackintosh moved in Parliament for a select committee, "to take into consideration so much of the subject (of the reform of the criminal code) as related to capital punishments in felonies;" and although he was opposed by the whole weight of Government, he succeeded in carrying his object amidst the acclamations of the House by a majority of nineteen. Mr. Canning characterized the mover's speech on that occasion as "combining luminous arrangement and powerful argument with chaste and temperate eloquence." A short passage from the speech itself, which we quote, indicates distinctly its object, and the principles upon which the amendments were proposed to rest. Sir James said,—  
 "It is one of the greatest evils which can befall a country when the criminal law and the virtuous feelings of the community are in hostility to each other. They cannot be long at variance without injury to one, perhaps to both. One of my objects is to *approximate them*; to make good men the anxious supporters of the criminal law, and to restore, if it has been injured, that zealous attachment to the law in general, which, even in the most tempestuous



period of our history, has distinguished the people of England among the nations of the world."

The progress which law reform had now made in Parliament, in the sense and feelings of the nation, and, no doubt, among many who had been accounted inveterate conservatives, left those in power no other alternative than to make the Criminal Code a subject for the consideration and revision of Government. Accordingly Sir Robert Peel, by means of consolidating and amending many of the statutes, did more service to the humane cause advocated by the reformers, by lifting, in consequence of the force of his example, many of his own conservative party, out of the stronghold of their antiquated dogmas and tenacious prejudices, than even by the positive amendments which he introduced.

The press, and consequently the public mind, had by this time been effectually moved; the former, both as the prompter and re-echoer of the other, stirring up our legislators, teaching them truths, and urging upon them what was pressingly needful. It is unnecessary, before coming to the Report before us, to say more in continuation of our hasty retrospect, than to remind some of our readers, and perhaps inform others, that when Brougham became Chancellor, he appointed a commission to consider the reform of the criminal law, and the subject of codification. Certain gentlemen, learned in jurisprudence, and presumed to be eminently qualified for the office, were, on the 23rd of July, 1833, by a commission issued from the crown, authorized and appointed to "*digest into one statute all the statutes and enactments touching crimes, and the trial and punishment thereof; and also to digest into one other statute all the provisions of the common and unwritten law touching the same; and to inquire and report how far it may be expedient to combine both these statutes into one body of the criminal law, repealing all other statutory provisions; or how far it may be expedient to pass into a law the first mentioned only of the said statutes; and generally to inquire and report how far it may be expedient to consolidate the other branches of the existing statute law, or any of them.*"

The reports which have been from time to time furnished to the legislature by the commissioners referred to, may be said to have led to all the mitigations that have recently been effected in our penal system; and we trust that the Report before us, with those which may follow, may prove not less declarative and benign.

This Sixth Report, dated the 3rd day of May, 1841, and presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, is devoted to the following,—viz. Treason and Offences against the State; Libel; Offences against Religion; Offences relating to the Coin; and Offences relating to the Public Revenue. We shall confine ourselves to some of the statements regarding the law as it

stands, and also some of the suggestions of the Commissioners relative to Treason first of all, and next to Libel; Offences which are not only of the most important character, but which present special difficulties and features.

The Commissioners justly observe that the peculiar character of Treason, and the heavy penalties which attend a conviction of the crime, demand the utmost explicitness when defining it, the most careful exclusion of all forced constructions, and the fullest, clearest body of evidence which it is possible for a jury to require towards coming to a verdict. It is, however, too notorious that in the course of the trials for this crowning offence there have often been flagrant violations of these requisites, even after a number of statutes have been passed to protect the subject against the sovereign, whose ministers and justices have almost always inclined to regard everything as treasonable, which by construction, often forced, could be held to affect the prerogative of the king. But we go forward to mention some of the most important of the existing enactments on the subject as given in the Report.

“Of those now in force,” say the Commissioners, “two of the reign of Queen Elizabeth were enacted against the maintaining of the authority of the Pope or other foreign prince or person within the realm; one of the reign of King James I., against the withdrawing the subjects of this realm from their natural obedience to his Majesty, or endeavouring to reconcile them to the see of Rome, or to promise obedience to the see of Rome, or to any other prince, state, or potentate; two of the reign of Queen Anne, against hindering the due succession to the crown, or asserting any title to the crown otherwise than according to ‘certain statutes enumerated,’ or asserting that the kings or queens of the realm, with the authority of Parliament, are not able to make laws and statutes of sufficient force to limit the crown and the descent thereof; a statute of the thirty-sixth year of the reign of King George III., which, embodying some of the more important constructions upon the Statute of Treasons raised in the course of several centuries, makes it treason to compass the levying of war against the sovereign, in order to compel him to change his measures, or to put any force or constraint upon, or to intimidate or overawe either house of Parliament, or to move or stir any foreigner or stranger with force to invade the realm; and lastly, an Act of the 3rd and 4th years of your Majesty’s reign, whereby it was made treason to be married to, or to be concerned in procuring or bringing about the marriage of the king or queen, for whom a regent is by that Act appointed, being under the age of eighteen years, without the consent in writing of the regent, and the assent of both houses of Parliament previously obtained.”

These enactments together with other unchanged statutes, or clauses in them, which have been passed since, as well as during, the reign of Edward the Third, contain the law of Treason. But as most of the observations of the Commissioners refer to the

Statute of Treasons passed in the twenty-fifth year of the monarch just named, we shall quote its remarkable passages.

“Whereas,” it declares, “divers opinions have been before this time in what case treason shall be said, and in what not; the king, at the request of the lords and commons, both made a declaration in the manner as hereafter followeth, that is to say, when a man doth compass or imagine the death of our lord the king; or of our lady his companion, or of their eldest son and heir;

“Or if a man do violate the king’s companion, or king’s eldest daughter unmarried, or the companion of the king’s eldest son and heir;

“Or if a man do levy war against our lord the king in his realm;

“Or be adherent to the king’s enemies in his realm, giving to them aid and comfort in the realm or elsewhere;

“And thereof be probably attainted of open deed by the people in their condition;

“And if a man slay the chancellor, treasurer, or the king’s justices of the one bench or the other, justices in eyre or justices of assize, and all other justices assigned to hear and determine, being in their places doing their offices;

“And it is to be understood that in the cases above rehearsed that ought to be adjudged treason which extends to our lord the king and his royal majesty; and of such treason the forfeiture of the escheats pertaineth to our sovereign lord, as well of the lands and tenements holden of other as of himself;

“And because many other like cases of treason may happen in time to come which a man cannot think nor declare at this present time, it is accorded that if any other case of supposed treason which is not above specified doth happen before any justices, the justices shall tarry without any going to judgment of the treason till the cause be showed and declared before the king and his Parliament whether it ought to be adjudged treason or other felony. And if per case any man of this realm ride armed covertly or secretly with men of arms against any other, to slay him or rob him, or take him or retain him till he hath made fine or ransom for to have his deliverance, it is not the mind of the king nor his counsel, that in such case it shall be judged treason, but shall be judged felony or trespass, according to the laws of the land of oldtime used, and according as the case requireth.”

Now, one of the principal points for the consideration of judges and juries in a trial for treason, must be the question,—What is it that is required as evidence of an intention to “compass or imagine the death of our lord the king,” or any other of the specified forms? Overt acts are the things required; and therefore the Commissioners have a good deal to say, as well as to quote from authorities, with regard to what constitutes an overt act, an “open deed.” We shall not follow them in their observations on this head, but only state that they recommend that the received doctrine relative to writings as well as words should be specifically and formally sanctioned by

the legislature ; it being obvious that much nicety will often occur in ascertaining, especially with regard to *words*, what was the deliberate intention of the party, and whether “ they were uttered in contemplation of some traitorous purpose actually on foot or intended, and in prosecution of it,” as Sir M. Foster lays it down. Relative to insurrections that may amount to a levying of war, and some of the decisions which judges have arrived at on these points, we shall quote some paragraphs from the Report. The Commissioners observe that—

“ According to the doctrine laid down by the judges in the cases cited, the insurrection, to be constructively treasonable, must extend to the throwing down *all* inclosures, or the enhancing the price of *all* labour, or to open *all* prisons. This must either mean that the intention shall be absolutely *universal*, or that it shall be *general* in respect of number or place, or that an intention *indefinite* in point of extent shall be deemed to be sufficient. It will, we believe, be found upon inquiry that no one of these predicaments can consistently be established as an adequate measure and test to be applied to the crime of treason. If proof were required to be given of such an universal intention to effect the mischief, it would rarely, if ever, happen that offenders could justly be convicted of having formed so extensive a project, such offences being usually committed without premeditation, upon some sudden excitement; and were it otherwise, the bringing the offence within the scope of the law on the principle of universality, to the exclusion of all cases where the intention, though not confined to particulars, was yet not universal, would be quite inconsistent with the real nature of the offence supposed to be constituted, viz., a levying of war against the king’s crown and royal dignity ; for if the rising to throw down all inclosures throughout the realm was a levying of war, so also must a rising for the purpose of doing the like in a particular portion of the realm, *e. g.* in that part of England which lies north of Trent ; it is no more possible, in any legal view of the case, to consider the larger attempt to be treason, and the more limited one a misdemeanor, than it would be to regard an actual levying of war in the one case to be treason, and in the latter to be an offence of lower quality. Whatever may be the danger or injury to the crown or royal dignity which constitutes treason in the one case, must also constitute an offence of the like nature in the other ; for the crime of treason in levying war must depend, as the act of levying war itself must, not on the scale of preparation made, or force used, or extent of territory seized or laid under contribution, but on the nature and quality of the act done ; the occupation of a single acre of ground, or single castle or fort, may be as unequivocal an act of levying war as if a whole county had been occupied.”

The above is one of the passages to be found in the Report, which forcibly shows that untenable and dangerous constructions down to the present time have been put upon the Statute with regard to what constitutes levying war against the king. The rules which the principal decisions have established on this subject of construction

in the case of riotous assemblages for instance, the Commissioners maintain, are so indefinite that they cannot satisfactorily be applied in practice. They therefore suggest that all constructive treasons should be superseded or rendered useless by positive enactments and provisions; making use, at the same time, of this striking observation,—that the important distinction has been overlooked, which ought to be drawn between the nature and the consequences of the offence; the erroneous practice being to make the latter instead of the former the test. If the views of the authors of the Report should be adopted the law will come to provide against all enlargements or extensions of the clause which speaks of a levying of war, but which has hitherto been so interpreted as to bring within its scope many offences and acts “which no man of plain reason and understanding, whose mind has not been sharpened to some considerable degree of artificial and technical subtlety, would regard as a levying of war against the crown, and which are even recognized by the law as offences of a known and inferior degree.” We shall next quote some of the Articles on this subject of levying war, to be found in the Digest proposed by the Commissioners.

“Art. 11.—The terms ‘levying,’ ‘war,’ contained in Article 1, as regards the manner of it, may consist not only in the assembling of men armed and arrayed in a warlike manner, the enlisting, drilling, or marching of men, the using drums, colours, or any other of the ordinary pageantry, ensigns, or outward circumstances indicative of war; but also in any rising or assembling of people, whether armed and arrayed in a warlike manner or not, in order, by dint of numbers or superior force, to execute such treasonable purpose as is hereafter specified.

“Art. 12.—A levying of war shall be deemed to be a levying of war against the king where it is levied against the person of the king, or against any army or force appointed by him, in opposition to his authority, or with intent to do him any bodily harm, or impose any restraint upon his person, or to depose him, or to dispossess or deprive him of any portion of his dominions or regal authority, or with intent by force or constraint to compel him to change his measures or counsels, or to put any force or constraint upon, or to intimidate or overawe both houses or either house of Parliament.

“Art. 13.—Provided that no assembling or rising of people shall, by reason of any illegality or generality of purpose, be deemed to amount to a levying of war against the king, unless such assembling or rising be with one or other of the several intentions specified in the last preceding Article.”

We have already slightly alluded to the law relative to open deeds or overt acts. The following are some of the Articles in the proposed Digest on this subject:—

“Art. 17.—The terms ‘open deed,’ and ‘overt act or deed,’ as used in Article 1, and elsewhere under this head, shall be deemed to include any

act of conspiring, or conferring or consulting with, or advising, persuading, counselling, commanding, or inciting any person, or any other act, measures or means whatsoever, done, taken, used, or assented to, towards and for the purpose of effecting the traitorous intention or act charged.

“ Art. 18.—An act laid to be an overt act done for the effecting any alleged treason shall not be deemed to be insufficient to support the charge, by reason that such act either constitutes or may properly be alleged to be an overt act of any other kind or branch of treason ; provided it be in its nature and circumstances a sufficient overt act to support the charge of treason so charged.

“ Art. 19.—Words spoken shall not be deemed to constitute an overt act of any treason, unless they be words of advice, direction, or persuasion tending to effectuate some traitorous act or design ; provided that nothing in this Article contained shall be deemed applicable to any consultation for any traitorous purpose.

“ Art. 20.—No writing which shall not have been published in contemplation or prosecution of some traitorous act or design shall be deemed to be an overt act of treason.

“ Art. 21.—Provided that where the overt act or overt acts of compassing or imagining the death of the King shall be the assassination or killing of the King, or any direct attempt against his life, or against his person, whereby his life may be endangered, or his person may suffer bodily harm, the person or persons charged with such offence shall be indicted, arraigned, tried, and attainted, in the same manner, and according to the same course and order of trial in every respect, and upon the like evidence, as if such person or persons stood charged with murder, but upon conviction shall incur the penalties of the class.”

It is not easy, when coming to the subject of libel, to convey to the general reader, by any mode of procedure short of copying the whole of the Report relative to it, an idea of the law as it exists, or as the Commissioners would make it. They themselves have felt that, while the law of libel is one of the most important parts of penal legislation, it is one of the most difficult to deal with, in consequence of the conflicting interests which must be adjusted before its legitimate objects can be attained. They say, “ To reconcile freedom of writing with the right of all men of unblemished character to keep inviolate the esteem and consideration of their fellow-men,—to secure the character of citizens from malicious calumny, and at the same time to respect the right of every man to express the truth when he does so without hatred or malice—to induce individuals to refer the cognizance and reparation of injuries and insults committed against them to the law, instead of making themselves the avengers of attacks upon their characters,—the attainment of all these ends is the proper object of the penal law respecting libel ; and the discovery of the best means of attaining them constitutes a problem which has been found to be extremely



difficult of solution in all civilized countries where attempts have been made to legislate upon the subject."

The Commissioners then profess to proceed with great diffidence in the prosecution of the duty confided to them, to state the principles on which this branch of the criminal law depends; to refer to such rules of the law of England as are necessary with a view to the suggestions afterwards made; and, lastly, to make some suggestions concerning the rules of the present law, which appears to them to be susceptible of improvement. They accordingly discuss libel in all its branches, personal and political. We shall now quote two distinct passages; the former containing certain conclusions, the latter a string of recommendations. They say,—

“In reference to one principal object in restraining defamatory communications, viz., the preservation of the public peace, the rule may with perfect consistency and correctness be adopted, that the truth or falsity of the statement shall be deemed to be indifferent, punishment being inflicted in respect of the mischief and danger to the public peace, and that only. But that if the law interferes, as we think it ought, on a distinct ground, viz., for protecting private reputation from defamatory injuries, then it would be inconsistent with the principle thus adopted to regard the truth or falsity of the statement as indifferent: for upon that question must the right to expect protection from the criminal law, as well as the right to a remedy in damages, essentially depend. For these reasons we also conclude that the offence, as regards the public, ought to be regarded as distinct from that which concerns the injury to private reputation; and the treating them in this manner would, we think, tend to remove difficulties and anomalies with which the English law of libel is at present encumbered.”

Now for specimens of their recommendations, our extracts and few observations being intended as evidences of the great pains which the Commissioners have bestowed on this perplexing branch of penal law; and also to show that there are hopes held out by such recommendations that a subject upon which popular opinion has been much opposed to the existing law, is likely ere long to be subjected to a process of legislative adjustment and reform.

“We recommend that in respect of personal libels, two distinct classes of offences should be constituted. That one of these should be founded on the general principle of protection to private reputation against such defamatory imputations as are *false* as well as malicious. That the second should be founded on the principle already established, of protection to the public peace by preventing the publication of libels on private persons tending to the disturbance of the peace.

“That in respect of the former class, the truth of the matter published, when it either directly or by implication contained a charge of misconduct, should be a bar to the prosecution. That in cases within the latter class,

the truth of the matter published should in no case be available by way of defence to the publisher of the libel.

“ But that in either case, and generally, evidence of the truth or falsity of the matter published should be admissible where the occasion of the publication was a privileged case, such as legally to raise the question as to the actual intention of the defendant, whether he acted *bonâ fide* in reference to the particular occasion, or with an actually malicious intention independently of the occasion.

“ That none but a party defamed, or some other person with his consent, should be allowed to prosecute for the publication of a libel alleged to be false.

“ The grounds for these suggestions have already been adverted to. As regards the first, it has already been observed that the present avowed foundation of the criminal law in the case of personal libels is too narrow, as being confined in its object, practically, if not solely, to the protection of the public peace; we think that it ought to be extended to the protection of reputation as a valuable private possession against a malicious injury, the remedy afforded by a civil action to recover damages being wholly inadequate to afford the protection which is necessary.

“ The natural consequence of such an extension of the law is the commensurate admission of the truth of the alleged libel by way of justification; the extension is founded on the notion of injury to private character, and no such injury exists, at least none such as requires restraint by the criminal law with a view to protect character, where the imputation is true, although it may still be necessary that such libels should be restrained, *sub modo*, for a different purpose, viz., the protection of the public peace. The truth of the matter published ought therefore to be a bar where the publication within the first of the above classes is alleged to be *false* as well as malicious. A different rule in respect of libels held to be criminal on the principle of protection to reputation, would be inconsistent with the law which provides a civil remedy for such an injury; that law denies the remedy where the imputation is true, either because no injury is sustained, or because it would be contrary to sound policy to award a remedy in such instances, according to the celebrated response, *Peccata nocentium nota esse et oportere et expedire*. These principles, whether they ought to prevail separately or conjunctively, apply equally to protection through the medium of penal restraint.

“ We see no objection in such cases, and so far as concerns personal libels, to allow the truth to be a bar, as in the case of a civil action.

“ Where the contents of the libel are not alleged to be false, but it is written with intent to provoke another to commit a breach of the peace, or where its terms are such as naturally and immediately tend to a breach of the public peace, it seems to us that the truth of the contents of the libel ought not to constitute a bar to the indictment. This stands on the principle recognized by the present law,—it is essential to public peace and tranquillity to prevent their disturbance by the unnecessary publication even of that which is true; truth itself ought not to be made use of as a colour and pretence for wreaking private malice and producing public discord.

“ Again, it seems to us that in all cases where, on its being admitted or proved that the party published the alleged libel on some occasion or under circumstances recognized by the law as affording a qualified justification, dependent on the question whether he acted honestly and *boná fide*, in reference to the occasion, or *malá fide*, and out of mere malice, the truth or falsity of the alleged libel ought to be admitted to evidence, the better to enable the jury to decide on the real motives and intention of the party. It is, we think, plainly inconsistent, that in the first place the innocence or guilt of the party charged with libel should be made to depend on the actual disposition of mind and intention at the time of publication, and yet that one of the best and surest tests for deciding that fact should be withheld from the consideration of the jury. It is obvious that to exclude such evidence must often occasion the conviction of the innocent, and still more frequently the acquittal of the guilty; no evidence can possibly be more cogent to show that the party was acting *malá fide* than the fact that he knew that the injurious matter published was false.”

The Commissioners express themselves in one passage as being pretty confident that these recommendations would practically unite the ancient with the modern law in respect of personal libels; they being of opinion that the ancient law of this country held the falsehood of a libel to be essential to its criminality. They also think that the provisions suggested would remove an unseemly anomaly to the general rules and principles of the law of evidence. In another and a later part of the Report, however, they show that they had discovered more difficulties and intricacies connected with libels, whether merely personal, or such as would lead to a breach of the public peace, than at first they contemplated; for they say,—“ After having attentively considered the grounds upon which the criminal law of libel at present stands, and traced the causes which have given rise to objections against that law, and having submitted what appears to us to be the most expedient course for obviating those objections and removing existing prejudices, we deem it to be proper to state, on the other hand, such objections as suggest themselves to us against any deviation from the present rules and practice of the law of libel.” And they add,—“ We do this for the purpose of drawing attention to every view of the subject which occurs to us, and also for the purpose of inviting and procuring, so far as we are able, such critical remarks from experienced persons as may serve either to confirm us in our views, or as may suggest something more desirable, or show that the present state of the law on this subject is such as to require no alteration.” Here we have doubts and hesitation; nor do we think that it would be difficult to point out conceivable cases where grievous injury would be inflicted by the recommendations above quoted, especially as respects private reputation. Take such a case as we have seen quoted in

the Law Magazine, and given on the authority of the present Lord Chancellor, when he was Solicitor General. He said,—

“The transaction to which he was about to refer, occurred many years ago, but it had made a deep impression on his mind at the time, and therefore he had no doubt that he would be able to state the circumstances connected with it correctly. A young woman had, in early life, been seduced by a man of title, but after living with him for a certain time, she became ashamed of the course of life she was pursuing, and taking the opportunity of escaping from it, she retired into a distant part of the country, where her seducer was unable to discover her. She obtained a situation in which she conducted herself with so much propriety, that she not only gained the good-will of her employers, but was appointed to a responsible situation in a public establishment. Some years after, her seducer discovered the place of her retreat; and having in vain made proposals for the renewal of their intercourse, he hit upon the expedient of depriving her of the means of subsistence, thinking that he should then succeed in his attempt to possess himself again of her person. He, therefore published in the town where she resided the history of her early life. The consequence was, that the unfortunate woman lost the esteem of the friends whom her subsequent good conduct had procured her, and she was deprived of the appointment by means of which she obtained her livelihood.”

Now was not this woman entitled to compensation? But according to the laws which regulate civil actions, she could have obtained no redress, because the villain would have justified. And the same hardship would be the result of the penal law of libel if the recommendations of the Commissioners were adopted and followed.

We need not add another word to show how difficult it is to frame a satisfactory libel law; or how needful it is to have the existing code on that subject remodelled and amended.

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ART. X.—*Remarks on the Mineralogy and Geology of Nova Scotia.* By CH. T. JACKSON and FRANCIS ALGER. Cambridge, U. S.

THE progress in every branch of the natural sciences during the latter part of the eighteenth century, and their still more rapid advancement in the nineteenth, are matters not less remarkable than the course of improvement in mechanical invention and manufactures. The natural and the artificial, indeed, are necessarily closely allied, and may be said, in the respect mentioned, to be parallel, and to produce reciprocal influences.

Not only have all the sciences, before recognized as such, received such immense augmentations as to throw their former selves far into the rear, but even others, wholly new, but admitted to be dis-

tinct, have been brought to light; while some of those of recent birth appear to be already not far from a mature state, or at least are so improved and developed as to afford sure and strong footing for all future extension and application.

Take the science of Botany, for instance: this is no longer an overgrown and repulsive dictionary of synonyms, without method, and lacking fertility, as it had been rendered by the followers of Linnæus. Entomology has taken rank as a defined science, and the truths to be deduced from its principles are susceptible of being directed to valuable practical ends. Comparative Anatomy has ceased to be a despised study, and is rapidly becoming the basis of zoological arrangement. And Ornithology,—why it is no longer the accumulation of uninteresting technicalities that it was in the day of the Swedish naturalist; nor, on the other hand, does it suffer from the crude and ridiculous though eloquent theories of Buffon. Just think of this Frenchman, when he had concluded the ornithological portion of his attractive but visionary work, announcing with the utmost self-complacency and dogmatic assurance, that he had completed the “History of the Birds of the World!” That work embraced, to be sure, eight hundred species from different parts of the globe; the discovery of which had been the work of nearly twenty centuries. But what will the reader now say when he learns that instead of these eight hundred,—which number astonished the contracted mind of Buffon, and led him to assert that his list was so nearly complete as not to admit of a material augmentation,—there are now known to inhabit the earth such a host, that the Frenchman’s amounts to little more than a sixteenth part? What then must the modern student think of the recent progress of discovery and science, when he finds that while nearly twenty centuries on the one hand did not furnish the knowledge of one half so many hundreds of species, a single *half* century has multiplied that number almost by twenty?

And Geology, that branch which for interest and instruction ranks next to Astronomy, while it is the most profitable of all the natural sciences, has sprung at once, as it were, into light and life.

The inquiry would be an engaging, encouraging, and impressive one, did any competent person undertake to trace and describe the agencies by which all the modern improvements pointed at have been effected. Has it been by the munificence of governments, or the directions and support of scientific associations, that the wondrous changes mentioned have been accomplished? The answer must be in the negative, although it cannot be denied that something valuable has been achieved through patronage within the circle of the natural sciences. But what we wish to note particularly is this, that while national governments, and wealthy or influential societies have lent on many occasions their aid and their

countenance to the effectuating of grand results, it has been mainly owing to the arduous exertions, the silent studies, the enlightened investigations of private, comparatively poor and obscure men that the mighty revolution has been brought about; a revolution not more astonishing on the part of scientific principles and truth than in having awakened public opinion, overturned popular prejudice, and aided the interests of morality and religion.

Just contemplate the labours and the triumphs of Cuvier. A writer has thus spoken of him: "By his labours as a naturalist,—by arranging, in a manner never before equalled, the objects of his research, by displaying at one view, the wonders of the remotest ages, and of the most distant portions of the earth,—as a public lecturer, who carried away with him his audience by the variety of his illustrations, the vividness of his descriptions, and the fascination of his eloquence,—as the philosophical writer, by his powers of combination and analysis, by his classification of what was insulated, by giving system and unity to the most desultory fragments of natural science, by establishing new laws, by opening new fields of research, by throwing the light of his genius over the darkest pages of nature;—in fine, by a whole life devoted to that object, he carried away captive the intelligence of a whole people, and an almost universal acquiescence on the part of his countrymen in favour of his darling studies."

Such were the services of this great high-priest of nature, whose numerous followers are constantly finding realizations of his doctrines, and new facts to corroborate the truth of his system; so that we may just as reasonably expect that Providence and the laws which govern our globe and all the creatures upon it will change, as that the human mind will fall back into its former blindness and obduracy when reading the great book which is everywhere spread out around us.

It is not in closets and only by dimming the eyes over the pages of sedentary compilers, that the naturalist now-a-days pursues his most enlightened, valuable, and attractive studies. He goes forth into the fields not only to procure superlative enjoyments, but to elicit new facts which will delight and better the world. It may be that his only companion is a fowling-piece; but it is not as an idler, a careless observer, who does not know how to get rid of time, much less as a vagabond or outcast that he goeth forth. Even the entomologist, who was wont to be regarded as little removed from the condition of a monomaniac, when he was seen running after butterflies and searching for all sorts of bugs, is only now derided by the uninformed, the contracted in thought, and the perverse. We may safely pronounce civilization and intelligence to be essentially indebted to the study of the natural sciences; and, from the number of the votaries of these sciences which are rapidly springing up,



predict that there shall ere long be a finer and fresher display of thought and feeling than in past times has characterised the general mind and the ordinary pursuits of mankind.

What is the study of nature but the study of the works of the Almighty? We see in every portion, whether the animalcule, or the mastodon, the products of His all directing hand,—the proofs of His infinite goodness and wisdom. No wonder, therefore, that every naturalist who has opened the book of nature, with a proper spirit, a strong desire to be instructed, and an humble notion of his own powers and fancies, has found that it ought to be perused along with the book of inspiration. We ourselves have never known an enthusiastic student of nature, even although he might not have schooled his mind assiduously at the shrine of Revelation, that was not amiable in private life. Merely in a simply moral point of view, we therefore regard investigations within the domain of natural history as of prime importance. The man who betakes himself to it cannot, for example, be ever idle; and every one is aware that the want of occupation is the same as an avenue, an inviting companion and host, to every species of immorality. It has been well observed by Swainson, that “the tediousness of a country life is proverbial; but did we ever hear this from a naturalist? Never; every man who in his walks derives interest from the works of creation, is in spirit both a naturalist and a philosopher. To him every season of the year is doubly interesting. With each succeeding month new races of animals and plants rise into existence, and become new objects for his research; these in their turn pass away, and are succeeded by others, until autumn fades into winter, and both the animal and the vegetable sink into repose.”

“ Thus may our lives, exempt from public toil,  
Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

The progress in all the branches of natural history, of late years, has been so great, that no person need, even in his closet, or at his fireside, however humble it may be, deny himself constant gratification and improvement from the study of them. To come nearer the subjects handled in the volume before us; think of what has been written and published in the department of geology. Travellers of high cultivation now give us the results of their geological observations in many countries, and their researches being amply illustrated, in many instances by maps and drawings, their works are thus rendered intelligible, both to the learned and those who have not been trained in science.

Even in popular travels it is quite common to meet with important geological descriptions more or less extended. In consequence of the habit of observation now so generally established, a rich re-

ward is thus presented to the traveller, especially in regions where man has done little and nature much. Many excellent local delineations have within a few years appeared. Vast magazines of knowledge are garnered in the Transactions of the Geological Societies of London, of Paris, and of other countries. Scientific Journals also abound with like information; and numerous elementary treatises of value are constantly issuing from the press of this country, as well as from that of America, and many a state in Europe. Even in our cheap,—the cheapest,—publications, the same sort of instruction and delight is often to be found, condensed, popularized, and strikingly illustrated by means of some of the modern inventions in art.

The volume before us is an attractive specimen of the books that have been written on Mineralogy and Geology, and is devoted to a region that is exceedingly rich in respect of both branches of science. The letterpress is accompanied by a coloured map, illustrative of the structure of the peninsula described, and there are also several views given of the scenery.

The book contains the results of the observations of two young men, several years ago, in a field which, for anything we know, is still peculiarly their own, and which they began to clear and to cultivate so far back as 1827, disclosing many of its hidden treasures. They examined accurately and have described minutely, a great mass of facts; avowing honestly but modestly their opinions on some theoretical points in geology.

But these sketches are not a mere dry detail of mineralogical and geological facts, interesting only to those initiated in the sciences. There is to be sure no sweet discourse of birds, to lure us onward, but the enterprising travellers take the reader on board their little vessel, and pilot him around the rocky shores; now threading the narrow passes among islands and Giant-Causeway looking columns; and now riding on the broad bosom of secluded basins, the great sea-wall of nature rising in immense perpendicular sheets from the deep. We visit with them the numerous capes and towering impending promontories, and gaze on scenery so wildly magnificent, that we almost forget, in the sublimity of conception, that the professed object of the journey relates to earth. They lead us over the Province, and to the mines of copper and iron and coal. We are shown the immense quarries of limestone and plaster. In fact, Nova Scotia, one of the ends of the earth, appears to be the great jewel-shop of the globe; teeming with agates and cornelian and chalcedony, beautifully spotted like an "onyx eye," and opal, and Scotch pebble, jasper, and rock-crystal of the hue of the topaz, and beautiful amethyst, and brilliant jet. We are particular in mentioning these tempting riches, for the benefit of our fair readers.

The Peninsula of Nova Scotia is marked by three ranges of hills,

which divide its geology into three distinct features. Some of these hills are called mountains, though their elevation does not exceed five hundred feet. The three features in the geology of the Province, are trap, sandstone, and clay-slate. These few formations render the geology of the region remarkably simple. The trap constitutes the North Mountain range, which extends with but one interruption, about a hundred and thirty miles in a direction north-east and south-west, gently curving towards the Bay of Fundy, and filling the space between that bay and Annapolis river. It forms, therefore, the north-western coast of the Province, and its lofty mural precipices present their broad front to the sea, an impregnable barrier against its violence. The trap is sometimes amorphous, sometimes columnar. The prismatic columns present three, five, seven, and nine sides. In some places, as at Isle Haute, the colonnades of trap rise in hexagonal shafts from fifty to a hundred feet above the surface of the water; and these are divided horizontally into blocks, sometimes a foot, but usually less, in diameter, and three times their diameter in length, resting on one another by perfectly flat surfaces. The columns, too, are sometimes curved or twisted in groups.

In no place did our authors observe those articulations of the trappean columns, which are their distinguishing feature in some other localities. At Little River valley, near Digby Neck, the columns present somewhat of the appearance of those of the Giant's-Causeway in Ireland; but even here the columns are imperfectly articulated; and our authors think that the imperfect cup and ball socket, may have been produced by the motion of the horizontally broken columns on each other, caused by the action of the sea-water. It appears too, from their observations, that ordinary causes can produce regular concavities in the top of the shafts of trap. The Nova Scotia trap, then, wants some of the characters of genuine basalt which are present in the most celebrated European localities. In its general structure the trap of Nova Scotia agrees with that of the Hebrides; and in the opinion of our authors is unquestionably basalt. They however prefer to call it "columnar trap," leaving, as they modestly say, "the question of its identity with the basalt of Ireland, to be decided by those better able to do it than ourselves." There is another feature in the trap of this Province, pointed out as differing remarkably from the basalt of the Giant's-Causeway, and the trap of Europe, as noticed by Daubeny, viz., that its breadth is altogether disproportioned to its length. It is about a hundred and thirty miles long, and never exceeds three miles in breadth. It seems to be an immense dyke, "thrown up by one sudden and violent eruption from the unfathomable depths of the Bay of Fundy." It will be seen from this quotation, that our authors adopt the igneous origin of trap. They have contributed a considerable number of facts on this interesting question. Visiting the Province with

notions rather verging to Werner's theory, they became, on the trap formation, disciples of Hutton; and still keeping their minds open to truth, they left the shores of Nova Scotia, impressed with the belief, that the judicious union of the Neptunian and Plutonic theories accounts for the present appearances of our earth's surface.

The trap formation passes into trap-tuff, and this into amygdaloid, which is succeeded by sandstone alternating with shale. Specimens were collected amply illustrating the opinion of Messrs. Jackson and Alger, that shale, red sandstone, and compact trap concur to form trap-tuff, composed of angular or rounded fragments of the three rocks, which passes by consecutive gradations into perfect amygdaloid, trap-tuff being an intermediate state, necessary to its formation. This opinion appears to be abundantly fortified by their observations. Wherever the junction of shale, red sandstone, and trap occurred, there trap-tuff and amygdaloid were found; and they were not found where this junction did not occur. At Tower Hill nature looks as if she had tried "her 'prentice hand" to make amygdaloid out of shale and sandstone only. She has succeeded so well that she has ventured to put the imitated in the place of the genuine amygdaloid in relation to trap. But the counterfeit is easily detected; for she has filled the cavities of the amygdaloid not with zeolite, but with gypsum, which abounds in the sandstone.

We have not room to mention the numerous rare and interesting minerals found in the trap formation. Without doubt it is one of the "most extensive and fruitful fields for mineralogical and geological research which the known world presents." Our authors were extremely delighted on finding, for example a gigantic crystal of "Scottish topaz," near Paradise river, which weighed nearly a hundred pounds, was a foot in diameter, and one of whose acuminating planes is twelve inches long. Its splendid display of colours, when the interior is illuminated by strong transmitted light, changing the whole substance into a beautiful transparency, reflecting the varied tints of topaz-yellow and clove-brown, is described with such heart-leaping enthusiasm, that we are not at all surprised at the declaration of our authors, "that it is the noblest production which the country has afforded" them.

Sandstone, with slate, forms moderately elevated and rounded hills in Cumberland and part of Hants counties, extending from the Basin of Mines, northerly to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and eastwardly to Sidney county,—embracing the districts of Colchester and Pictou, and thus forming a large portion of the Province. Its appearance changes very much with its situation, being always of a tile-red colour when near the trap.

The sandstone is itself quarried for grindstones. The best of these are procured at South Joggin, and are wrought on the shore of Cumberland Bay. The deeper dug, the better the stone. The

workman frequently meet in cutting the stone with "bull's eyes," so termed, hard, rounded nodules from one to ten inches in diameter, more compact, and having less argillaceous cement than the surrounding stone. Wherever these "evil eyes" occur, the stone is condemned as useless.

But the sandstone is not only itself a valuable rock; it contains within its bosom rich treasures of plaster, lime, coal, copper, and salt.

Immense beds of plaster occur in the sandstone. Halliburton, in his "History of Nova Scotia," says, that 100,000 tons are annually shipped to the United States. These beds are situated all round the shores of the Mines' Basin; but the largest are at Windsor, and on the banks of the Maran river.

Salt springs occur at various places bordering on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the richest of which are situated near the river Philip. These have yielded great quantities of salt, by evaporating their briny waters. No rock-salt has been discovered in their vicinity, nor has the sandrock any perceptible salt taste. These facts are important. They enable us to place the sand-rock in the same class, in the opinion of our authors, with that of western New York, "with the red marle of Connybeare and Phillips, which includes the salt mines of England and Poland," and with that of Connecticut and Hudson rivers.

Very important beds of coal, highly bituminous, occur in the village of New Glasgow, near East river. The coal is included between strata of sandstone, covered by decayed blackish shale. In its character it approaches the Newcastle coal. Vast quantities of this fuel are shipped to the United States. The sandstone contains one other important mineral, viz. copper, found in beds between the strata, near the Carriboo river, in the township of New Philadelphia, where the river empties itself into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Masses of vitreous copper ore, invested with delicate fibres of blue and green carbonate of the metals, occur at this locality. The miners from Cornwall who were exploring the mine, called the ore *grey copper*. Messrs. Jackson and Alger analysed it, and found it to be the *vitreous copper*, an ore much more valuable than *grey*.

The last of the great formations of Nova Scotia is Clay-slate, of which the South Mountain range is composed, and which, stretching from Pictou District on the east to the opposite western coast, covers nearly one half of the province, presenting everywhere a unigeological character. This formation frequently alternates with quartz rock, which seems to have been mistaken by some other observers in this region for primitive trap. The slate is extensively quarried at Rawdon, both for writing and for roofing slate, and in other places for building materials. Dykes of trap porphyry interrupt the strata of slate in two places, cutting them at right angles, and completely intercepting a great bed of iron ore, which runs from

one extremity of the slate formation to the other, continuous and parallel with its strata. This is the most interesting feature in the slate formation. The ore bed is from ten to sixteen feet wide, and shows a very remarkable difference in its character, accordingly as it approaches or recedes from the trap formation. At Pictou, remote from trap, it is in the state of peroxide, neither metallic in lustre nor magnetic, yielding about fifty per cent. of metal. At Clement's mine, the western terminus of the bed, and nearer the trap, the ore is in the state of protoxide, glistening with metallic lustre; and it is highly magnetic, yielding in the furnace somewhat less than sixty-five per cent. of strong soft iron. Our authors discuss the question relating to these different states of the ore. Why is it a peroxide and non-magnetic at Pictou, and a magnetic protoxide at Clements? They find their answer in heat; this, they are of opinion, has caused the variation of character, and they find the source of this heat in the igneous origin of trap.

Organic remains abound in the slate and in the ore-bed of iron. Both contain beautifully perfect remains of shells. The coal measures present the vegetable remains common to that formation, and numerous remains of culmiferous plants, some of which are of gigantic size.

The geological map which accompanies the volume serves to render the description satisfactorily plain; while the lithographic views not only convey an idea of the formations of the country, but of its picturesque and romantic features.

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ART. XI.—*A History of the Vegetable Kingdom.* By WM. RHIND.

3 Parts. Glasgow: Blackie and Co.

GLASGOW! Alma Mater! we like you well. And if we had opportunity to return to the *green*, we should once more luxuriate over thoughts, feelings, and speculations that are nearly fifty years old. But botany—vegetable physiology—practical and pleasant gardening! Where shall we look for these combined blessings in higher display than in William Rhind's "*Vegetable Kingdom*?" Because, you must observe, that Rhind is not merely a student scientific, but a naturalist, in the right sense of the word,—that is, a philosopher who draws his ideas from experience in the paths that our eyes love to dwell upon—the velvet green and the mountain *swarth* of Old England. Still, with a natural leaning towards the North, we wish to express one idea or two, and they merely amount to assertions, viz.,—How comes it, we ask, that Scotch gardeners stand so high in the scale of their art—in the decorative little sphere of farming, as it may be called?

The first answer is,—that during the predominance of the Romish



church, and of monastic institutions, when lazy fellows had nothing else to think of, gardening became a *necessity* in a bleak land.

Secondly, by the habits that have been created in Scotland, the gardening profession (poorly although it may be, and is paid) is considered to be a genteel course of life. And lastly, we never knew a gardener,—a master gardener,—who had not a library,—more or less.

According as we have room, we shall now merely speak of apples, &c., and present a few specimens of Mr. Rhind's science, practical knowledge, and pleasant manner.

“Many of the better sorts of English apples were probably at first introduced into this country from the continent. The greater part of our names of apples are French, either pure or corrupted. Those varieties which had been celebrated abroad were spread through the kingdom by their cultivation in the gardens of the religious houses; and many of these fine old sorts still exist. Thus the *nonpareil*, according to the old herbalists, was brought from France by a Jesuit, in the time of Queen Mary, and first planted in the gardens of Oxfordshire. The *oslin*, or *Arbroath pippin*, an ancient Scotch variety, was either introduced or extensively cultivated by the monks of the abbey of Aberbrothwick. On the other hand, the celebrated *golden pippin* has been considered as the native growth of England, and noticed as such by French and Dutch writers. It is described by Duhamel under the name of *pomme d'or, reinette d'Angleterre*. The same celebrated authority on fruit trees, also mentions the *grosse reinette d'Angleterre*. The more delicate apples for the table, such as the pippins, were probably very little known here till the latter part of the sixteenth century. Fuller states that one Leonard Maschal, in the sixteenth year of the reign of Henry VIII., brought pippins from over sea, and planted them at Plumstead in Sussex. Pippins are so called because the trees were raised from the pips or seeds, and bore the apples which gave them celebrity without grafting. In the thirty-seventh year of the same king we find the barking of apple trees declared a felony; and the passing of the law had probably a relation to the more extended growth of the fruit through the introduction of pippins. ‘Costard-monger’ is an old English term for the dealers in vegetables, derived from their principal commodity of apples; the costard being a large apple, round and bulky as the head, or ‘costard.’ If we may deduce any meaning from this name, which is the same as ‘coster,’ it would appear that the costard, or large apple, was the sort in common use, and that hence the name of the variety become synonymous with that of the species; the more delicate sorts were luxuries unknown to the ordinary consumers of our native fruits, till they were rendered common by the planting of orchards in Kent, Sussex, and other parts of the kingdom.

“The growth of the more esteemed apple trees had made such a general progress in half a century, that we find Shakspeare putting these words in the mouth of Justice Shallow, in his invitation to Falstaff: ‘You shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing.’ Sir Hugh Evans, in the ‘Merry Wives of Windsor,’ says, ‘I will make an end of my dinner—there's pippins and cheese to

come.' Pippins were, therefore, in the time of Shakspeare, delicacies for the dessert. But in another fifty years the national industry had rendered the produce of the apple an important article of general consumption. The fine cider orchards of Herefordshire, began to be planted in the reign of Charles I. The adaptation of these apples to the soil was quickly discovered, and they spread over the face of the whole country. Of the varieties of the cider apples, the *redstreak* and the *sline* were formerly the most prized; and the cider of these apples, and the perry of the *squash* pear, were celebrated throughout Europe. At the time when cider was first manufactured in England, it was believed that it would almost wholly supersede the use of foreign wines. From the period of the Norman conquest England carried on a great wine trade with France, principally with Bordeaux and the neighbouring provinces. It increased considerably when Henry II. married the daughter of the duke of Aquitaine; and after the kings of England subsequently became possessed of some of the great wine provinces of France, the consumption of their produce was almost universal. About the middle of the sixteenth century, although no wines were permitted to exceed the price of twelve-pence per gallon, we find a law enacted, by which no person, except those who could expend a hundred marks annually, or were of noble birth, should keep in his house any vessel of wine exceeding ten gallons—a regulation which would suggest that the demand for wine was greater than the supply, owing probably to the increase of the middle ranks of society. In the year 1635, we find a patent granted to Francis Chamberlayne, for making wine from the dried grapes of Spain and Portugal; and the patentee set forth that his wines would keep good during several years, and even in a voyage under the line.

"Cider became a general beverage before the time of Charles II., though it had been partially used for nearly a century before. Gerard, who published his *Herball* about the close of Elizabeth's reign, says, in his quaint way, 'I have seen, about the pastures and hedgerows of a worshipful gentleman's dwelling, two miles from Hereford, called Mr. Roger Badnome, so many trees of all sortes, that the servants drink, for the most part, no other drink but that which is made of apples. The qualitie is such, that, by the report of the gentleman himselfe, the parson hath for tythe many hogsheads of cyder.'

"We have already alluded to the great number of varieties of the apple. These have gone on increasing with the increased zeal and industry of modern gardeners. In 1573 Tusser mentions, in his list of fruits, 'apples of all sorts.' Parkinson, in 1629, enumerates fifty-seven sorts. Evelyn, about thirty years afterwards, says, 'It was through the plain industry of one Harris, a fruiterer to Henry VIII., that the fields and environs of about thirty towns in Kent only were planted with fruit from Flanders, to the universal benefit and general improvement of the country.' In 1650, Hartlib speaks of 'one who had two hundred sorts of apples, and verily believes there are nearly five hundred sorts in this island.' Ray, in 1688, selected from the information of the most skilful gardeners about London a list of seventy-eight sorts. Succeeding writers have been enabled greatly to increase the list, partly from the almost continual accession of sorts received from the continent during

intervals of peace, but principally from the great number reared from seeds. The second edition of the Catalogue of Fruits, published by the Horticultural Society of London in 1831, contains the names of 1400 sorts of apples; and although some of these may, when fruited, prove synonymous, yet the accession of new collections within the seasons of 1832 and 1833, would doubtless extend the number of distinct sorts beyond 1500.

"A variety of the apple, like that of most other plants, is supposed by some to have only a limited duration; and hence, on looking back on the lists of Parkinson, Evelyn, and other authors, many of the varieties then numbered are not now to be found, or are so degenerated or diseased as no longer to deserve the attention of the planter. Thus the *moil*, and its successful rival the *redstreak*, with the *musts* and *golden pippin*, are in the last stage of decay, and the *stine* and *fox whelp* are hastening rapidly after them. This circumstance has given rise to a curious physiological speculation. Mr. Knight, after studying the subject, and making a great variety of experiments for several years, and attempts to propagate every old variety, arrives at the following result: 'I think,' says he, 'I am justified in the conclusion, that all plants of this species, however propagated, from the same stock, partake in some degree of the same life, and will attend the progress of that life in the habits of its youth, its maturity, and its decay, though they will not be any way affected by any incidental injuries the parent tree may sustain after they are detached from it.' This rather fanciful opinion has not been confirmed by other horticulturists; on the contrary, several eminent writers consider that the deterioration of the varieties of the apple and other fruits may be owing to climate, and that the return of genial summers would restore to us from old trees as good fruit as heretofore. Loudon remarks on this subject: 'It is unquestionably true that all varieties have a tendency to degenerate into the primitive character of the species; but to us it appears equally true, that any variety may be perpetuated with all its excellencies by proper culture, and more especially varieties of trees. However unsuccessful Knight may have been in continuing the *moil*, *redstreak*, and *golden pippin*, we cannot alter our conviction, that by grafting from these sorts they may be continued, such as they are or were when the scions were taken from the trees, to the end of time. As to plants propagated by extension, "partaking in some degree of the same period of life as the parent," we cannot admit the idea as at all probable. Vines, olives, poplars, and willows, have been propagated by extension for ages, and are still, as far as can be ascertained, as vigorous as they were in the time of Noah or Pliny.' "

Again,—

"In several of the counties of England, cider is largely manufactured from apples. This process consists in grinding down the pulp in a mill, collecting and afterwards fermenting the juice, when a brisk, pleasing, acid liquor is produced.

"The cider counties of England have always been considered as highly interesting. They lie something in the form of a horse-shoe round the Bristol channel; and the best are, Worcester and Hereford on the north of the channel, and Somerset and Devon on the south. In appearance,

they have a considerable advantage over those counties in which grain alone is cultivated. The blossoms cover an extensive district with a profusion of flowers in the spring, and the fruit is beautiful in autumn. Some of the orchards occupy a space of forty or fifty acres; and the trees being at considerable intervals, the land is also kept in tillage. A great deal of practical acquaintance with the qualities of soil is required in the culture of apple and pear trees; and his skill in the adaptation of trees to their situation principally determines the success of the manufacturer of cider and perry. The produce of the orchards is very fluctuating; and the growers seldom expect an abundant crop more than once in three years. The quantity of apples required to make a hogshead of cider is from twenty-four to thirty bushels; and in a good year an acre of orchard will produce somewhere about six hundred bushels, or from twenty to twenty-five hogsheads. The cider harvest is in September. When the season is favourable, the heaps of apples collected at the presses are immense, consisting of hundreds of tons. If any of the vessels used in the manufacture of cider are of lead, the beverage is not wholesome. The price of a hogshead of cider generally varies from £2 to £5, according to the season and quality; but cider of the finest growth has sometimes been sold as high as £20 the hogshead, direct from the press, a price equal to that of many of the fine wines of the Rhine or the Garonne."

The following, on gooseberries,—their deliciousness, and varieties, will be found interesting:—

"The Gooseberry (*ribes grossularia*). Some have derived the name gooseberry from gorseberry, or the resemblance of the bush to gorse; others from the berry being used as a sauce to young geese. In Cheshire, and some of the neighbouring counties of England, it was called fea, or feverberry; in Norfolk this name is abbreviated to *feabes*, pronounced *thapes*; carberry is another English name. In France it is called *groseille*; in Scotland, sometimes *grozet*. It is a native of several parts of Europe, and abounds in the valleys in copse woods, where it produces a small green hairy berry of high flavour. In England, if not a native, it is now naturalized in various places, and grows wild in old walls, ruins, and in woods. It is cultivated in Lancashire in greater perfection than in any other part of Britain; and next to Lancashire, the climate of the Lothians, and some of the northern counties of Scotland seem to suit this plant. In France it is neglected; in Italy and Spain it is scarcely known. It was early a favourite fruit, and still continues to be so, in all parts of Britain. In the time of Tusser, who flourished in the reign of Henry VIII., this fruit was cultivated. He says,—

‘The barbery, respis, and gooseberry too,  
Look now to be planted as other things do.’

"In the South of Europe it is small, tasteless, and neglected; and though it grows to a large size in the warmer parts of England, its flavour there is very inferior to that which it has in Scotland. Even in that country, the flavour seems to increase with the cold; for if there be warmth enough for bringing gooseberries to maturity and ripening them, the far-

ther north they are grown the better. The market-gardeners about Edinburgh pay much attention to the culture and kinds of their gooseberries; but they are never equal in flavour to those which are grown at Dundee, Aberdeen, or Inverness.

“In England the Lancashire gooseberries are the finest in appearance. They are very large; but still their flavour is far inferior to that of the Scotch. Perhaps the inferiority of the English berries may be in great part owing to the large sorts that are cultivated,—the finest even in Scotland, being those that are of a middle size.

“Gooseberries are of various colours—white, yellow, green, and red; and of each colour there are many sorts. If, however, any particular sort be wished to be preserved, it must be done by cuttings, because the seeds of any one sort are apt to produce not only all the known sorts, but new ones.

“The gooseberry plant, under favourable circumstances, will attain a considerable age, and grow to an immense size. At Duffield, near Derby, there was, in 1821, a bush ascertained to have been planted at least forty-six years, the branches of which extended twelve yards in circumference. At the garden of the late Sir Joseph Banks, at Overton Hall, near Chesterfield, there were, at the same time, two remarkable gooseberry plants, trained against a wall, measuring each upwards of fifty feet from one extremity to the other.

“The yellow gooseberries have in general a more rich and vinous flavour than the white; they are, on that account, the best for the dessert, and also for being fermented into wine. When the sort is choice, and well picked, so that none of the fruit is damaged, or over or under ripe, and when the wine is properly made, it often puzzles an unpractised taste to distinguish the wine of the best yellow gooseberries from Champaign. It has the flavour and colour, and it mantles like the best of the foreign wine.

“Generally speaking, the green gooseberries are inferior to the yellow, and even to the white; many of them however run large, and are used for the sake of appearance. Large gooseberries in general, and large green ones in particular, are thick in the husk, and contain less pulp than those of a smaller size; while the flavour is in general rich in proportion to the thinness of the husk. Some of the larger greens, especially those that are smooth, gourd-shaped, and of a brownish tinge, are almost tasteless, or even disagreeable.

“The red gooseberries are very various in flavour, but are commonly more acid than the others. The same may be said of most other fruits; and it agrees with the well-known fact, that acids change the vegetable blues to red. In many fruits, and the gooseberry in particular, the amber colour is accompanied by the richest vinous flavour, while the white tends to insipidity. When the green is deep and pure, sweetness seems to be the leading characteristic, as in the Gascoigne gooseberry, the green-gage plum, and the small green summer pear, known in Scotland by the name of the ‘Pinkey-green.’ Among the red gooseberries there are, however, many exceptions. Some of the older and smaller red sorts (especially that known by the name of the ‘Old Ironmonger’) are very sweet. It would

be unavailing to fix upon any particular kind of gooseberry as the best, as every year produces new varieties. In the fruit catalogue of the Horticultural Society there are nearly two hundred kinds enumerated, of which about a hundred and fifty are the large Lancashire gooseberries.

“The cultivation of gooseberries forms a pleasing occupation amongst the manufacturers of that part of the kingdom; and the custom has doubtless a tendency to improve both the health and the morals of the people. Any pursuit which makes men acquainted with the peculiarities of vegetable economy, in however small a degree, has a beneficial effect upon the heart and understanding; and it is certainly better for weavers and nailers to vie with each other in raising the largest gooseberries, than in those games of chance or cruel sports, to which the few leisure hours of the working classes are too often devoted.”

How strangely does the Peach reciprocate kind offices with the Nectarine! It is quite an anomaly.

“The Peach and Nectarine, (*amygdalus Persica*.) The peach, when growing naturally, is rather under the middle size of trees, with spreading branches, of quick growth, and not long lived. The blossoms come out before the leaves are fully expanded; they are of a gay delicate colour, but with little odour. The fruit is round, with a furrow on one side, and with a delicate downy skin. Sickler considers Persia as the original country of the peach, which in Media is esteemed unwholesome; but when planted in the alluvial soils of Egypt, becomes pulpy, delicious, and salubrious. The peach also, according to Columella, when first brought from Persia into the Roman empire, possessed deleterious qualities, which Knight concludes to have been from those peaches being only swollen almonds, or imperfect peaches, and which are known to contain the prussic acid, a poisonous substance. The flesh of the almond is at this day considered as poisonous on some parts of the continent. The tree has been cultivated from time immemorial, in most parts of Asia. At what period it was introduced into Greece is uncertain. The Romans seem to have brought it direct from Persia, during the reign of the Emperor Claudius. It is first mentioned by Columella, and afterwards described by Pliny. The peach was introduced into England about the middle of the sixteenth century, where it is always cultivated against walls or under glass. The peach is more grateful to the palate than perhaps any other fruit raised in England, either naturally or by art, with the exception of the luscious, mellow-flavoured pine apple. It surpasses the grape in richness, and is more delicate than the melon.

“Linnaeus divides the peach into two varieties, that with downy fruit, or the peach, commonly so called, and that with smooth fruit, as the nectarine. There are various instances of both fruits growing on the same tree. Thus, trees raised from the stone or seed, have not only borne fruit having one part of the tree the downy coat of the peach, and on another the smooth coat of the nectarine, but they have exhibited varieties even closer than that, for single fruits have been produced with the coat of the peach on the one side, and that of the nectarine on the other.

“The French consider them as identical, and arrange the peach into



four divisions. 1. The free stone peaches, the flesh of whose fruit separates readily from the skin and the stone; 2. The free stone nectarines, or smooth peaches; 3. The cling-stone peaches, whose flesh is firm, and adheres both to the skin and the stone; 4. The cling-stone smooth peaches. The double blossomed peach is one of the most ornamental of spring flowering trees. It is about three weeks later of blossoming than the common peach.

“In the warmer parts of Asia the peach is very generally cultivated, and in many it grows abundantly without culture.

“On some parts of the American continent also, the peach grows readily, and in great plenty. Captain Head, in his *Rough Notes*, mentions the beauty and productiveness of the peach trees which are scattered over the corn fields in the neighbourhood of Mendoza, on the east side of the Andes; and the same traveller notices dried peaches as an article of food in the mountainous parts, to which they must of course be carried from the plains.

“In many parts of the United States, peach trees grow in extensive plantations. They continue without culture; and the fruit is of little value, except in the distillation of peach brandy, and the fattening of hogs. The following account of the peach orchards in the United States, and of a variety of peach which the describer obtained from that country, was communicated to the Horticultural Society in 1815, by Mr. John Braddick, of Thames Ditton:—

“Some years ago, when travelling through Maryland, Virginia, and the neighbouring provinces of the United States of America, I had an opportunity of observing the mode in which the peach trees of those provinces were cultivated, which was invariably from the stone of the peach, the plant being never budded, but always remaining in a state of nature. In the middle and southern provinces of the United States, it is no uncommon circumstance for a planter to possess a sufficient number of peach trees to produce him, after fermenting and distilling the pulp, from fifty to one hundred gallons of peach brandy; the manufacturing of this liquor, and the feeding of hogs, being the principal uses to which the peach is applied in those countries. A peach orchard usually contains a thousand or more standard trees. The tree being raised in the manner I have detailed, it is easy to conceive that the fruit growing on them must be an endless variety, scarcely two trees producing exactly alike; and although by far the greater number of trees, in any of these orchards, will always be found to produce fruit below mediocrity in point of flavour, yet a judicious observer will never fail, among so great a number, to pick out a few trees, the race of which may be considered worthy of preserving.

“The peach is said to have been first cultivated in England about the middle of the sixteenth century. Gerard describes several varieties of peach as growing in his garden. Tusser mentions it among his list of fruits in 1557.”

## NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*Hints to Teachers in National Schools.* Edited by the  
Rev. HENRY HOPWOOD. London : James Burns.

THIS work is a selection from various authors, principally of modern date, on the subject of education. It seems to be intended for the use of teachers in infant schools. The directions as to them are elaborate enough, and certainly leave nothing to be desired in the way of addition. Yet, even with regard to this class of scholars, the directions are vague and indefinite. They may assist the teacher in directing him *how* to teach, but not *what* to teach, which is the more important ; for it does not signify much how that is taught, which, when learned, is of little or no value.

The minds of the youngest children who are capable of any instruction at all possess the faculty of *memory* strongly, but that of *reasoning* very imperfectly. Hence they should be taught, when in that state, such matters or truths as properly belong to the memory only ; which if they do not learn then, they would have to learn afterwards when they possess the reasoning faculty, and would be capable of instruction of a higher order, and would find this kind of learning by rote tedious and irksome.

The next stage of youth commences when the reasoning faculty begins to exercise itself. Whatever instruction has not been acquired in the preceding stage is to be completed now ; and with it is to be inculcated that kind of learning which we may call scientific, to distinguish it from learning by rote, or by art. Where rules are founded on reasoning, as in Arithmetic, the reasons should be given with, and as explanatory of, the rules ; for if we give the rules without the reasons, we inculcate a theory without the learner's participation (as a French author judiciously observes\*) ; we are still teaching by rote, and are educating youth as if they did not possess the reasoning faculty.

It is a melancholy truth that this is the great and universal fault of our English system of mathematical education, as we have stated more at large in our review of Dr. Gregory's *Hints to Teachers* in our number for July last. The work before us does nothing to remove this evil, but, on the contrary, tends to the perpetuation of it, by blinding the reader to its existence. The truth is, that the books used in all our schools, public and private, do not afford this information, but studiously withhold it. This important branch of instruction, therefore, depends on the explanation which the teachers may give by word of mouth, and the teachers, themselves, are in general ignorant of it. We select the following passage from our author, as one of the best in the whole work : " The teacher should depend mainly for his success upon his powers of rendering the instruction he conveys *attractive* to his pupils ; and he will chiefly be liable to failure in this respect when he deserts the natural method of imparting knowledge, and neglects to assist this method with the lights of

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\* Lacroix. *Essais sur l'enseignement.*

constant and varied illustration. Such a method will enable the teacher to rule rather by love than by fear. He will not endeavour to coerce his pupil to remember a general truth which he does not understand ; but by presenting to him, in a plain and familiar manner, *certain simple elements*, from which the general truth springs, he will enable him to understand and to remember it, at the same moment, by a pleasurable exercise of the mind." (Page 163.) This is, no doubt, a pleasing picture, but it is of what ought to be, not of what is, the case. The real state of things is exactly the contrary. The *certain simple elements* are uncertain and unexplained ; perhaps unknown to the teachers. What are we to expect from this system of education, when those who manage it are satisfied with it ? They have to learn that it is defective and inefficient, before they will attempt to improve it.

We cannot, therefore, say anything in favour of this work, or of those of which it is a compilation or abridgment, except on the score of good intentions ; but undoubtedly very misguided ; we wish we could add not injurious in their effect, as reconciling the public to a system of education which tends rather to stultify than to enlighten the scholars.

ART. XIII.—*A New Decimal System of Money, &c.* By DECIMUS MASLEN, Esq. London : Smith, Elder, and Co.

WHY, this will never do, Mr. Decimus Maslen ! you can never overturn by any proposed theory, however perfect, compact, and simple it may appear, the established order, say, if you please, absurd prejudices, of a people. When you talk, for example, of remodelling the months of the year, so as to have ten instead of twelve months, with many other cut and dry *improvements*, we can only set you down as a well-meaning visionary, who has no right conception of life, of habits, or of the *regular* irregularity of men's thoughts and ways. Whatever, therefore, may be the beauties, simplicities, and contemplated advantages of your proposed system of arithmetical calculations, and mercantile reckonings, we can only express the opinion that they are impracticable, and that the attempt never will or can be made to remodel them according to your views or recommendations. As well think of forming the English and all languages upon some pleasant and easily understood principles. But enough.

ART. XIV.—*The Calcutta Monthly Journal, &c.* London : Ostell.

THIS "Repository of Intelligence throughout the British Dominions in the East, forming an Epitome of the Indian Press," presents strong claims upon the attention of our readers. Two numbers are before us, and they realize the expectations which the title and description given have raised within us.

# THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1841.

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ART. I.—*London, Historical and Descriptive*, Vol. I. Edited by CHARLES KNIGHT. London: Knight and Co.

ABSTRACTS of, and extracts from, this first volume of Knight's *London* will afford to our country cousins delightful antiquarianism and gossip, and may tempt several of our readers to put themselves in possession of the pictured metropolis of Great Britain—of the world, be it in a political, a commercial, or a religious sense that our observations are taken.

London, indeed, is one of the most ancient cities of Europe. What is more, it has, for six or seven centuries, occupied a prominent part in the History of nations. Doubtless it was a town and a mart of figure during the Roman sway in England. The "London Stone," and the many roads constructed by the conquerors of the world somewhere about two thousand years ago, which branched from or led to this Babel, all bespeak not only a high antiquity, but a proud pre-eminence. Then think of the country's fortunes and vicissitudes identified with the condition and progress of the "Great Metropolis," through Saxon, Norman, and modern times! Why, the laws and customs of the city are amongst the most significant and glorious things that mankind have ever framed and abided by; not to speak of the exploits and triumphs of the citizens in the cause of freedom, of general civilisation, and as the most forward in the march of universal philanthropy.

The work, several parts of which are now before us, has adopted a novel method of recording the wonders, and illustrating the character and history of London in all its strange varieties. It does not present a continuous or regular history of any one part or any one time; but in a pleasant and popular manner seeks, by separate and distinct papers, to convey a faithful, a vivid, and also a picturesque idea of characteristic features,—topographical, historical, and chronological,—aided by the resources of graphic art. And yet, as we have intimated, it is neither a topographical, nor a chronological publication, if thereby be meant continuity and connexion of parts, such as a comprehensive survey and history would suggest.

As it proceeds, it has all the charms of variety,—“A memoir on the maps of London for three centuries, showing the gradual spread of the great Babel, may fitly be in company with a picture of its locomotive facilities, through all the phases of wherry, sedan, hackney-coach, cabriolet, omnibus, and steam-boat. We may linger about Smithfield, with its horse-races of the days of Henry II., its tournaments, its wagers of battle, its penances, its martyrdoms, its Bartholomew fairs, and its cattle-market, without feeling that any of its associations are incongruous, or unworthy of description and reflection. The ‘Cock-lane ghost’ is a matter of history as much as the records of that fatal Traitor’s Gate of the Tower, over which might have been written the terrible words of Dante,—

‘All hope abandon, ye who enter here.’

The City Poet, with his tawdry Lord Mayor’s state and doggrel verses, belong to the social history of London as distinctly as the classical inventor of the Masques in which James and Charles delighted.” Thus does the Editor express himself, in the Introduction, and explain in part the purpose of the work.

We have alluded to our Country Cousins, and the entertainment as well as national information that may be derived from this work. To Cockneys, Londoners, and citizens born, the repast will be no less agreeable and useful. Still, we wish to contemplate a wider, a far larger sphere than may be and will be supplied by this publication. Think of the extent to which the English language now reaches, of it being spoken in every quarter, almost every corner of the globe; contemplate the scope, the influence, the future services of our literature, our free institutions, our national character:—and then consider the centre of England as the grand source of all this potency. “Churches, palaces, theatres, exhibitions, courts of justice, prisons, hospitals,—parks, squares, streets, bridges, wharfs, docks, warehouses, markets, shops, factories, inns,—pavements, sewers, gas-lights, water-pipes,—post-offices, railroads, steam-boats, public carriages—have each their tale of that mighty stirring of Humanity which in its aggregate is a spectacle of real sublimity unequalled in the world. It is the more sublime and the more wonderful that all this mass, with its manifold associations of Government, Municipal Arrangements, Police, Supply of Food, Population, Disease, Mortality, Industry, Wealth, Poverty, Crime, Religion, Charity, Education, Literature, Science, Arts, Amusements, Dress, Manners, Domestic Life, is ever-growing, and ever-changing. While we are putting down the figures the facts are shifting.” “The features of such a city, physical and moral, present and antiquarian, if truly and strikingly presented, are to be looked upon with interest and curiosity, by the stranger, as well as the citizen who daily hears the sound of Bow-bell.”

According to our own experience, London is an enigma and a contradiction to a stranger,—ay, and for years, perhaps, even although he may have directed a vigilant and inquisitive eye towards its notable or most significant points. While he is bewildered by the noise and turmoil of its traffic in many of the streets, he is disappointed on beholding the dingy fronts in the narrow lanes of the city, where princely merchants have their stores or their counting-houses. But suspend your judgment till you have access to the spacious apartments in the rear, and enjoy a sight of the fruits, spoils, or manufactures of the habitable earth; and then ideas and feelings will grow upon you until you are lost in calculation. Perhaps in some narrow thoroughfare a personage is pointed out to you, who seems bound to his counter like an apprentice, and yet whose wealth and transactions exceed those of petty sovereigns in other parts of the world. But still more remarkable and impressive are the thoughts which arise, if some learned antiquary directs attention to the memorials connected with the familiar and now prosaic spots one may happen to be treading. “If Finsbury and Islington are covered with interminable rows of houses, Ben Jonson shall call to mind ‘the archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a-ducking to Islington Ponds.’ If Spring Garden be no longer green, Garrard, the gossiping correspondent of the great Lord Strafford, shall inform us of its ‘bowling,’ its ‘ordinary of six shillings a-meal, continual bibbing and drinking wine all day long under the trees, and two or three quarrels every week.’ If the Devil Tavern, with its Apollo Club, has perished, Squire Western’s favourite song of ‘Old Sir Simon the King’ shall bring back the memory of Simon Wadloe, its landlord, with Jonson’s verses over the door of the Apollo room. If the River Fleet no longer runs across Holborn, Pope shall recall that polluted stream—

‘Than whom no sluice of mud  
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.’

If the glories of White’s and Will’s, and the Grecian and the St. James’s, have passed away in the fall of Coffee-houses and the rise of Clubs,—if the stranger can no longer expect to walk without obstruction into a common room where wit is as current as tea and muffins, and a Dryden stands by the fire with a young Pope gazing upon him,—he may yet live in the social life of the days of Anne, and people the solitary Coffee-houses with imaginary Swifts, and Addisons, and Steeles. Such, and so various, are the literary memorials of London; and these literary memorials are, in truth, amongst her best antiquities. As a *city of progress*, her material remains of the past are comparatively few; but the mightiest of the earth,—those who have made our language immortal and universal,—have dwelt within her walls, and their records have outlived bricks and



stone." It is thus by looking at the Present through the Past, and at the Past through the Present, that Mr. Knight's *London* proceeds to describe and to picture the "Great Metropolis."

The work, as we have hinted, consists of a series of distinct papers, each of them devoted, for the most part, to some portion of the great total of London which is complete in itself; a plan which admits of lightsome matter in an amusing form. Nor can there be any assignable limit to such a publication, unless the limitless metropolis be circumscribed, or the resources of the contributors bounded. The number and character of those gentlemen who have supplied papers to the Parts which complete the first volume, promise that there will be no early stint to the work. What we are now to compress or to quote will not merely rivet the attention of our readers, but convey a sufficient notion of the whole; at the same time that our pages are enlivened.

The papers generally are headed by some picturesque or fanciful sort of title, indicative enough of the manner and matter of the distinct chapters. Thus we have for the first of the series, "The Silent Highway," thereby meaning the river Thames as the great thoroughfare for the Londoners in the time of King Richard II., as delineated by the poet Gower, and by others, down to much later days. The author of this paper, going back to an early period in the dark or feudal ages, treats of the "Silent Highway," as if it had been the only passable line of travel from the Tower to Westminster; or as if the streets of London, and the way by Charing-cross to Thorney Island, had been unfit for royal or princely progresses and processions. The probability is, however, that other circumstances than bad roads and pavings recommended on many occasions the watery course; for certainly we have frequent notices of the great and the noble riding in state from the one famous limit to the other; which fact, considering the retinues in attendance, would argue that the path was neither inconvenient nor inelegant. Nevertheless it appears that both for the highest and the meanest, old Father Thames was a welcome and favourite highway when the good rhymers said—

"In Thames when it was flowing,  
As I by boate came rowing,  
So as Fortune her time set,  
My liege lord perchance I met."

Mr. Knight, the author of the "Silent Highway," after quoting more of Gower's simple and picturesque story of his accidental meeting with Richard, who called him on board his stately barge, desiring him—

"To make a book after his best,"

goes on to say that, with the exception of some of the oldest por-

tions of the Tower of London, there is scarcely a brick or a stone left standing that may present to us a memorial of "the king's chamber," (*Camera Regia*, which title, immediately after the Norman Conquest, London began to have) of four hundred and fifty years ago. But the river still flows and ebbs, and during the intermediate while has borne on its bosom many a noble and gallant craft laden with royalty and wealth. To go still further back, William Fitzstephen, who died in 1191, has left, among other records in Latin, the following description:—"The wall of the city is high and great, continued with seven gates, which are made double, and on the north distinguished with turrets by spaces; likewise on the south London hath been enclosed with walls and towers, but the large river of Thames, well stored with fish, and in which the tide ebbs and flows, by continuance of time hath washed, worn away, and cast down those walls."

Many notices are strung together concerning the "Silent Highway," or the royal road between Westminster and the Tower, and the Tower and Greenwich. The citizens of London were long in the habit of having sports on the river; such, for example, as Stow describes when he says, "I have seen also in the summer season some rowed in wherries, with staves in their hands, flat at the fore-end, running one against another, and, for the most part, one or both of them were overthrown and well ducked." Two drawings illustrative of these customs, taken from an illuminated "History of the Old Testament," of the fourteenth century, and now in the British Museum, convey a lively idea of these water tournaments. Indeed there would have been no London but for the Thames; just, as we may rest assured, there would have been a sad lack of spirit and of prowess in the citizens had it not been for the sports and the manly exercises which the river prompted. The watermen alone were no insignificant body. Stow computes that in his time there were forty thousand upon the rolls of the company, and that they could furnish twenty thousand men for the fleet; which no doubt included the private watermen of the court and the nobility. Howel, speaking of the river, as it presented itself in the beginning of the seventeenth century, says, that if regard be had to those forests of masts which are perpetually upon her; the variety of smaller wooden-bottoms plying up and down; the stately palaces that are built upon both sides of her banks so thick; well might "divers foreign ambassadors affirm that the most glorious sight in the world, take water and land together, was to come upon a high tide from Gravesend, and shoot the bridge to Westminster." By the time of the Restoration, however, the famous old theatres were swept away, and gables, turrets, and towers which fenced the stream. Traders' premises and wharfs took the place of trim

and sloping gardens, and the gay barge was scandalized by the coal-boats.

The second paper, and also by the editor, is to the tune of "Clean your Honour's Shoes," and gives us reminiscences of the shoe-blacks that were wont to ply their trade between Charing Cross and Cheapside, the last of whom is said to have disappeared in our own times. The subject leads the writer to a description of the streets or thoroughfares at more ancient periods,—foot-paths and coach-roads,—their muddiness and so forth in rainy weather, often in these good old days presenting obstructions to the pedestrian which would not now be tolerated in dirty lanes, and amongst other provoking injuries damaging the Day and Martin chemical preparations of the season, and besmearing the silver buckles of the gayest beau. But, what was more incongruous, the great thoroughfares of the city were, even after the Restoration, the fields for foot-ball. From the condition and obstructions of the streets, the writer passes on to the improvements in London locomotion, until he fairly seats us in an omnibus between Paddington and the Bank, glancing in the course of the sketch at pedestrianism, then at the equestrian habits of the courtiers and rich citizens, who had considerable distances to travel in London, until coaches and chairs were fairly launched into the streets.

"Paul's Cross," "The Tabard," "London Bridge," "Roman London," "Street Noises," "The Parks," &c., by different writers, are the keys to a number of antiquarian and curious records and descriptions, characteristic, more or less, of the metropolis. At length we arrive at one of the most interesting papers in the series, viz., "Suburban Milestones," from which we freely extract:—

"The journey of discovery which we have thus narrated is not an impossible one to have been undertaken by a person whose curiosity was greater than his judgment. The suburbs of London continue to be full of puzzling inscriptions, such as that of Hicks's Hall. The system of measuring the roads out of London by some well-known central object, such as the Standard in Cornhill (a conduit once known to every passenger), was a right system, and ought to have been the uniform one. But the other system was that of measuring the roads from some point where London was supposed to terminate. There is a wide part of St. John Street, some two hundred yards from Smithfield, where we learn, by an inscription on a mean public-house, that Hicks's Hall *there* formerly stood. This was the Sessions House for the justices of Middlesex; and it was built at the sole cost of Sir Baptist Hicks, in the reign of James I. Here then, two centuries ago, was something like the beginning of London proper to those who arrived from the country. The Hall was surrounded with fields and scattered houses; and it was of course a remarkable object to those who entered the metropolis from the north. Again, St. Giles's Pound,—a real pound for cattle, which is marked upon the old plans,—was a prominent object standing in the village of St. Giles's, at

the intersection of the roads from Hampstead and from Oxford. This, also, was something like the beginning of London: but Hicks's Hall and St. Giles's Pound have long since vanished; and the milestones which record their faded glory ought also to be swept away. Similar changes have taken place under our own eyes. Some ten years ago Tyburn Turnpike existed. The intolerable nuisance of a gate in one of the most crowded roads seemed to draw a line of demarcation between London and the suburbs; and so the roads were measured from Tyburn Turnpike. Now an inscription tells us where Tyburn Turnpike stood,—a matter upon which we should have no desire to be informed if the milestones onward did not continue to refer to Tyburn Turnpike. Hyde Park Corner is, in the same way, nearly obsolete; but it was a real barrier when its gates stretched across the road, with their wondrous illumination of a dozen oil lamps before the days of gas. The managers of this road have now begun, as they conceive, to reform the mile-stones; and these dumb oracles tell us that we are "one mile from *London*," or "two miles from London." What is London? Where does it begin? where does it end? Is not the character of London always shifting? We now call Tottenham Court Road, London; but it was not London a century ago. Knightsbridge is now as much London as Tottenham Court Road. In London, then, a stranger is told he is a mile from London. This, of course, is unintelligible. But why not tell the stranger, and at the same time afford most valuable information to the resident, that at Knightsbridge he is four miles from the General Post-office? In the Preface to the Population Returns of 1831 we have a little plan of the places comprised within a circle whose radius is eight miles from St. Paul's. That circle then comprised one million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand inhabitants. Reduce the circle to a radius of four miles, and we have the London of the present day, with as many inhabitants as were contained in the larger circle of 1831, if not more.

"The history of the growth of London is a subject as large as it is interesting. But its local details require to be traced with minute accuracy; and this subject we propose to attempt in a Series of Memoirs on the Maps of London at various periods. We shall at present confine ourselves to some general notices of the progressive increase of the population; which may have some additional claim upon the attention from the circumstance that the new census is to be taken on the 1st of July next.

"It is impossible to turn to any of the ancient accounts of the populousness of London without being satisfied that the number of its inhabitants has been the subject of the most extraordinary exaggeration. Fitzstephen says, "this city is honoured with her men, graced with her arms, and peopled with a multitude of inhabitants. In the fatal wars under King Stephen there went out to a muster men fit for war, esteemed to the number of twenty thousand horse-men armed, and sixty thousand foot-men." Eighty thousand men fit for war living within walled London, and not only living within but going out to a muster! If we suppose that only one-fourth of this number remained at home to carry on the business of the city, and assume (the general proportion) that half the population was under twenty years of age and half above, we have two hundred thousand

males in London in the reign of King Stephen ; and this calculation would give us a population of four hundred thousand. In 1821 London within the walls (a distinction which no longer exists for any practical purposes) contained only fifty-six thousand inhabitants. But if the statements of Fitzstephen may be supposed to be somewhat loose, we shall find some calculations still more extraordinary as we enter upon the times of regular legislation, when the increase of population was viewed with alarm or satisfaction according to the theories which prevailed as to the causes of national wealth. The progressive increase of London was always regularly asserted, and it was always a subject of alarm. In 1581 a proclamation was issued forbidding the erection of new buildings within three miles of the city gates, and requiring that only one family should inhabit the same house. The Queen went on proclaiming, and the Parliament went on enacting, in the same spirit to the end of the sixteenth century. In 1602 a proclamation, more remarkable for its stringency than any which had preceded it, was put forth. No new buildings were to be erected within three miles of London and Westminster: No existing dwelling-house should be converted into smaller tenements: If any house had been so divided within the preceding ten years, the inmates should quit it: All sheds and shops erected within seven years should be pulled down: Empty houses, built within seven years, should not be let: Unfinished buildings, on new foundations, should be pulled down. The reasons for these severities are thus assigned in the proclamation:—"Her Majesty foreseeing the great and manifold inconveniences and mischiefs which daily grow, and are likely more and more to increase, unto the state of the City of London, and the suburbs and confines thereof, by access and confluence of people to inhabit the same, not only by reason that such multitudes could hardly be governed by ordinary justice to serve God and obey her Majesty without constituting an addition of more officers and enlarging of authorities and jurisdictions for that purpose, but also could hardly be provided of sustentation of victual, food, and other like necessities for man's relief, upon reasonable prices: and finally, for that such great multitudes of people inhabiting in small rooms, whereof many be very poor, and such as must live by begging or worse means, and being heaped up together, and in a sort smothered, with many families of children and servants in one house or small tenement, it must needs follow, if any plague or other universal sickness come amongst them, it would presently spread through the whole city and confines, and also into all parts of the realm,' &c. &c.

"In a proclamation of Charles I., twenty-eight years afterwards, pretty nearly the same commands were issued; and the heads of families were also, as they had formerly been, forbidden to receive inmates,—the facilities for residing in London being such, it was alleged, as would multiply the inhabitants to so great a degree that they could neither be governed nor fed. The measures which were taken to prevent the increase of buildings no doubt tended to produce the evil of 'great multitudes of people inhabiting in small rooms;' for it is perfectly clear that no statute or proclamation could prevent the rush of strangers to the City whenever there was a demand for their industry. It was sensibly enough observed,

in 1662, 'that the City is re-peopled, after a great Plague, in two years.' The christenings are properly considered by this observer as a standard of the increase or decrease of the inhabitants; and he tells us that in 1624, the year preceding a great Plague, they amounted to 8299; in 1626, the year after the Plague, they were only 6701; but in 1628 they reached a higher number than in 1624, being 8408. This decrease in the births would show a decrease of 45,000 persons during the year of the Plague; and which void was filled up in another year. That the proclamations of Elizabeth and Charles, inoperative as they might be for any large results, were in some measure carried into effect, there can, however, be no doubt. Houses *were* pulled down—when the owners could not manage to bribe those in power to let them remain. The buildings went on increasing; and soon after the Restoration they had increased so much that an ingenious and accurate observer,—one of our best of letter-writers, Howel,—had persuaded himself, and attempted to persuade others, that London contained a million and a half of people:—'For number of human souls, breathing in city and suburbs, London may compare with any in Europe in point of populousness. The last census that was made in Paris came under a million; but in the year 1636 King Charles sending to the Lord Mayor to make a scrutiny what number of Roman Catholics and strangers there were in the City, he took occasion thereby to make a census of all the people; and there were of men, women, and children, above seven hundred thousand that lived within the bars of his jurisdiction alone; and this being one and twenty years passed, 'tis thought, by all probable computation, that London hath more by the third part now than she had then. Now, for Westminster, and Petty France, the Strand, Bedford Berry, St. Martin's Lane, Long Acre, Drury Lane, St. Giles of the Field, High Holborn, Gray's Inn Lane, St. James and St. George's Street, Clerkenwell, the outlets of Red and Whitecross Street, the outlets beyond the Bars of Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and Southwark Bars, beyond the Tower, &c.,—take all these places, with divers more which are contiguous and one entire piece with London herself,—I say, take all these buildings together, there will be found, by all probable conjecture, as many inhabitants at least as were found before within that compass where the point of the Lord Mayor's sword reacheth, which may amount in all to a million and a half of human souls. Now, one way to know the populousness of a great city is to observe the bills of mortality and nativities every week. I think there is no such custom in Paris; but for Amsterdam, which is a very populous mercantile place, the ordinary number there of those that go weekly out of the world is but fifty, or thereabouts, and about so many come into the world every week.'

"Nothing can be more precise and circumstantial than this statement. 'The last census that was made in Paris came under a million.' No doubt it did. The population of the Department of the Seine, extending eight miles from the centre of Paris, was, in 1829, only thirteen thousand above a million. But fifty years after this statement of Howel's, the annual number of births in Paris was 16,988, which, multiplied by 28, the probable proportion *then* of the births to the population, the number of inhabitants was under *half* a million. Howel compared London with



Amsterdam : his computation of the population by the births would only give a result of about seventy thousand inhabitants for that city. The births in London were about four times as many as those of Amsterdam when Howel wrote. The 'scrutiny' to which he refers of the actual inhabitants of the *City* took place in 1631 : and it is, perhaps, the first approach to a regular enumeration of the people which we possess. The government did not desire to know the number of Roman Catholics and strangers ; but it was afraid of an approaching dearth : and in those days, when the corn-merchants, who were called monopolists and forestallers, were not permitted to mitigate the evils of scarcity by buying up corn in times of plenty, the government called upon the Lord Mayor to know what number of mouths were in the City and the Liberty,—how much corn was requisite to feed that number for a month,—where the corn was to be kept,—when the city intended to make this provision,—what stock of money was provided, &c. The number of people in each ward was accordingly ascertained, and it was returned to the Privy Council as 130,268. The foundation of Howel's calculation is thus demolished. Statistical documents were then not printed, but talked about ; and such an exaggeration would be easily enough received. But his account is still valuable and curious. It shows us in what directions London was increasing. Howel has one of his characteristic gossiping passages upon this matter :—' The suburbs of London are larger than the body of the city, which make some compare her to a Jesuit's hat, whose brims are far larger than the block ; which made Count Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, to say, as the Queen of Spain was discoursing with him, upon his return to England, of the City of London—" Madam, I believe there will be no city left shortly, for all will run out of the gates to the suburbs." ' Captain Graunt, who published his ' Observations on the Bills of Mortality ' in 1661, says ' that the trade and very City of London removes *westward*,—that the walled city is but a fifth of the whole pile.' But he shows us how, even in the walled city, the population was increasing—great houses, formerly belonging to noblemen, had been turned into tenements. There were two reasons, according to this accurate writer, why London increased in a westerly direction :—the Court now resided entirely in Westminster—the old streets of the city were too narrow for the use of coaches, and the new streets towards Covent Garden were broad enough. This was before the Great Fire. That event silenced for ever all the attempts to restrain the growth of the city beyond the walls and liberties. Under the Commonwealth the contest between the government and the owners of land and builders, who acted upon the irresistible impulse of demand and supply, became an affair of compromise. Fines upon new buildings were levied to the use of the Commonwealth, instead of houses being pulled down. The statute gravely says, ' by the law the said houses and nuisances ought to be abated ; but as the severity of the law would be the undoing of divers persons, one year's clear annual value of each house shall be taken in full satisfaction and discharge.' We may form some notion of the increase of building from a pamphlet published in 1673, entitled ' The Grand Concern of England Explained,' in which the writer, who is also for putting down the abomination of stage-coaches,

maintains that the increase of London is the ruin of the country :—‘ I desire every serious, considerate person that knew London and Westminster, and the suburbs thereof, forty or fifty years ago, when England was far richer and more populous than now it is, to tell me whether, by additional buildings upon new foundations, the said cities and suburbs since that time are not become at least a third part bigger than they were ; and whether, in those days, they were not thought and found large enough to give a due reception to all persons that were fit or had occasion to resort thither, whereupon all further buildings on new foundations, even in those days, were prohibited ? Nevertheless, above thirty thousand houses, great and small, have been since built, the consequences whereof may be worthy of our consideration. These houses are all inhabited. Considering, then, what multitudes of whole families, formerly dwelling in and about the said cities, were cut off by the two last dreadful plagues, as also by the war abroad and at home, by land and by sea, and how many have transported themselves, or been transported, into our foreign plantations, and it must naturally follow that those who inhabit these new houses, and many of the old ones, must be persons coming out of the country ; which makes so many inhabitants the less there where they are most needful and wanting.’ But pamphlets were as ineffectual as proclamations to stop the increase. The writer of ‘ The Grand Concern ’ lets us into the secret of the moving power which compelled the increase, in a few simple words : ‘ In short, these new buildings are advantageous to none but to the owners of the ground on which they are built, who have raised their wonted rents from a hundred pounds to five or six hundred pounds per annum, besides the improvements in reversion ; or to the builders, who by slight buildings on long leases make ten or twelve pounds per cent. of their moneys.’ The advance of rents from one hundred pounds to six hundred, and twelve per cent. upon the cost of building, were arguments such as Parliament or pamphleteer could do little to overturn. Fashion, too, had something to do with the extension of the suburbs. When the great merchants had their City mansions, the wealthy ladies of the City were content with their narrow lanes. But the Great Fire destroyed something of the love of the old localities. Dr. Rolles, who wrote a book in 1668 on the rebuilding of London, says that the ‘ marring of the City was the making of the suburbs ; and some places of despicable termination, and as mean account, such as Houns-ditch, and Shor-ditch, do now contain not a few citizens of very good fashion.’ The notion then of the probable extension of London was much the same that we have been accustomed to hear in our own day—that London was going to Hammersmith, to Brentford, to Hounslow,—or to Paddington, to Kilburn, to Edgware,—or to Camden Town, to Hampstead,—and so forth. In ‘ The Play House to Let ’ of D’Avenant we have this passage :—

“ ‘ We’ll let this theatre, and build another, where,  
At a cheaper rate, we may have room for scenes.  
*Brainford’s* the place !  
Perhaps ’tis now somewhat too far i’ th’ suburbs ;  
But the mode is for builders to work slight and fast ;

And they proceed so with new houses  
'That old London will quickly overtake us.' "

The next subject is "Lambeth Palace," an edifice that might suffice to furnish events and characters that would occupy volumes. The author of the paper, however, avoiding such incidents as have ceased to have a general interest, proceeds from one part of the palace buildings,—from one prominent feature or distinguished apartment to another, and by throwing into his narrative whatever he has found most worthy of record suggested by each, has been enabled briefly, and without dry details, to present an intelligible survey. Thus, of the buildings enumerated in the steward's accounts of the palace, in the 15th year of Edward II., we find, says our author, "the 'great gate' mentioned, which then admitted friends and repelled foes in accordance with the double duties imposed upon those characteristic old piles. The present gateway," it is continued, "which for size and height has perhaps no existing rival, was rebuilt about 1490 by Cardinal Morton. The groined roof is very fine, the different portions of which it is composed springing from four pillars, one in each corner. A low door-way on the right hand leads through the porter's lodge to a room the original purpose of which there is little difficulty in discovering; three strong iron rings yet hang from the excessively thick walls, which have echoed with the sighs of hopeless prisoners torn from their quiet firesides, and the company of those dear to them by the ties of nature and of love, to expiate the crime of daring to think for themselves." These and other relics within and around the Archbishop's domicile may fill the mind with more of the dark and the forbidding, than with the light and the love which the learning and religion of the numerous occupants have shed abroad. The Lollards' Prison, for instance, with its eight rings, would supply us with many melancholy homilies, and with severe satires on the church. But we hasten from the theme, in order to transfer ourselves to still older relics in the underground of London,—to the paper on "The Roman Remains;" in a preceding contribution an attempt having been made, by means of the combined light of ancient records and existing appearances, to trace the history and limits of Roman London. Instead of that more general survey, we have now notices of some of the most remarkable of the vestiges of the Roman occupation that the waste of time has left.

In our day there exist very few, if any, of these remains above ground; so that it is only now and then, and by the disinterment of some long buried urn, fragment of a statue, or portion of tessellated pavement, that undoubted vestiges of a people that for centuries were masters of England are found. A considerable variety of other Roman relics have been brought to light in the course of

modern excavations and improvements, such as architectural foundations, coins, pottery, utensils, tools, and ornaments. But when it is borne in mind that during the fourteen hundred years that have elapsed since the people in question bore sway "upon the original floor of this great gathering-place of human beings, and centre of industry and commerce," and that between fifteen and twenty feet of dust and rubbish have accumulated above that original floor, it will not be expected that much will appear to open day even of the massive walls which they erected. The Great Fire of London would alone destroy or hide much antiquarian wealth; nor was it until the improvements of the capital were set about after that calamity, that what is called the Roman stratum began to be frequently reached, and the discoveries appreciated. From the paper before us we shall quote an account of some of the more striking discoveries of Roman Remains that have been made and verified:—

"Among the most interesting relics of the Roman occupation are the various tessellated pavements that have been brought to light in different parts of the City. The custom of ornamenting the floors of their apartments by figures formed of *tesseræ*, or small pieces of coloured pebble, marble, artificial stone, and glass, was probably not introduced among the Romans till after the destruction of the Republic. Suetonius notes it as one of the sumptuous habits of Julius Cæsar in the latter part of his career, that he used on his marches to carry about with him such pavements, or rather, probably, quantities of the materials for forming them—*tessellata et sectilia pavimenta*—with which it has been supposed he floored his prætorium wherever he pitched his camp. How this species of decoration has come in modern times to receive the name of Mosaic-work is matter of dispute—though the term is commonly supposed to be a corruption of *Museum* or *Musivum*, which Pliny and other later Roman writers seem to speak of as a kind of ornamental pavement, or rather ceiling—so called, it is conjectured, because it may have been originally used in caves and grottos consecrated to the Muses. It may be observed, however, that the tessellated pavements of the ancients have little pretension to rank with the Mosaic pictures of modern times, in which, by the aid of a vast variety of colours, almost as perfect a gradation of shades is effected as could be produced by the pencil. The Roman tessellated pavements in general present only the simplest patterns, such as a scroll border with an indifferently drawn human or animal figure in the centre; and most of them are composed of not more than two or three different colours. In some rare instances, however, the tints are considerably more numerous. The most magnificent specimen yet discovered in London was found in December 1803, in Leadenhall Street, immediately in front of the easternmost columns of the portico of the India House. It lay at the depth of only nine feet and a half below the street, which therefore had not been raised at this spot nearly so high above the Roman level as in most other parts of the city. Unfortunately, the line of an old sewer which ran across the street had cut away above a third

of the pavement on the east side ; but the central compartment, a square of eleven feet, remained nearly entire, as well as the greater part of the border. Altogether, the apartment of which it had been the floor appeared to have been a room of more than twenty feet square. The device occupying the centre was a figure of Bacchus, reclining on the back of a tiger, holding his thyrsus erect in his left hand, while a small two-handed drinking-cup hung from his right ; a wreath of vine-leaves circling his forehead—a purple and green mantle falling from his right shoulder, and gathered round his waist—with a sandal on his extended left foot, the lacing of which reached to the calf of the leg. This design was surrounded by three circular borders ; the first exhibiting, on a party-coloured field composed of dark grey, light grey, and red ribands, a serpent with a black back and white belly ; the second, a series of white cornucopiæ indented in black ; the third and outermost, a succession of concave squares. In two of the angular spaces between this last circle and the circumscribing rectangular border were double-handed drinking-cups ; in the other two, delineations of some unknown plant ; both figures wrought in dark grey, red, and black, on a white ground. The square border surrounding the whole consisted of two distinct belts—one described as bearing ‘some resemblance to a bandeau of oak, in dark and light grey, red, and white, on a black ground ;’ the other exhibiting ‘eight lozenge figures, with ends in the form of hatchets, in black on a white ground, enclosing circles of black, on each of which was the common ornament, a true lovers’ knot.’ Beyond this was a margin at least five feet broad, formed of plain red tiles, each an inch square. We annex such a copy as a woodcut can produce of this elaborate design, taken from a coloured print published soon after its disinterment by Mr. Thomas Fisher, accompanied with the description to which we have been indebted for the above particulars. ‘In this beautiful specimen of Roman Mosaic,’ says Mr. Fisher, ‘the drawing, colouring, and shadows are all effected with considerable skill and ingenuity by the use of about twenty separate tints, composed of tessellæ of different materials, the major part of which are baked earths ; but the more brilliant colours of green and purple, which form the drapery, are glass. These tessellæ are of different sizes and figures, adapted to the situations they occupy in the design. They are placed in rows either straight or curved, as occasion demanded, each tessella presenting to those around it a flat side : the interstices of mortar being thus very narrow, and the bearing of the pieces against each other uniform, the work in general possessed much strength, and was very probably, when uninjured by damp, nearly as firm to the foot as solid stone. The tessellæ used in forming the ornamented borders were in general somewhat larger than those in the figures, being cubes of half an inch.’ This Leadenhall Street tessellated pavement, which lay on a bed of lime and brick-dust, an inch in thickness, was taken up at the charge of the East India Company, but was broken to pieces in the process ; the fragments of it, however, were deposited in the Company’s Library.

“In 1805, in the course of digging the foundations for an extension of the buildings of the Bank of England, another tessellated pavement was found in Lothbury, near the south-east angle of the area now enclosed by the

walls of the Bank. It lay at the depth of about eleven feet below the surface. Of this too Mr. Fisher published a coloured engraving and a description ; and, having been taken up without sustaining any injury under the direction of the late Mr. Soane, the architect, it was presented by the Directors of the Bank to the British Museum, where it may still be seen. But it is not to be compared to the Leadenhall Street specimen either in design or workmanship. Its dimensions are only four feet each way, and it occupied the centre of a floor of eleven feet square. The central figure seems designed to represent four expanded leaves ; the rectangular border is similar to the innermost of the two stripes forming the double border of the other pavement. Mr. Fisher states, that, 'on examining the fragments of the marginal pavement which had been taken up with it, evident marks of fire were observed on the face of them ; and to one piece adhered some ashes of burnt wood, and a small piece not quite burnt.'

"Other tessellated pavements are recorded to have been discovered in Bush Lane, Cannon Street, in 1666 ; near St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, in 1681 ; at Crutched Friars in 1787 ; behind the old Navy Pay Office in Broad Street, in Northumberland Alley, Fenchurch Street, and in Long Lane, Smithfield, about the beginning of the present century ; near the Church of St. Dunstan's in the East in 1824 ; in East Cheap in 1831 ; at St. Clement's Church, and in Lothbury, opposite to Founders' Court, in 1834 ; in Crosby Square in 1836 ; behind Winchester House in Southwark in 1650 ; in various places on both sides of the Borough High Street at different times from 1818 to 1831 ; and in a few other localities. But in few or none of these instances has either the pavement itself been preserved or even any description of it. Within these few weeks what appeared to a somewhat hurried and not very close view to be a very perfect and rather elegant specimen was brought to light in pulling down the French Protestant Church in Threadneedle Street, at the depth apparently of nine or ten feet under where the floor of the church had been, immediately within and a little to the left of the principal entry. This, we understood, it was intended to have carefully taken up, and it will probably be deposited in some public museum or private collection. But it was more interesting to look down upon it there where it lay on the very spot which it had occupied for certainly more than fourteen centuries—where the eye of admiration had first rested upon it, and it had borne the actual tread of Roman feet, mingling in the dance or other social assemblage, in the palmy days of that buried civilization, when what was now a darksome pit dug in the earth had made part of an airy, glittering domicile, full of light and life. The colours, among which a deep yellow or tawny predominated, looked wonderfully fresh and glowing—thus still more strongly forcing upon the imagination the presence of the past."

The barbarism that succeeded Roman domination in this country, the probable fact that that people used brick instead of stone in their architectural structures where London now stretches over and beyond, must explain in part the prostration of the ancient grandeur of the city. It is proper to add, that according to the opinion of



some distinguished antiquaries, nothing very good of Roman work ever existed in Britain.

Our readers may be desirous that notice should be taken by us of one or two more of the *twenty-five* articles which go to complete the first volume of "London," the sale of which has been such, we learn, as to encourage the Editor to hope that it will be brought to completeness, when, notwithstanding its miscellaneous character, it may be seen not to be wholly without a plan, or undeserving of the name of novelty. We pass over "Piccadilly" with this brief statement, that it "continues still to be one of the great vomitories of London," but that the railways have eclipsed the glories of long-stage coaching; so that the "White-Horse Cellar is no longer what it was. The race of long-stage drivers in white milled box-coats, multitudinous neck-handkerchiefs, and low-crowned hats, who gave law to the road, and were the 'glass of fashion and the mould of form,' to the ingenuous youth of England, are disappearing." *Sic transit!* such are the mutations in the "Great Metropolis." It is not steam alone, the Birmingham, the Great Western, and South-western railways, that have wrought this revolution. The omnibuses have had a good deal to do in the matter; and these, along with the many varieties and multitudes of other vehicles,—huge market-carts, ponderous wagons, and rattling post-chaises, not to speak of gentlemen's equipages and numberless *cabs*, "still present us with a thoroughfare not a whit less crowded, bustling, and confusing than in the days of old."

"Crosby Place" is the next subject, which is said to derive its name from Sir John Crosby, its reputed builder, an alderman of London during the reign of Edward the Fourth. The preservation of its Hall, through all vicissitudes, although it is situated in the immediate vicinity of one of the apparently most confused and noisy parts of the city, is attributed by J. Saunders, the author of the paper, to the popularity the House derived from the well-known passage in Shakspeare, where the Duke of Glo'ster woos and wins the Lady Anne; enjoining her to "presently repair to Crosby House."

"Old Whitehall," "New Whitehall," "Ben Jonson's London" follow, and then we have "Ranelagh and Vauxhall," the last of these having received its doom, and at the moment we write being fast hurrying to be as though it had never been, and when, instead of its bowers and temples and endless entertainments, there shall be a forest of red-brick mansions, and a world of thought, and toil. Our last formal and considerable extract will carry us back to some of the antiquities and renowned feats in this now closed and vanishing characteristic of London.

"Vauxhall, though under another name, dates its origin a little earlier than Ranelagh. The first mention of its existence as a public place of resort is also one of the most interesting of its many and illustrious literary

associations. This occurs in the 'Spectator;' a number of which (383), dated from Addison's Summer-house at Islington, May 20, 1712, is devoted to an account of his visit to Vauxhall, in company with Sir Roger de Coverley, that most exquisite of Addison's creations. They go by water in a wherry from the Temple Stairs, the good Knight, with characteristic thoughtfulness, taking care to employ a waterman with a wooden leg; observing, 'You must know I never make use of anybody to row me that has not lost either a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord, or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg.' Sir Roger having trimmed the boat with his coachman, 'who, being a very sober man, always served for ballast on such occasions,' they made the best of their way to Faux Hall. On their way, Sir Roger, according to custom, gives good night to every person he passes on the water, one of whom, instead of returning the civility, asked what queer old put they had in the boat, and whether he was not ashamed to go a wenching at his years? with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told his friend 'that, if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.' 'We were now,' continues Addison, 'arrived at Spring Garden (Vauxhall), which is excellently pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the chorus of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shade, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the Knight, "that there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the Knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her "She was a wanton baggage," and bid her go about her business. We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung-beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the Knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's commands with a peremptory look. As we were going out of the garden, my old friend, thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he "should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets." Such is our earliest notice of Vauxhall as a public garden, written most probably not long after its opening. The name, as we have here

seen, was originally Faux Hall, which has been corrupted into the present appellation of Vauxhall. It was popularly derived from Guy Faux, the gunpowder-plot conspirator; but the true derivation is supposed to be from Fulk or Faulk de Brent, a famous Norman soldier of fortune, to whom King John gave in marriage Margaret de Ripariis or Redvers. To that lady belonged the manor of Lambeth, to which the mansion called Faulk's Hall, was annexed. At all events, the manor-house was known for centuries before Guy Faux's time under the name it now bears. The manor, with the Isle of Wight and other property, was purchased by Edward I.; and by Edward the Black Prince it was given to the church of Canterbury, to which see it still belongs: Henry VIII., at the suppression of the monastery, having granted it to the dean and chapter. Near the Thames was formerly a large mansion belonging to Sir Thomas Parry, Chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, and held by him of the manor of Kennington. Here the ill-fated Arabella Stuart, whose misfortune it was to be too nearly allied to a Crown, remained prisoner for twelve months, under the custody of Sir Thomas. This house, in Norden's 'Survey' (1615), is called Copt Hall, and is described as being opposite to a capital mansion called Fauxe Hall. The latter, Lysons imagines, was the ancient manor-house mentioned above, which being afterwards pulled down or otherwise lost, the name was transferred to Copt Hall. In the Parliamentary Survey taken after the execution of Charles I., Sir Thomas Parry's house is described as 'a capital messuage called Vauxhall, alias Copped Hall, bounded by the Thames; being a fair dwelling-house, strongly built, of three stories high, and a fair staircase breaking out from it of nineteen feet square.' It was sold in 1652, but reverted to the Crown at the Restoration. After passing through various hands, in 1675 Sir Samuel Morland obtained a lease of Vauxhall House, made it his residence, and considerably improved the premises. This gentleman was a great mechanic, and every part of his house was filled with his works. The side-table in the dining-room was supplied with a large fountain, and the glasses stood under little streams of water. His coach had a moveable kitchen with clock-work machinery, with which he could make soup, broil steaks, or roast a joint of meat. When he travelled he was accordingly his own cook. From this period to that of the visit of Addison and Sir Roger nothing appears to be known concerning Vauxhall, nor again from that time to 1732, when the gardens were in the occupation of Jonathan Tyers, Esq., and were opened by him in a style of novel magnificence. Of this gentleman we shall have more to say. On the re-opening there were about four hundred persons present. The ladies with their long waists, arching hoops, and decorated fans formed but a small proportion of the number: scarce one in ten, we are informed. One hundred soldiers were present to keep good order—a precaution that seems to explain very significantly the character of many of the anticipated visitors. The entertainment given on this occasion, which was announced as a 'Ridotto al Fresco,' was several times repeated, which encouraged the proprietor so much that in a short time he opened the gardens every evening during the proper season. Among Tyers's numerous friends was Hogarth, who had a summer residence at Lambeth, and who, to add to the attractions of the place, advised him to decorate the boxes with paintings. The

suggestion was immediately carried into effect, and at a great expense. Some of the paintings were copies by Hayman of Hogarth's own productions, and which still remain in the gardens. Tyers acknowledged the assistance he had received by a present of a gold medal, which admitted the artist and his friends free."

"Street Views," and "The Monument," are the concluding contributions to the volume, the former of which by the Editor will supply us with a few curious fragments, just as a preceding paper to the title of "Street Noises" by the same writer, might well have done.

In compiling and in the dressing of these picturesque, amusing, and miscellaneous papers, we may remark that much good use has been made of old pictures and drawings. For instance, there is one of Joseph Clark, from Tempest's Collection, which represents the great posture-master, as if one of his legs and thighs had been so broken on the wheel as that his foot might be placed anywhere, and the entire walking limb could be twisted into any shape. The "Philosophical Transactions" have recorded that he had "such an absolute command of all his muscles and joints, that he could dis-joint almost the whole of his body." Mr. Knight adds that "not a deformity which nature or accident had produced in the most miserable of cripples but Joseph Clark could imitate. Ask for a hunch-back, and he straightway had one at command. Require the

' Fair round belly with good capon lin'd,'

and he could produce it without a pillow. He would make his hips invade the place of his back; and it was perfectly easy to him for one leg to advance with the heel foremost, and another with the toes. He imposed upon Molins, a celebrated surgeon, so completely, that he was dismissed as an incurable cripple."

From the collected notices of authors who wrote centuries ago, and from pictorial remains, Mr. Knight has been able to convey a good idea of street sights, and also of their transitions of style and taste. At the Restoration some of the ancient amusements were given back to the people; and that is the point of time which he has selected as a middle stage in his miscellaneous history, making use of Sir William D'Avenant's burlesque poem, entitled "The Long Vacation in London," for the costume and character which distinguished the age of Charles the Second, and when even Fleet Street was chosen for the display of feats. There was then the *joculator* who "was not very inferior in dignity to the minstrel; but in time he became degraded into a *juggler*, and a hocus-pocus." There were rope-dancers, tumblers, and vaulters, who were the juggler's satellites. Mountebanks, too, and Merry Andrews were in repute; morris-dancers having gone out before. Raree-show men figured a hundred and fifty years ago; and dancing-dolls are

certainly a feature in Hogarth's Southwark Fair. But still there appears to be nothing very new under the sun; although, remarks the author of *London Street Views*, bear-baiting, bull-baiting, and even cock-fighting are no more. The people, however, must and will have their sports. Let such, therefore, as are coarse, degrading, and puerile be, through the provisions of a wise and paternal government, exchanged for healthful exercise, the refined entertainment afforded by galleries, museums, and ancient edifices; and then we shall hear of no disgraceful crowding to behold a man leap off the parapets of the bridges into the half frozen river, in order to minister to a morbid appetite, and to die when counterfeiting death.

We have now enabled our country readers to form an idea of the

“ Memorials and the things of fame,  
That do renown this city ;”

and also of the novel work which so pleasantly by pen and pencil records and illustrates the antiquities and wonders of the same. We have done little else than to snatch morsels, and sometimes large pieces, from the publication itself. That the plan and matter of the work are good, its popularity testifies; and although there be still room for a connected history of London, to be drawn from our old chroniclers, from State papers, and municipal and corporation archives, Knight's contributions, with those of his associates, are sure to continue to find favour in the eyes of multitudes.

ART. II.—*An Essay on the Government of Dependencies.* By GEORGE C. LEWIS, Esq. London: Murray.

THE object of this Essay is to explain the distinction between sovereign or dominant governments, and those which are subordinate or dependent: and to mark the relations which subsist between them. This object leads the author to consider the advantages and disadvantages which arise to each from their relative conditions as well as special natures, the practical ends sought to be taught, being the means of avoiding those quarrels, those oppressions and insurrections which have frequently been the forerunners of sanguinary wars, total separation and permanent animosity, to the great detriment of both governments. Mr. Lewis appears to limit the advantages of dependencies to the dominant party, to the being possessed of military posts; while the benefits which the former receive are protection and support. He sees, however, not a few counterbalancing disadvantages. The modes of acquiring a dependency are also made the subject of disquisition; and in another part of the Essay is given an historical sketch of ancient as well as modern dependencies or colonies, which necessarily describes their peculiar features. The plan of the work and the purpose of the writer re-

quire that the nature of a dependency, and of a subordinate government, be clearly defined; the opening inquiry being, What are the powers of a sovereign government?

On the mere general announcement of these branches of investigation, every reflecting and informed mind will perceive that the field selected by Mr. Lewis has great breadth and importance, demanding philosophical treatment, the results of extensive reading for facts and illustrations, and above all, perhaps, such an acquaintance with life and mankind as enables an author to deduce principles which have vitality in them, and that comprise many practical truths. Our author, we think, is chiefly deficient as regards this last-mentioned requisite. He deals most in abstractions when searching for and propounding principles; and his speculations are generally rather cold upon a subject that is abstruse and not naturally very inviting. On the other hand, he is systematic, logical, and perspicuous; never leaving the reader at a loss for his meaning, or the point he aims at; although satisfaction may not be the result; and the mind may have been disappointed on finding nothing better than a truism, a commonplace idea, or a lame conclusion after all.

Unquestionably the subject of this Essay is one of great magnitude, surrounded with difficulties, and requiring much sagacious speculation. It so happens, indeed, that it has never, we believe, been made the subject of distinct and comprehensive investigation; much less have the most powerful and civilized nations reduced to practice a system of enlightened and rational principles, in founding and in governing their dependencies. At the same time, if ever a nation, a dominant power, should have been anxious to arrive at fundamental truths in this great department of inquiry, Great Britain must be that nation. A moment's reflection relative to the number, the extent, and the diversified position as well as circumstances of her colonial possessions will convince any one, that the random, and routine administration of the immense dependencies indicates strange blindness, obdurate prejudices, and gross selfishness. Think again of our commercial necessities. But we need not dwell upon such manifest circumstances; finding it also more agreeable to notice the promise that is springing up of a new day in practice as well as in speculation with regard to our colonial system. Many minds have set to work on this subject; experiments are in the course of being made; and even our anomalous position relative to India, and our past ignorance, neglect, and errors respecting that unrivalled dependency, are points and facts which are beginning to attract serious attention. Mr. Lewis's volume will help on with the speculations referred to, and will awaken anxieties. What is more, he has developed new principles in some instances, and still more frequently, we think, has he been successful in bringing together many facts and ideas that were previously acknowledged,



but so scattered and uncombined as to have no aggregate weight; which when collected and united are seen to be founded upon, and to be illustrative of, acknowledged principles and current truths.

It is not to be expected that our author will always be happy in his suggestions, or that his plans are practicable; although he appears to us to have his mind imbued with sound principles in the science of political economy, and with an enlarged and generous conception of the great doctrines which should regulate the conduct of a sovereign power towards its dependencies. For example, he propounds this merely feasible and artificial scheme to the consideration of the English Government,—“whether it might try the system of granting the land, (in future colonizations), not in perpetuity, but only for a term of years; upon the understanding that, at the expiration of the term, the land would be granted again, for a similar term, at the market-price. The rents of the lands thus granted might in time afford a revenue which would enable the local government to defray its expenses without resorting to taxation direct or indirect; and as the experiment would be tried in a country in which the land had not been appropriated, it would not disturb existing rights and interests.” Now, without here inquiring whether the results anticipated by Mr. Lewis, with regard to rent and revenue, would occur, upon the supposition that the colony would be adequately supplied with settlers, this preliminary requisite to a certainty would be wanting,—there would be few or no settlers at all upon these terms. A freehold is the grand thing looked to, with all its anticipated and associated independence, eminence, and honours. But the scheme of our author would throw a complete damper upon all such fondly cherished hopes,—those truly British fancies which have hitherto been the incentives to unparalleled enterprize, patient endurance, and often large rewards to the offspring of the struggling emigrant.

We agree also with a contemporary journal that our author's suggestions with regard to the mode and course of legislating for our colonies do not promise much improvement. The alteration, indeed, appears to lie more in the words that may be put upon paper, than in any essential or workable reality. We shall take for our first extract the passage in which the suggestion alluded to occurs, and then add a few other specimens that will recommend Mr. Lewis's volume even to the general reader.

“The rule which prevents the English Crown from legislating for a dependency in which the form of the local subordinate government is popular, does not lead to inconvenient consequences, provided that the dependency be allowed to manage its own internal affairs and to enjoy a virtual independence. But the application of this rule to dependencies to which England does not intend to allow a virtual independence is inconvenient, since it is impossible for Parliament to legislate frequently for a single dependency; and therefore, when a necessity arises for the legislative

interposition of the dominant country, it is likely that the interposition will come at too late a period, or will be made otherwise under unfavourable circumstances. Accordingly, in a dependency belonging to the latter class, it seems expedient that the House of Assembly should be considered mainly as a check upon the legislative powers of the Governor and his Council; and that the Crown should possess a power of legislating for such a dependency in the same manner as it legislates for a Crown colony.

“The following reasons may be alleged in support of this conclusion. If England is to legislate at all respecting the internal affairs of any of its dependencies, the possession of this power by the Crown would, in general, enable it to legislate under the most favourable circumstances. Since the Crown would act upon the advice of the department peculiarly charged with the affairs of the dependency to which the law would relate, its interposition would probably be made at a sufficiently early time to prevent the various evils arising from delay. The persons so advising the Crown would be exempt from local interests and passions, and would probably not be influenced materially by any political party in the dependency. They would, moreover, be directly responsible to Parliament for the advice so given by them, and their responsibility might be increased if every Order in Council, or other legislative act issued by the Crown to a dependency, were presented to Parliament, together with a written statement of the purpose and grounds of the measure.

“The concession of a power of this kind to the Crown would not diminish the legislative power of Parliament over the dependencies. The Crown would act by powers expressly delegated to it by Parliament. Now, when a supreme legislature delegates a power of subordinate legislation respecting a certain subject, it does not diminish its own power of legislating respecting that subject. An Order in Council affecting a dependency might be repealed or modified by Parliament as soon as it was issued, and no provision of an Order in Council would be valid which was inconsistent with an act of Parliament.

“It may be objected to legislation for a dependency by Orders in Council, that they are advised by persons who are not the chosen representatives of the people of the dependency, and over whom the latter exercise no direct influence. But this objection equally applies to legislation for a dependency by Parliament, since the people of a dependency are not directly represented in Parliament; and it, in fact, involves a claim inconsistent with a state of dependence.

“It may be remarked, that the Secretary of State for the Colonial Department and his official assistants know more about the condition and interests of the British dependencies than Parliament or the public, inasmuch as their attention is more exclusively directed to the subject. It is likewise probable that they will care more for the interests of the dependencies committed to their charge, on account of their being under a responsibility to public opinion, by which Parliament is not affected in an equal degree, and from which the public at large is nearly exempt.”

Many of the remarks of Mr. Lewis embrace not merely some broad principle and generous sentiment worthy of the appreciation

of an entire people at any time, but which possess a peculiar weight and significance at the present particular juncture in the history of colonization, on the part especially of Great Britain, and when so much speculation is floating in the public mind with regard to the best plans to be pursued both in respect of new and of old settlements. The following is a specimen of a general, but a fine view :—

“ A nation derives no true glory from any possession which produces no assignable advantage to itself or to other communities. If a country possesses a dependency from which it derives no public revenue, no military or naval strength, and no commercial advantages or facilities for emigration which it would not equally enjoy though the dependency were independent, and if, moreover, the dependency suffers the evils which are the almost inevitable consequences of its political condition, such a possession cannot justly be called glorious.”

Here is a passage that contains still more pointed ideas to the times in which we live, and strikingly pertinent suggestions :—

“ The expectation that civilized nations may become, in no long time, sufficiently enlightened to understand the advantages of free trade is not visionary. Even at present a progress towards a less restrictive system of commerce is visible over the whole civilized world. Protecting duties between different parts of a country immediately subject to the same government are now generally abandoned. Yet Turgot's measure for permitting a free trade in grain between the different provinces of France caused an insurrection in 1775 ; the corn trade between Ireland and England was first opened by Lord Granville's administration in 1806 ; and the remaining protecting duties between the same two countries were not removed till 1823. The principle of a free commercial intercourse has been extended by the Prussian league to a certain number of neighbouring independent states. And although every nation still asserts the expediency of duties intended for the *protection* (as it is falsely styled) of native industry and commerce, and not for the levying of a revenue for the government, yet they all show a disposition to diminish the number and rigour of the prohibitions and restrictions by which this so-called protection is afforded. Thus slow and painful are the advances of human reason, made, as it were, by groping in the dark, and retarded at every step by the opposition of short-sighted interest, the listlessness of routine, and the want of confidence in theoretical truths. If, however, the governments of civilized nations could once acquire so much reliance on the moderation and enlightenment of the governments of other civilized nations as to expect that the latter would allow an unrestricted trade with their own subjects, the motive for the acquisition and possession of dependencies, which is founded on the assumed folly of all governments respecting commercial intercourse, would no longer exist.”

According to this view even European governments and nations are so lamentably ignorant to this day of some of the most important principles of political economy, as to be blind to their own im-

mediate and best interests. But may we not hope that the expectations cherished by our author, relative to the appreciation of the advantages of free trade, may be realized at an early date by England? Why should she not lead the way, and earn the first honours? Is she not in a condition to amend her commercial policy? Is she too much impoverished to undertake the task of remodelling her system? Are class interests still so strong as to resist the necessities of the many? We shall lean to the hope that there are retrievers in the state.

There is a chapter in the *Essay* on the means by which a dependency may cease to exist, an event which hitherto has unhappily been witnessed only in the case of successful revolt and violent insurrection; unless, indeed, there may be found instances of extermination or complete captivity by the dominant power. Mr. Lewis, however, philanthropically contemplates another alternative, and cases where governments will discover their true interests and the welfare of mankind to depend upon a voluntary separation and a peaceable surrender. He thus urges the propriety of preparation for independence, and speculates about the issue:—

“It is conceivable that, in a given case, the dominant country might perceive that it derives no benefit from the possession of a dependency, and that the dependency is able and willing to form an independent state; and that, consequently, a dominant country might abandon its authority over a dependency for want of a sufficient inducement to retain it. A dominant country might, for example, see that the dependency contributes nothing to its military defence, or to the expenses of the supreme government; that it adds nothing, as a dependency, to the productive resources or commercial facilities of the dominant country; that it is a constant source of expense to the supreme government, is likely to engender many economical evils, and may even involve the dominant country in war on its account. It might, moreover, perceive that the dependency is sufficiently populous and wealthy to form an independent state, and that the people of the dependency desire independence.

“If a dominant country understood the true nature of the advantages arising from the relation of supremacy and dependence to the related communities, it would voluntarily recognise the legal independence of such of its own dependencies as were fit for independence; it would, by its political arrangements, study to prepare for independence those which were still unable to stand alone; and it would seek to promote colonization for the purpose of extending its trade rather than its empire, and without attempting to maintain the dependence of its colonies beyond the time when they need its protection.

“The practical difficulties and inconveniences inherent in the government of dependencies, which have been stated in preceding chapters, are necessary or natural consequences of the relation of supremacy and dependence, and of the imperfect though necessary expedient of a subordinate government. Now if a dependency is considered as in training for ultimate

independence, the difficulties naturally incident to its government, if they do not vanish, are nevertheless greatly reduced. If a dependency were so considered, the free and forcible action of its local institutions would be encouraged as an unmixed good—not discouraged as a source of strife with the dominant country, and of vain resistance to its power; and all precautions on the part of the supreme government for the purpose of preventing the people of the dependency from regarding their subordinate government as virtually supreme, would be needless. If a dependency be distant, if its territory be large and its population numerous, and if the powers of its local subordinate government reside to a considerable extent in a body chosen by the inhabitants, it is difficult for the dominant country to prevent it from forming habits and opinions which are scarcely consistent with its virtual dependence. But if such a dependency be regarded as in training for independence, the local popular institutions leading to and implying self-government may be allowed to have free play, and the interferences of the dominant country with the political affairs of the country may cease almost insensibly.

“Admitting the impossibility of the prevailing opinions concerning the advantages of extensive empire being so far modified as to permit a dominant country to take such a view of its political relations with its dependencies as that now indicated, it is proved by the example of England, that the dominant country may concede virtual independence to a dependency, by establishing in it a system of popular self-government, and by abstaining almost constantly from any interference with its internal affairs.”

We shall take our last, longest, and at this moment, the most practically pressing extract to be found in the chapter on the means by which a dependency may cease to exist. Ireland is the theme, and the demand by the repealer that she should occupy the same relation to Great Britain as she did before the Union, the case supposed.

“Ireland was both legally and in fact a dependency of England or Great Britain until the year 1782. In that year the Parliament of Great Britain surrendered its supremacy over Ireland; but the King of Great Britain continued to be, as such, King of Ireland. The change which took place at this time in the political relation to Great Britain and Ireland was, therefore, of the following nature. Before the year 1782, the King of Great Britain was, as a constituent part of the Parliament of Great Britain, a member of the sovereign government of Ireland. Before the same year the King of Great Britain was, as such, likewise King of Ireland; and as King of Ireland, he was a constituent part, together with the Irish houses of parliament, of the subordinate government of Ireland. Before this year, therefore, the political relations between Great Britain and Ireland closely resembled those between Great Britain and a British dependency whose subordinate government consists of the Crown, with a legislative council appointed by the Crown, and a house of assembly elected by the inhabitants; with this difference, however, that a dependency of this sort is not



considered a separate kingdom, annexed to the British Crown. But after the year 1782, the body which was sovereign in Great Britain ceased to be sovereign in Ireland; the sovereign government of Ireland consisted of the Crown, with the Irish houses of parliament; and the only political connexion between the two countries was, that the King of Great Britain was also King of Ireland, the rules of succession to the two crowns being, moreover, so long as they both might remain unaltered, identical. The political relation between Great Britain and Ireland during the eighteen years following 1782 was similar to the political relation between Hanover and the United Kingdom during the reign of William IV; with this exception, that the rules of succession to the two crowns were identical in the case of Great Britain and Ireland, and not identical in the case of the United Kingdom and Hanover.

“But although Ireland ceased in 1782 to be legally and in form, it did not then cease to be, virtually and in fact, dependent upon Great Britain. The great body of the Irish people continued to be excluded from all effective participation in the exercise of political rights; the country was managed by a native party devoted to the English interest and to the maintenance of the connexion with England; and, consequently, the government was substantially, though covertly, directed by English influence. Although the form of the Irish government was completely altered, in regard to its relation with England, by the events of 1782, the extent of the indirect influence of England over it had not, before the Union, been materially affected by that change.

“Now it may be assumed that the advocates of a repeal of the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland do not wish to place Ireland in the same legal relation to Great Britain as that in which it stood prior to 1782, and to make it a dependency of Great Britain. Their desire doubtless is, that the legal relation of Great Britain and Ireland should be restored to the state in which it was at the time of the Union.

“But although the legal relation which subsisted between Great Britain and Ireland at the time of the Union might be restored, the general political relations subsisting between the two countries would necessarily be very different. The internal changes which have taken place in Ireland since 1800 have rendered it impossible that the bulk of the people should be excluded from the effective exercise of all political rights, and that the country should be governed by a merely English party. The Irish House of Commons would, if the Act of Union were repealed, be elected by constituencies not less popular than those by which the Irish members of the House of Commons of the United Kingdom are elected. An Irish House of Commons, so elected, could not fail to obtain the chief influence in the government of the country, and would, therefore, render Ireland, for some time at least, both legally and virtually an independent state. The power of the Crown would, under these circumstances, be insufficient to render Ireland virtually dependent on Great Britain, or even to procure to Great Britain any sensible influence upon the proceedings of the Irish Parliament.

“The natural relations of Ireland and Great Britain would, however, eventually secure to the government of the latter a considerable influence over that of the former island. The close proximity of their coasts, the



identity of their languages, their close commercial relations, the ownership of land in Ireland by Englishmen, together with the superior wealth, power, and general importance of Great Britain, must ultimately lead to this result. The inconveniences which Ireland would suffer from becoming an independent state (such as the increased taxation necessary for maintaining a separate army and navy, and a separate body of representatives with foreign powers, and the loss of the free commercial intercourse with Great Britain and her dependencies) would conspire with many other causes to render a large body of the Irish people dissatisfied with their government. It may, therefore, be reasonably doubted whether, if the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland were repealed, and the government of Ireland were restored to the state in which it existed immediately before the Union, Ireland would long remain a virtually independent state."

We may take this opportunity of offering a few observations connected with colonial policy, a department that has been hitherto considered embarrassing, the welfare both of the dependencies and the mother country having been often sacrificed to class interests, and on other occasions imposed restrictions having been dictated in ignorance of political principles. The present conjuncture from its causes and from the shadows which the future appears to cast before it, ought to impart to us invaluable lessons. The few general ideas which we shall throw out will have a reference chiefly to the East and the West Indies.

The Minister or rather the Foreign Office has in times past, say particularly from the close of our war with Napoleon, been obliged or tempted to neglect or postpone the consideration and discussion of the grand commercial interests of the country, in order to conciliate, or not to come into collision with some powerful class. For example, we have seen it lately in print that when Lord Castlereagh in ceding in 1814 the valuable settlement of Banca, off the coast of Sumatra, to the Dutch, a settlement extremely valuable on account of its tin mines, he gave as the reason of the apparently generous transfer this answer: "Say not a word about our generosity. Do you not know, that if I had kept Banca, I should have had all the miners of Cornwall upon my back in the next session of Parliament?"

Had his Lordship, however, at the time boldly taken his ground,—the ground that would have invited competition, and shown strong hostility to restrictions and monopoly; at a period too when England had attained a proud pre-eminence among European powers and throughout the world,—it is probable that by this our day we might have had not only the prime benefits which ought to be reaped from the working of the mines in Cornwall and Banca, and also from the growth of the cane in Hindostan as well as in the West Indies, but that Free Trade might have been in healthful operation, and that much of the sufferings now felt at home, as well

as of the injustice to magnificent dependencies experienced far distant from us, might have been avoided.

We believe it to be generally admitted that the attempt to secure a monopoly of colonial produce to the West Indies has not only grievously failed with respect to capitalists who have embarked capital in the culture of these settlements, but has imposed heavy burdens and losses upon the imperial state, while it has had the effect of robbing Hindostan and the East of much that was their due. But the day has come when Britain is no longer ignorant of the vast variety of riches and immense capabilities of the East, for almost every purpose which agriculture, manufactures and commerce can demand. Surely therefore it is time that there should be a thorough revision of our system, both as between Great Britain and the settlements whether East or West, and between these settlements themselves.

We have spoken of the necessity for inviting competition. Every facility and opportunity should be given for the exercise of this salutary spring of human action and enterprise, especially in the employment of capital and human intelligence in commercial affairs. We hold that our colonists have no cause to fear the progress and exertions of foreigners in this respect, provided the intelligence and enterprise of the former be not subjected to exactions and restrictions, which deny them a natural and fair reward, which denial would amount to oppression; the certain fate of the oppressor, sooner or later, being the diminution of the necessary returns for the consumption of the governmental spoils, and sad disaster in all the social relations of life, and to the derangement of honest industry. If then our colonists ought not to fear foreign competition if they are fairly dealt with; if they ought not to have their hands tied up by unreasonable prohibitions in their desire and capacity to trade with foreigners; surely it must be absurd and exceedingly prejudicial both to such a dominant power, for example, as England, and also to her dependencies, when very unequal positions and relations are held by these parties towards one another severally, and amongst themselves.

As between the East and West Indies, and towards the mother-country, the present seems to demand a pause in our past system, and for a remodelling of it. A grand experiment has been made in the latter settlements, the issue of which to our trade and the islands in question, is not clearly foreseen, and, may be lamentable, especially when the uncertainty of productions in these islands is matter of notoriety. At the same time that doubt and darkness brood over them, even after all that has been expended in the way of money and protection by the mother-country, speculation has set in towards the East, and unless sedulously guarded against, restrictions may be demanded and granted in the old fashion for the mono-

polizing protection of rival interests with those of the West Indian planters.

Is the present time, then, not peculiarly fitting for a thorough revision and liberal adjustment of our colonial policy? The great powers of Europe are at this moment manifesting an onward march in commercial enlightenment; and offer us facilities and inducements to reconsider our relations with them as well as with our dependencies. May therefore neither jealousies at home nor abroad mar the light that is setting in, or thwart the capacities of the sons and descendants of Britons! and then we shall have ample evidence that not only the science of international and colonial policy has been made a theme of general study, but that the nations practically feel that all of them belong to one family, and that all real and permanent benefits to mankind are reciprocal and salutarily generative; although after long perversion and the possession of vested and class interests, it will require great care, delicacy, and mutual forbearance at first, to effect the necessary changes.

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III.—*Memorials of the Order of the Garter.* By G. F. BELTZ, K. H.  
Lancaster Herald. Ridgway.

THESE Memorials extend from the foundation of the Order to the present time, and contain also "Biographical Notices of the Knights in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II." This renowned institution has repeatedly engaged the pens of antiquaries and members of the College of Arms, the celebrated Selden being of the number of these writers. It appears, however, that for a long series of years no new work has been published on the subject; so that to persons particularly interested in the history of our ancient foundations, in the pomp and pageantries of chivalric times, or who wish to catch side-lights of manners and feelings at periods in the national annals, that have from infancy enlisted the romantic and boastful fancy of every Englishman, Mr. Beltz's volume will be a treat. It is indeed a production that contains ample proofs of learning, patient research, and a love for its subject. The biographical notices alone entitle the book to distinction in the range of history, and beyond the study of the merely curious in *black letter* lore, or the piers into the fortunes of heraldry and the antiquities of knighthood.

Many of our readers, however, may not experience much concern about one point, at least, which has occupied much of the attention of our author and other inquirers who are distinguished on account of similar partialities and habits of study. We allude to the extreme anxiety which such persons have evinced to ascertain the precise date of the foundation of the Order of the Garter, there being a

variation of three or four years in the calculations; these years ranging from 1344 to 1348, or thereabouts. Room is left for conjectures relative to this question, there being no known record in existence in our national muniments to set the matter at rest. The annals of the Order, we are told, previous to the fourth year of Henry V., are lost, while the writers who at a remote period pretended to solve the historical problem, and who are chiefly of the age of Henry VIII., are said to be entitled to slender credit. Froissart's story, however, although shown to be incorrect in some particulars, is adopted by Mr. Beltz as to the exact date of the foundation, viz. St. George's day, 1344. The following is the enthusiastic chronicler's account, he being a boy at the precise period stated:—

“At this time Edward king of England resolved to rebuild the great castle of Windsor, formerly built and founded by King Arthur, and where was first set up and established the noble Round Table, from whence so many valiant men and knights had issued forth to perform feats of arms and prowess throughout the world. And the said king created an Order of Knights, to consist of himself, his children, and the bravest of his land. They were to be in number *forty*, and to be called Knights of the blue Garter; their feast to be kept and solemnised at Windsor annually on St. George's day. And, in order to institute this festival, the king of England assembled earls, barons, and knights from his whole realm, and signified to them his purpose and great desire to found the same. In this they joyfully concurred; for it appeared to them to be an honourable undertaking, and calculated to nourish affection amongst them. Then were elected *forty* Knights known and celebrated as the bravest of all the rest; and they bound themselves to the King, under their seals, by oath and fealty, to keep the feast, and obey the ordinances which should be agreed upon and devised. And the King caused a chapel of St. George to be built and founded within the castle of Windsor; established canons therein for the service of God; and provided and endowed them with a good and liberal revenue. And, in order that the said feast might be promulgated in all countries, the King of England sent his heralds to publish and proclaim the same in France, Scotland, Burgundy, Hainault, Flanders, Brabant, and the German empire; granting to all Knights and Esquires, who should be willing to come, safe conduct until fifteen days after the feast. And there was to be held at this feast a jousting by *forty* Knights, within the lists, against all comers, and also by *forty* Esquires. And this feast was to be celebrated on ST. GEORGE'S DAY next coming, which would be in the year of grace ONE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR, at Windsor Castle. And the queen of England, accompanied by three hundred ladies and damsels, all noble and gentlewomen, and uniformly apparelled, were to be present.”

Having stated that St. George's day drew near when the great feast was to be celebrated in Windsor Castle, it is added:—

“The King made there great preparations; and there were present the

earls, barons, knights, ladies, and damsels of the Kingdom of England. The festivities were on a grand and noble scale, with much feasting and tourneying for fifteen days. Many Knights from Flanders, Hainault, and Brabant, crossed the sea, in order to be present on the occasion ; but from France there came none."

A much more interesting subject of inquiry relative to the Order of the Garter than that of the date of its foundation, is to ascertain its origin and the reasons for selecting its well known title, ensign, and motto. Excepting conjectures, it appears however that nothing can be added to what has long been the popular and romantic story concerning these matters. We quote Mr. Beltz's recapitulation of it:—

"Of the principle which governed the nomination of the first knights-companions, we know as little as of the form in which the election was conducted. The fame of Sir Reginald Cobham, Sir Walter Manny, the Earls of Northampton, Hereford, and Suffolk, had been established by their exploits, long before the institution of the Order ; and would have amply justified their admission amongst the Founders, if military merit had been the sole qualification. Those distinguished captains of the age were elected subsequently upon vacancies created by the deaths of persons of less apparent pretensions. Is it, therefore, an improbable conjecture (more especially considering the youth of several of the primary knights, and the small celebrity of others), that the distinction was, in the first instance, bestowed upon those who had excelled at the jousts which shortly preceded the foundation ? Whether, at some ball, pending the festivities with which the evenings after those chivalrous exercises were concluded, the incident related by Polydor Vergil, and which is said to have given occasion for the adoption of THE GARTER as the name and the symbol of the Order actually occurred, is at this day not capable of proof. That author was, as far as we have discovered, the first who asserted (possibly upon a vague hint of Belvaleti, that the foundation had been in honour of the female sex), that the garter of the queen, or of some lady of the court, falling off casually whilst she danced, the monarch had taken it from the ground, and, observing the smiles of the courtiers at what might have been considered an act of gallantry, had exclaimed '*HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE ;*' adding, that the garter should soon be held in such high estimation, that they would account themselves happy if permitted to wear it. The object of the king's attention on this occasion has been imagined by Speed, Baker, and Camden, (upon the sole authority, as it would seem, of Polydor Vergil,) to have been a Countess of Salisbury ; and the learned Selden, following in the same dubious track, conjectured that the lady was Joan Plantagenet, the fair maid of Kent, whom he designates '*Countess of Kent and Salisbury,*' without adverting to the facts, that she did not succeed to the former of those earldoms until after the death of her brother, John Earl of Kent, 1351, and that she never had any legal interest in the latter. The supposed connexion of a Countess of Salisbury with the institution of the Order, had undoubtedly its foundation in Froissart's romantic episode of the passion conceived by King Edward

for the wife of William Montacute Earl of Salisbury. The lively chronicler, who deemed the fame of a knight without amours to be far from complete, appears to have credited with avidity any rumour, which may have been in circulation, of the attachment of the monarch for the lady in question. Its probability has been denied chiefly upon the ground of her advanced age at the time when Edward is stated to have declared himself her admirer. A consideration, however, of the dates may go far to remove such an impression; and, although Froissart has as usual mistaken names and localities, he is borne out by evidence in regard to parts of his narrative."

The following are some of the versions and supposed circumstances concerning the origin of the Order, and the choice of its remarkable badge:—

"In the preface to '*Liber Niger*,' compiled in the reign of Henry VIII., the following event is presumed to have been in the recollection of the royal Founder when he selected a garter for the symbol of his Order:—It is there alleged (but upon what ancient authority, if any, the researches of Selden had not discovered) that King Richard I., whilst his forces were employed against Cyprus and Acre, had, through the mediation, as he imagined, of St. George, been inspired with fresh courage and the means of animating his fatigued soldiery, by the device to tie about the legs of a chosen number of knights *a leathern thong or garter*; in order that, being thereby reminded of the honour of their enterprise, they might be encouraged to new efforts for victory. To this supposed occurrence the adoption of the Garter, as the ensign of the Order, was ascribed by John Taylor, Master of the Rolls, in his address to Francis I., King of France, at his investiture with the ensigns in 1527; which affords additional proof, if any were wanting, of the uncertainty prevalent at that period on the subject. Edward is, by other authors, presumed to have adopted this idea of his predecessor, by giving his own garter for the signal of a battle in which he proved victorious; and to have fixed on a garter as the symbol of the Order in memory of the victory. Du Chesne supposes the battle in question to have been that of Cressy; but without any authority for the conjecture. Amidst such various speculations, and in the absence of positive evidence upon the point, we shall adopt an opinion which has been formed by other writers, that the Garter may have been intended as an emblem of the *tie* or *union* of warlike qualities to be employed in the assertion of the Founder's claim to the French crown; and the motto as a retort of shame and defiance upon him who should think ill of the enterprise, or of those whom the King had chosen to be the instruments of its accomplishment. The taste of that age for allegorical conceits, impresses, and devices, may reasonably warrant such a conclusion."

Hence it will be seen that the ample room left for conjecture relative to the cause and history of the institution, its motto and badge, has been occupied fully and curiously enough. For our part we should be unwilling to disturb the popular belief on the subject, seeing that it supposes manners characteristic of the fourteenth



century, and satisfactory to the romantic notions of all succeeding ages.

We shall now only copy out a version of Sir John Falstaff's behaviour at Patay, being one of the documents which enrich and illustrate our author's summary history of the Order of the Garter:—

“The stain which, from his asserted flight at the battle of Patay in 1429, attached to the otherwise unblemished military reputation of Sir John Fastolf, was deep in proportion to the height of his previous renown: It has never been doubted that Shakspeare had in recollection the exaggerated reports, both written and traditionary, of this incident, when, with a slight variation of the name of the gallant knight, he attributed cowardice as a prominent vice to one of the most ably-drawn and consistent characters of his drama. A contemporary historian has, however, placed the conduct of our knight of the Garter, on the occasion in question, in a point of view less unfavourable to his memory: Jean Waurin, seign. de Forester, who, having been directed by the regent duke of Bedford to join the retinue of Fastolf, and who served near his person in the battle, may be considered as an unexceptionable witness of the demeanour of his illustrious principal on that memorable day. In his circumstantial history of the eventful period, he relates that the English being besieged in Beaugency, Talbot found means to enter the town with 40 lances and 200 archers; and, having alighted at his hotel, Sir John Fastolf, with Sir Thomas Rempston and others, went to welcome him. After dinner they held a council of war, at which Fastolf, whom he describes as a most valiant and wise knight, expressed his opinion that, considering the present strength of the enemy, and the depressed state of the English from the losses sustained before Orleans, Gergeaux, and other places, they should allow the inhabitants of Beaugency to make the best terms they could with the French, and that the troops of the regent should await the reinforcement which he had promised to send, before they courted another conflict. This advice was not agreeable to his auditors, and especially to Talbot, who declared that, should even his numbers be limited to his own personal retinue, he was determined to make a sally from the gates, and rely upon the succour of God and St. George for the result. Fastolf again reminded the council that, if fortune should prove adverse, all the French conquests, achieved with so much labour by the late king, would infallibly be placed in extreme jeopardy; but, finding his remonstrances unheeded, he prepared for the conflict, and ordered the army to march out of the town, and to take the direct road to the neighbouring town of Meun. The French, composed of about 6,000 men, under the command of the Maid of Orleans, the duke of Alençon, the bastard of Orleans, the marshal de la Fayette, La Hire, Pothon, and other captains, observing the approach of the English, formed, in order of battle, upon a small eminence. The English having also disposed themselves in battle array, sent two heralds to challenge the enemy to descend from their position; but were answered that, it being late, they might take their rest until the morrow. Whereupon the English proceeded to Meun for the night, and the French entered Beaugency. In the morning battle was joined on the field of Patay; the English were overpowered by numbers, and fled;

and Fastolf, in the hearing of Waurin, the relator, was urged to save himself as the day was entirely lost. He, however, desired at all hazards to renew the conflict, declaring his resolution to abide the issue in whatever manner it might please God to order it, saying, that he preferred death or capture to a disgraceful flight and the abandonment of his remaining retinue. But having ascertained that Talbot was a prisoner and all his people slain, and that 2,000 of the English had fallen and 200 been made prisoners, he took the road towards Estampes, and Waurin adds '*et moy je le suivis.*' On the day following the battle, continues the historian, news reached the Duke of Bedford at Paris of the defeat of his army, the capture of Talbot, and the flight of Fastolf, who was arrived at Corbeil. From thence, in a few days, he repaired to the regent at Paris, by whom he was sharply reprimanded and deprived of the Order of the Garter which he wore. The Duke having, however, afterwards received a report of the remonstrances made by our Knight to his companions in the council, and other reasonable and approved excuses, the Garter was, '*par sentence de proces,*' restored to him; upon which account much dispute arose between him and the Lord Talbot, after the release of the latter from prison.—*Chron. d'Angleterre, par Waurin, MS. No. 6,748, in the royal library at Paris, vol. v. chap. XII.—XIV.*"

Mr. Beltz gives a very full list of Knights and Ladies who have been members of the Order; the latter sex, however, have long ceased to grace the Society. But the number of the Knights has been increased twice; first in 1768, and again in 1805. We think it only necessary to mention further, that Queen Anne wore the George pendant from a riband about the neck, the Garter on her left arm, and the star upon her breast. Queen Victoria wears the riband as the Knights do, over the left shoulder.

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ART. IV.—*A Comprehensive History of the Iron Trade throughout the World.* By SCRIVENOR, Blaenavon. London: Smith and Elder.

MR. Scrivenor's History of the Iron Trade commences with the earliest records, that is, with the Bible, and comes down to the present period. Accordingly, we have from him such particulars as are known of the ancient nations as regards the use of this metal, and their manner of producing it. After this, he gives us a history of the mining of the ore, and the manufacturing of the article, in Britain, down to 1830; this country unquestionably deserving pre-eminent notice relative to this trade, just as it does in respect of that where cotton is the staple. Then comes an account of the iron trade, as it has been developed in other countries in modern times,—in France, Spain, Sweden, Russia, America, &c.,—the sketch extending to Asia as well as Europe. The British trade again, as is its due, concludes the history; the period by far the most remarkable

in its progress at home or abroad, being that which has elapsed with us since 1830. An Appendix contains Tables, Public Documents, and a variety of statistical facts bearing upon the subject.

The design of the work is systematic as well as comprehensive. But the execution is not equal to the design, or to the scope of the subject. That scope, we think, would lead most readers to expect many particulars concerning the purposes to which iron is subjected, as well as accounts of the various methods of mining and of smelting which have been in use. Yet Mr. Scrivenor almost exclusively confines himself to the latter branch of the subject, if we except what he has to communicate about the amounts of produce, and the sort of wholesale demand for it in certain departments. Even his descriptions and his facts, where he has to deal with the actual, often appear to us to want the completeness, the point, and the species of enthusiasm or eloquence which a familiar and living knowledge, especially when that knowledge is combined with practical and professional interest, frequently lend to books, although they have merely to treat of what is mechanical. Reading with the view of connecting and condensing what has been told by many competent authorities, and what may have to be sought for in scattered fragments, seldom enables a writer to produce a well-digested and well-balanced work. The parts, at least, are likely to be out of proportion, and some of those essential to the subject are probably altogether overlooked; while the style in which the whole is communicated will want vitality and verisimilitude. Even casual personal observation will not make up the deficiency; nor isolated inquiries, however earnest.

Mr. Scrivenor's Comprehensive History, it is probable, will suggest some such remarks as we have now offered. Still, it is impossible, with any show of justice, to refuse to him the credit due to sedulous reading preparatory to his performance, and to an anxiety to acquit himself in a manner that will be useful as well as agreeable and interesting. Were it nothing but the manifest modesty of our author, his work would merit notice. But when it is understood that the book contains and combines more on its subject than is to be met with in any other, and many facts not readily accessible, it will be held to be worthy of general acceptance. The popular, as well as the scientific and professional reader, or the statist and the economist, will consult it with advantage, and with an expanding conception of the natural riches of England—of the skill, the enterprize, and the might of the people of this country.

The uninformed reader, or even he who thinks of what is enormously great in the aggregate, who has never traced the growth of that greatness, and never viewed in detail its various parts, will be utterly astounded with the particulars which Mr. Scrivenor communicates.

From many points of view the iron trade looks amazing, and drives the mind to admiring contemplation. If one considers that nature never completes its formation, while "gold, silver, and copper are found in their perfect state in the clefts of rocks, in the sides of mountains, or the channels of rivers," the peculiarity of the character of iron will in some measure be appreciated. Gold, silver, and copper, owing to their being already prepared in nature's furnaces and by nature's transmutations, were the metals first known and first applied to use; "but iron, the most serviceable of all, and to which man is most indebted, is never discovered in its perfect form; its gross and stubborn ore must twice feel the force of fire, and go through two laborious processes, before it becomes fit for use." And even the produce is only pig-iron, another series of nice processes being requisite before it has been converted into bar-iron. If we confine our reflections to the serviceableness of this metal, it will soon be perceived that it is so essential to the welfare of man that without it even his civilization could not be developed to any admirable extent; and that his comforts and occupations would then alone depend upon what the animal creation furnished, or such rude implements as could be made out of wood, stones, bones, or the softer metals. Even then what sort of implements would these be, if not subjected to the agency of iron tools, and rendered sufficiently available by means of the appliances of the same smelted metal?

If we come to Britain, the great iron furnace, and the most wonderful iron shop in the world, we shall find cause for unbounded admiration, and feel that our triumphs are not yet completed, or at their highest figure. Who in imagination can set limits to future achievements in this single department? and who can foretell what other changes and enlargements will accompany improvements in the production of iron? The fact is, that these improvements are stimulants to advancement in every line of life, be it that of agriculture, merchandize, or manufactures. Behold our implements of husbandry as compared with what they were fifty years ago! Think of our machinery in every trade! Reflect but for a moment on our steamers, whether by land or water; and then will arise trains of thought which must not only lead to some adequate conceptions of the importance of iron, but to feel that the subject is transcendent.

Look at our iron trade as it has advanced recently. In 1740 the amount of this precious article, as manufactured in England and Wales, was 17,350 tons. In 1788 the quantity was 61,300 tons. By 1796, and including Scotland, it had risen to 125,075. The rate advances with accelerated and ever accelerating speed. In 1806 the total produce was 268,206 tons. About twenty years afterwards it was 581,367 tons; and in 1828 it had reached 703,184.

But the next stride exceeds everything, not merely as regards quantity, but ratio; for in 1839 it had arisen to the enormous amount of 1,347,790 tons! Compare this with the produce one century earlier; and then say what may be the increase of produce during the next hundred, or even the next ten years.

We again shift our ground in order to obtain some glimpses of the successive operations by which the stubborn ore is transmuted into iron. What is called *roasting* first takes place,—the process by which the gross ore is cleared of much of the foreign matter and several of the qualities of its native state, such as moisture and various intractable things, so that it comes to a condition to be pulverized. The next grand process is to *smelt* the pulverised ore; that is, by extreme heat to bring it to a state of fusion; when, by a variety or a detail of operations, the metal sinks and the scoria floats; after which the separation by discharges and flowings off is obtained, and pig-iron is the result. But before “bars” can be produced, a third series of operations is had recourse to, in order to refine the “pigs,” and which are thus described:—

“For this purpose a furnace is made use of resembling a smith’s hearth, with a sloping cavity sunk from ten to twelve inches below the level of the blasting pipe. This cavity is filled with charcoal and scoria; and on the side opposite to the blast-pipe is laid a pig of cast-iron, well covered with hot fuel. The blast is then let in, and the pig of iron being placed in the very focus of the heat, soon begins to melt, and as it liquifies runs down into the cavity below; here, being out of the direct influence of the blast, it becomes solid, and is then taken out and replaced in its former position, the cavity being then filled with charcoal; it is thus fused a second time, and after that a third time; the whole of these three processes being usually effected in between three and four hours. As soon as the iron has become solid, it is taken out and very slightly hammered, to free it from the adhering scoria; it is then returned to the furnace, and placed in a corner out of the way of the blast, and well covered with charcoal; where it remains till, by further gradual cooling, it becomes sufficiently compact to bear the tilt-hammer. Here it is well beaten till the scoria are forced out; and it is then divided into several pieces, which by a repetition of heating and hammering are drawn into bars, and in this state is ready for sale. The proportion of pig-iron obtained from a given quantity of ore is subject to considerable variation from a difference in the metallic contents of different parcels of ore, and other circumstances; but the amount of bar-iron, that a given weight of pig-metal is expected to yield is regulated very strictly, the workmen being expected to furnish four parts of the former for five parts of the latter; so that the loss does not exceed 20 per cent.”

The conversion of pig-iron into steel demands a word. This substance, which is a compound of iron and carbon, but in less proportion than that of pig-iron, is of such distinguished importance in most of the arts, that no other substance could be substituted,

capable of supplying its united properties of hardness, tenacity, and elasticity. After the pig-iron is totally deprived of carbon, and becomes malleable, the metal can be re-impregnated with that substance to a certain extent, without losing much of its malleable property.

It is curious to remark, that although we have made iron of excellent quality in this country, for all the nice purposes to which it is capable of being applied, yet in attempting to convert it into steel we have always failed. Of late, however, it has been so great a desideratum to obtain this article from British ore, that many efforts have been made to bring about this desirable object, and not altogether without success. We may yet entertain a hope, therefore, that the time will arrive when we shall not be dependent on other countries, especially Sweden, where the steel on which perfect reliance can be placed is produced.

It appears that the good qualities of steel,—and they are very numerous,—depend upon circumstances partly chemical and partly mechanical, which have hitherto defied analysis. It is not even precisely known whether the union of iron and carbon is a chemical or mechanical union.

In consequence of this ignorance as to what constitutes the essential qualities of good steel, the processes by which favourable results have been obtained have in nearly all cases been empirical, and in many instances have been real or pretended secrets. The processes are of a nature to forbid any very nice calculations, and they are liable to great and unappreciable modifications in the execution. The hammering, alone, on which many of its good properties depend, is obviously an operation which cannot be meted out with very scrupulous nicety, and is besides liable to be very much influenced by the temperature of the metal and by the direction of the blows in reference to the mechanical structure of the mass.

In the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, from which we have borrowed parts of our information, we find it also stated that steel being most frequently made from rolled bars of *good*, by which is meant *pure* iron, it is necessary, in order to communicate the desired quantity of carbon, that the bars be formed into bundles, and be placed in a large stove or furnace alternating with layers of carbon (hard-wood charcoal is preferred), and that a high temperature be maintained for a week or ten days, during which the iron gradually absorbs the required quantity of carbon, and becomes converted into steel. The completeness of this conversion is judged of from time to time by the examination of certain of the bars, which are so disposed as to be accessible for this purpose. If the carbon has not penetrated to the centre of the metal, this will be evident from the breaking of the bar transversely. Towards the end of the process, the watching requires to be skilful and constant,



because if the absorption of carbon becomes very excessive, the metal may be rendered so fusible as suddenly to melt. In any case the surface of the bars becomes so nearly in this soft condition that it is always blistered by the escape or rarefaction of air or gas from the interior of the metal; and hence bars so prepared have acquired the name of blistered steel. We shall not trace the processes of the manufacture further, having indicated some of its niceties and varieties, but conclude our notices of steel in the words of the *Encyclopædia*, that its destination "is of great importance in estimating even the theory of those processes, as may be well supposed, when it is recollected that a lancet will fracture almost like glass, while a bricklayer's trowel is required to cut the most refractory lump of semi-vitrified clay in the shape of brick. These two instruments are perhaps at the extremities of the scale, the perfect hardness and brittleness of the lancet contrasting with the extraordinary toughness and tenacity of the trowel."

Let us attend for a little to the improvements which have taken place in Britain as regards the processes of the manufacture of iron. The fuel employed for the purpose of melting and refining into malleable bars had always been charcoal; and to this day, perhaps, the same sort of material might have been exclusively used in this country could it have been obtained. But wood became scarce with us as the inhabitants increased, and, therefore, so far back as Elizabeth's reign, enactments were framed to regulate the consumption of wood when converting it into charcoal "for the making of iron." These prohibitions drove the iron-manufacturers to think of a substitute, and coal was resorted to, and a variety of experiments made with it, but for a number of years without success; so that the trade declined even from its primitive condition. One of the great difficulties was to command an adequate power of blast to act upon a comparatively obdurate mineral, while charcoal was easily affected by a simple and feeble bellows. At length, however, steam-engines, even in their infant state, were found to possess the requisite power when applied to improved and improving machinery. These engines, about the year 1760, were by Smeaton made so to operate upon a cylinder that a mighty blast-power was obtained, and now a furnace could yield nearly four times as much iron weekly as it had done before. At last came Watt, when his intuitive and mastering genius introduced such mighty improvements of the steam-engine that the most refractory ores were forced to yield what they contained of metal, while the richer gave up whatever they possessed. Various concomitant advancements were realized in every stage of the manufacture of iron. One of these is called "puddling," which has ever since been so advantageously employed in producing, by means of coal, the malleable material. This is the account given of the process:—

"A common reverberatory furnace, heated by coal, is charged with about two-and-a-half hundred weight of this half-refined grey iron. In a little more than half an hour the metal will be found to be nearly melted: at this period the flame is turned off, a little water is sprinkled over it, and a workman, by introducing an iron bar, or an instrument shaped like a hoe, through a hole in the side of the furnace, begins to stir the half fluid mass, and divide it into small pieces. In the course of about fifty minutes from the commencement of the process, the iron will have been reduced by constant stirring to the consistence of small gravel, and will be considerably cooled. The flame is then turned on again, the workman continuing to stir the metal; and in three minutes' time the whole mass becomes soft and semi-fluid; upon which the flame is again turned off. The hottest part of the iron now begins to heave and swell, and emit a deep blue lambent flame,—which appearance is called fermentation; the heaving motion and accompanying flame soon spread over the whole, and the heat of the metal seems to be rather increased than diminished for the next quarter of an hour: after this period the temperature again falls, the blue flame is less vigorous, and in a little more than a quarter of an hour the metal is cooled to a dull red, and the jets of flame are rare and faint. During the whole of the fermentation the stirring is continued; by which the iron is at length brought to the consistency of sand; it also approaches nearer to the malleable state, and in consequence adheres less than at first to the tool with which it is stirred. During the next half-hour the flame is turned off and on several times; a stronger fermentation takes place; the lambent flame also becomes of a clearer and lighter blue, the metal begins to clot, and becomes much less fusible and more tenacious than at first; the fermentation then, by degrees, subsides, the emission of blue flame nearly ceases, the iron is gathered into lumps, and beaten with a heavy-headed tool. Finally, the tools are withdrawn, the apertures through which they were worked are closed, and the flame is again turned on in full force for six or eight minutes. The pieces being thus brought to a high welding heat, are withdrawn and shingled; after this they are again heated, and passed through grooved rollers, by which the scoria are separated; and the bars thus forcibly compressed acquire a high degree of tenacity."

We need not, for the purpose of showing to the reader who may be the most slightly conversant with mechanical science, or with the history of the marvellous strides which in Britain have been achieved in manufactures, whether of pliant cotton or intractable ores, enumerate even the principal improvements in our iron trade. The prodigious amount of metal which is now produced, and the rates of increase, as we have already stated them, even since the year 1830, are facts that are sufficiently significant for our general and popular purpose. It would be easy to render prominent in any hasty glance at improvements, the invention of machinery that now performs the office of hammering, but which was wont to be done by hand-labour. Or, were we to describe the introduction of the *hot* instead of the *cold* blast, and the advantages of the substi-

tution, the simplest understanding would accompany us. But we must conclude, and do so by quoting an instance and illustration of the singular discoveries and the vast improvements which mere accident may suggest —

“ One of the Blendare Furnaces, near Pontypool, built as usual with a narrow top, carrying but little burden, and making neither quantity nor quality, by some chance gave way in the top so far as to widen the filling-place to nine or ten feet. This accident was immediately followed by a cooler top, a better quality of iron, and a greater weekly quantity; and this accidental alternation furnished a model for the construction of other furnaces at the same works. Changes of this kind are not brought about rapidly, by reasoning or knowledge of principle, but by a series of slow observations and chance circumstances. The subject is, however, now better understood; and within the last five or six years the mouth or filling-place of the furnace has been very generally enlarged, and instead of 3, 3½, or 4 feet, are now from 8 to 11 feet, and in some few instances larger.”

- ART. V.—1. *Isidora; or, the Adventures of a Neapolitan.* By “The Old Author in a New Walk.” 3 vols. Saunders and Ottley.
2. *The Deer-slayer: a Tale.* By J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq. 3 vols. Bentley.
3. *The Peasant and the Prince.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. C. Knight and Co.

It may not be amiss this month to scatter a few morsels of fiction over our pages, there being at hand some things bearing that nature, which are of the better sort.

First comes the author of “The Pope,” &c. &c., who although he still speaks of a “new walk,” preserves much of the same pace and bearing that distinguished him before. *Isidora* may be called a Historical Romance; at least it introduces many historical characters, and deals with important public events. The period is that in which Charles the Fifth flourished, and his rivalry with Francis the First furnishes the larger scenes and occasions, or such as “The Old Author” drags into the story,—in order to afford himself opportunities for description, reflection, and criticism, with which his learning, his reading, and, we presume, his travels, have stored his mind. Certainly he is conversant with Italy, and the works of the great men of Italy. Spain too, as well as Tunis, and things pertaining to Africa, are introduced in a manner which proves that the writer is familiar with the history of these parts in the sixteenth century. Among the personages introduced, Ariosto and several contemporary authors figure who are dear to fame, and who, we have no doubt, are the frequent closet companions of our author.

The construction of the story as a romance is much inferior to the literary wealth which the writer has at command, when he has particular parts to execute. His imaginative powers do not appear to be equal to his acquirements; he seems to be less natural than acute by means of training; and, perhaps, there is a constant straining for effect; which effect, however, is not equal to what many a much less accomplished writer would produce in a story of love and war. But we must let a sample of his descriptive and also versifying powers be read in our pages, taking one which we have elsewhere seen quoted; and for this reason amongst others,—it suits the space we can afford. The Plague of Naples is the subject, when that dire calamity accompanied the siege of the city by the French:—

“A fortnight had elapsed since Alfonso of Procida had last trod the streets of Naples; and yet, miserable as was the aspect they then wore, how much was the misery now increased! We have said that the town had been divided into districts and allotted to the superintendence of different boards of health and inspectors! but these could do little to arrest the ravages of the plague—nothing towards finding food for the famishing population. Day by day the pestilence had extended its ravages; day by day had it appeared more hopeless to attempt to contend with it. The army and the citizens alike fell beneath the scourge; for no discipline was of sufficient force to restrain the brutal German soldiers from intercourse with the afflicted quarters whenever they thought that pleasure or booty, or, above all, wine was to be thence obtained; and the Spanish troopers, long disorganized at Rome, were in little better subjection. The whole city was one vast charnel-house.

“Pity and horror contended in the bosom of Alfonso of Procida as he advanced along the open streets. At the doors of the churches, on the steps of the houses, the dead lay in heaps. Despair, terror, and faintness had overcome every natural feeling; and there appeared to be none there who cared for them. A few priests and mediciners only might be seen circulating rapidly from house to house, warding off, with a long cane, whomsoever should appear to be coming in contact with them. A few tumbrils or open carts creaked along the flinty pebbles, bearing away their loads of dead, and attended by the lowest of the Neapolitan rabble, who had been bribed to act the part of undertakers.

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“Discordant, however, as were the sounds of merriment which rent his ear, they prepared not Alfonso for the sight which he witnessed, when, turning round an angle, he entered this popular street. Before the open doors of a half-underground cellar, stood a large wagon piled with the bodies of the dead, which were tossed one above the other in horrid disarray: there exposing the grizzle head of some venerable elder lying upon the sunken, bare, and discoloured bosom of a scarce-budding girl; while beside, and entwined amid the straggling limbs of both, the corpses of a wealthy notary and a widely-known beggar were closely entangled: before

the doors of the cellar, stood a wagon thus hastily, indecently, and ruthlessly loaded; while within the vault itself a score of Neapolitans, whose features bore the stamp of every vice and whose limbs still carried the shortened shackle of gally-slaves, were intermixed with a lot of Turkish slaves, whom the Viceroy had joined with them in the office of burying the dead, or rather of clearing the streets. Within the cellar they all sat commingled in drunken good-fellowship: beside them lay many a precious garment, many a glittering gem, trodden amid the wine-flasks which bestrewed the floor around. They appeared to be taking a parting or a starting cup; for many a full goblet was uplifted in the air while they all stood around, and at the full pitch of their discordant voices screamed forth words to the following effect—

‘Evviva the plague! may it flourish, say we,  
 For the plague gives us freedom, wealth, wine, jollity.  
 What has opened our prison and broken our chain?  
 What had bid us come forth over thousands to reign?  
 ’T is the plague! ’t is the plague! May it never decay!  
 May war, famine, and pestilence flourish for aye!

Evviva the plague! They were dying around,  
 And had no one to hurry their dead underground;  
 So they proffered us pardon and bade us go free:  
 We obliged them. Ha, ha!—jolly sextons are we!  
 With a cart and a pitchfork we clear out the way!  
 And we drink to their rest: we leave others to pray.

Then evviva the plague! for the dead ones, you know,  
 Can’t look after their gold when we toss them below.  
 And to handle the corpses their friends are afraid;  
 So *we* handle them, boys—let us drink to the trade!  
 Let us drink to the plague; it avenges our cause!  
 To the plague, boys, which levels rank, fortune, and laws!’ ”

Cooper in his more recent novels has frequently written as most popular authors do, as if his pen had run dry, or that he could only repeat himself. It seems, however, that when he ever chances to alight on the field where he won his first laurels, he is himself again; and that the mountains, the floods, the lakes, the forests, and the solitudes, so vast and impressive, as are those of his fatherland,—that the red man, and the hardly more civilized white hunter of the West, can yet strike a chord that vibrates with as truthful and vigorous a response as it ever has done in the soul of this great romantic historian of races that are hastening to extinction. The original white hunter and the red man will ere long be only looked for in the pages of your Irvings and your Coopers.

Deerslayer is an old acquaintance, but with a new name. In short he is the famous Leatherstocking, the Hawkeye, the hero now of five tales. Take a few words from Mr. Cooper himself in explanation. He says, “The book has not been written without

many misgivings as to its probable reception. To carry one and the same character through five several works would seem to be a wilful over-drawing on the good nature of the public, and many persons may very reasonably suppose it an act, of itself, that ought to invite a rebuke. To this natural objection, the author can only say that, if he has committed a grave fault on this occasion, his readers are in some measure answerable for it. The favourable manner in which the more advanced career and the death of Leatherstocking were received, has created, in the mind of the author, at least, a sort of necessity for giving some account of his younger days. In short, the pictures of his life, such as they are, were already so complete as to excite some little desire to see the 'study,' from which they have all been drawn. 'The Leatherstocking Tales' now form something like a drama in five acts; complete as to material and design, though probably very incomplete as to execution. Such as they are, the reading world has them before it. The author hopes, should it decide that this particular act, the last in execution, though the first in the order of perusal, is not the best of the series, it will also come to the conclusion that it is not absolutely the worst." We rather think that the verdict will be more favourable than even Mr. Cooper's expressed hopes anticipate; for in none of the other tales of the series have we found such manly simplicity, such shrewd wisdom, such quaint originality in the portraiture of the hero, as in the volumes before us. The white hunter of the border is sterling throughout, but here we find the foundations of his freshness, vigour, truth, prowess, and generosity.

We shall not so much as hint at the course or the characters of the tale; our extracts will have in them enough of story and of stamina as to require the very slightest introductions. We only state in general terms that the whole machinery is simple, the descriptions natural but powerful, and the incidents life-like—not over-drawn, or too profusely coloured. Our first extract contains a sample of the moral philosophy which the young adventurer in the vast wilderness, and among primeval forests, preached. It occurs at the beginning of the tale, and is addressed to a brother hunter, Harry Hurry:—

"I look upon the red men to be quite as human as we are ourselves, Harry. They have their gifts, and their religion, it's true; but that makes no difference in the end, when each will be judged according to his deeds, and not according to his skin.

"That's downright missionary, and will find little favour up in this part of the country, where the Moravians don't congregate. Now, skin makes the man. This is reason; else how are people to judge of each other? The skin is put on, over all, in order that when a creatur', or a mortal, is fairly seen, you may know at once what to make of him.



You know a bear from a hog by his skin, and a grey squirrel from a black.

"True, Hurry," said the other, looking back and smiling, "nevertheless they are both squirrels."

Hear the philosopher concerning the difference between a nature and a gift:—

"And what are your ideas of the fate of an Indian in the other world?" demanded Judith, who had just found her voice.

"Ah! gal, anything but that! I am too christianized to expect anything so fanciful as hunting and fishing after death; nor do I believe there is one Manitou for the red-skin, and another for a pale-face. You find different colours on 'arth, as any one may see, but you don't find different natur's. Different gifts, but only one natur.'

"In what is a gift different from a nature? Is not nature itself a gift from God?"

"Sartain; that's quick thoughted and creditable, Judith, though the main idee is wrong. A natur' is the creatur' itself; its wishes, wants, idees and feelin's, as all are born in him. This natur' never can be changed in the main, though it may undergo some increase or lessening. Now, gifts come of sarcumstances. Thus, if you put a man in a town, he gets town gifts; in a settlement, settlement gifts; in a forest, gifts of the woods. A soldier has soldierly gifts, and a missionary preaching gifts. All these increase and strengthen, until they get to fortify natur' as it might be, and excuse a thousand acts and idees. Still the creatur' is the same at the bottom; just as a man who is clad in regimentals is the same as the man that is clad in skins. The garments make a change to the eye, and some change in the conduct perhaps; but none in the man. Herein lies the apology for gifts; seein' that you expect different conduct from one in silks, and satins, from one in homespun; though the Lord who didn't make the dresses, but who made the creatur's themselves, looks only at his own work. This isn't ra'al missionary doctrine, but it's as near it as a man of white colour need be."

Another specimen, but of higher speculation and sentiment; the discourse is with a Delaware Indian, a tribe with which the Deerslayer was in strict amity:—

"You must know, Sarpent, that the great principle of Christianity is to believe *without* seeing; and a man should always act up to his religion and principles, let them be what they may.'

"That is strange for a wise nation,' said the Delaware, with emphasis. 'The red man looks hard, that he may see and understand.'

"Yes, that's plauserble, and is agreeable to mortal pride; but it's not as deep as it seems. If we could understand *all* we see, Sarpent, there might be not only sense but safety in refusin' to give faith to any *one* thing that we might find oncomprehensible; but when there's so many things, about which it may be said we know nothin' at all, why there's little use, and no reason, in bein' difficult touchin' any one in partic'lar. For my

part, Delaware, all my thoughts haven't been on the game, when outlyin' in the hunts and scoutins of our youth. Many's the hour I've passed pleasantly enough too, in what is tarmed conterplation by my people. On such occasions the mind is actyve, though the body seems lazy and listless. An open spot on a mountain side, where a wide look can be had at the heavens and the 'arth, is a most judicious place for a man to get a just idee of the power of the Manitou, and of his own littleness. At such times, there isn't any great disposition to find fault with little difficulties in the way of comperhension, as there are so many big ones to hide them. Believin' comes easy enough to me at such times; and, if the Lord made man first out of 'arth, as they tell me it is written in the Bible, then turns him into dust at death, I see no great difficulty in the way to bringin' him back in the body, though ashes be the only substance left. These things lie beyond our understandin', though they may, and do lie so close to our feelin's. But of all the doctrines, Sarpent, that which disturbs me, and disconsarts my mind the most, is the one which teaches us to think that a pale-face goes to one heaven, and a red-skin to another; it may separate in death them which lived much together, and loved each other well in life! "

" "Do the missionaries teach their white brethren to think it is so?" demanded the Indian, with serious earnestness. "The Delawares believe that good men and brave warriors will hunt together in the same pleasant woods, let them belong to whatever tribe they may; that all the unjust Indians and cowards will have to sneak in with the dogs and the wolves to get vension for their lodges."

" "Tis wonderful how many consaits mankind have consarnin' happiness and misery hereafter!" exclaimed the hunter, borne away by the power of his own thoughts. "Some believe in burnin's and flames, and some think punishment is to eat with the wolves and dogs. Then, ag'in, some fancy heaven to be only the carryin' out of their own 'arthly longin's; while others fancy it all gold and shinin' lights! Well, I've an idee of my own in that matter, which is just this, Sarpent. Whenever I've done wrong, I've ginerally found 'twas owin' to some blindness of the mind which hid the right from view, and when sight has returned then has come sorrow and repentance. Now, I consait that, after death, when the body is laid aside, or, if used at all, is purified and without its longin's, the spirit sees all things in their ra'al light, and never becomes blind to truth and justice. Such bein' the case, all that has been done in life is beheld as plainly as the sun is seen at noon; the good brings joy, while the evil brings sorrow. There's nothin' onreasonable in that, but it's agreeable to every man's exper'ence."

To how many melancholy facts does the Huron's speech point in the following passage!—

" "This is the sacred volume, Hist," she said, "and these words, and lines, and verses, and chapters, all came from God."

" "Why the Great Spirit no send book to Indian too?" demanded Hist, with the directness of a mind that was totally unsophisticated.

“‘Why?’ answered Hetty, a little bewildered by a question so unexpected. ‘Why?—Ah! you know the Indians don’t know how to read.’ . . . .

“‘Tell my young sister,’ said the Huron, looking directly at Hist, ‘that I will open my mouth and say a few words.’

“‘The Iroquois chief go to speak—my pale-face friend listen,’ said Hist.

“‘I rejoice to hear it!’ exclaimed Hetty. ‘God has touched his heart, and he will now let father and Hurry go!’

“‘This is the pale-face law,’ resumed the chief. ‘It tells him to do good to them that hurt him; and when his brother asks him for his rifle, to give him the powder-horn too. Such is the pale-face law!’

“‘Not so—not so,’ answered Hetty earnestly, when these words had been interpreted. ‘There is not a word about rifles in the whole book; and powder and bullets give offence to the Great Spirit.’

“‘Why, then, does the pale-face use them? If he is ordered to *give* double to him that asks only for one thing, why does he *take* double from the poor Indians, who ask for *no* thing? He come from beyond the rising sun, with his book in his hand, and he teaches the red man to read it; but why does he forget, himself, all it says? When the Indian gives, he is never satisfied; and now he offers gold for the scalps of our women and children, though he calls us beasts if we take the scalp of a warrior killed in open war.”

We must give a sample of the incidents of the story, although it is impossible to convey half the effect of any such scene by means of fragments. The antecedents require to be known; the drapery of circumstances which the artist disposes in the fore and background require to be seen in all their impressive foldings, in order that the principal feature may be viewed in its just proportions.

Deerslayer falls into the hands of the Hurons after he has killed one of their warriors. But Rivenoak, their chief, is wily and politic, and would rather win over to his tribe the White Hunter, than have a bloody and scalping revenge. He thus reasons and endeavours to work upon the feelings of the captive:—

“‘Killer of the Deer,’ commenced Rivenoak, as soon as his captive stood before him, ‘my aged men have listened to wise words: they are ready to speak. You are a man whose fathers came from beyond the rising sun; we are children of the setting sun; we turn our faces towards the Great Sweet Lakes when we look towards our villages. It may be a wise country and full of riches towards the morning; but it is very pleasant towards the evening. We love most to look in that direction. When we gaze at the east, we feel afraid, canoe after canoe bringing more and more of your people in the track of the sun, as if their land was so full as to run over. The red men are few already; they have need of help. One of our best lodges has lately been emptied by the death of its master: it will be a long time before his son can grow big enough to sit in his place. There is his widow; she will want venison to feed her and her children,

For her sons are yet like the young of the robin before they quit the nest. By your hand has this great calamity befallen her. She has two duties ; one to Le Loup Cervier, and one to his children. Scalp for scalp, life for life, blood for blood, is one law ; to feed her young, another. We know you, Killer of the Deer. You are honest ; when you say a thing, it is so. You have but one tongue, and that is not forked like a snake's. Your head is never hid in the grass ; all can see it. What you say, that will you do. You are just. When you have done wrong, it is your wish to do right again, as soon as you can. Here is the Sumach ; she is alone in her wigwam, with children crying around her for food ; yonder is a rifle ; it is loaded and ready to be fired. Take the gun : go forth and shoot a deer ; bring the venison and lay it before the widow of Le Loup Cervier ; feed her children ; call yourself her husband. After which, your heart will no longer be Delaware, but Huron ; Le Sumach's ears will not hear the cries of her children : my people will count the proper number of warriors."

Deerslayer hesitates not a moment to return an answer, which is a peremptory and downright refusal. But we cannot go into the issue. The passage is but one of many powerfully drawn scenes, and stirringly imagined events. We should say that the descriptions are always vigorous in the highest degree. The volumes are crowded with pictures of scenes, with homilies, with reasonings, and with appeals to the finest as well as sternest or loftiest principles of our nature, in Cooper's very best style.

Let us present something in the Hunter's peculiar province :—

"Just as he reached the centre of the thicket, the dried twigs cracked again, and the noise was repeated, at short intervals, as if some creature having life walked slowly towards the point. Hurry heard these sounds also, and, pushing the canoe off into the bay, he seized his rifle to watch the result. A breathless minute succeeded, after which a noble buck walked out of the thicket, proceeded with a stately step to the sandy extremity of the point, and began to slake his thirst from the water of the lake. Hurry hesitated an instant ; then raising his rifle hastily to his shoulder, he took sight and fired. The effect of this sudden interruption of the solemn stillness of such a scene was not its least striking peculiarity. The report of the weapon had the usual sharp, short sound of the rifle ; but, when a few moments of silence had succeeded the sudden crack, during which the noise was floating in air across the water, it reached the rocks of the opposite mountain, where the vibrations accumulated, and were rolled from cavity to cavity for miles along the hills, seeming to awaken the sleeping thunders of the woods. The buck merely shook his head at the report of the rifle, and the whistling of the bullet, for never before had he come in contact with man ; but the echoes of the hills awakened his distrust, and, leaping forward, with his four legs drawn under his body, he fell at once into deep water, and began to swim towards the foot of the lake."

Cooper is a first-rate landscape-painter. Take a *bit*, as the artists would say :—

"On a level with the point lay a broad sheet of water, so placid and limpid, that it resembled a bed of the pure mountain atmosphere, compressed into a setting of hills and woods. Its length was about three leagues, while its breadth was irregular, expanding to half a league, or even more, opposite to the point, and contracting to less than half that distance, more to the southward. Of course, its margin was irregular, being indented by bays, and broken by many projecting, low points. At its northern, or nearest end, it was bounded by an isolated mountain, lower land falling off, east and west, gracefully relieving the sweep of the outline. Still the character of the country was mountainous; high hills, or low mountains, rising abruptly from the water, on quite nine-tenths of its circuit. The exceptions, indeed, only served a little to vary the scene; and even beyond the parts of the shore that were comparatively low, the back ground was high, though more distant.

"But the most striking peculiarities of this scene were its solemn solitude, and sweet repose. On all sides, wherever the eye turned, nothing met it but the mirror-like surface of the lake, the placid view of heaven, and the dense setting of woods. So rich and fleecy were the outlines of the forest, that scarce an opening could be seen, the whole visible earth, from the rounded mountain-top to the water's edge, presenting one unvaried hue of unbroken verdure. As if vegetation were not satisfied with a triumph so complete, the trees overhung the lake itself, shooting out towards the light; and there were miles along its eastern shore, where a boat might have pulled beneath the branches of dark Rembrandt-looking hemlocks, quivering aspens, and melancholy pines."

In order to show the diversity of beauty and of excellence which this Tale unfolds, our concluding extracts shall be taken from a solemn,—a burial scene, into which the author throws many fine poetic touches. The last rites are about to be performed for Floating Tom, the hour chosen for the rude ceremony being just as the sun was setting.

"When Judith was told that all was ready, she went upon the platform, passive to the request of her sister, and then she first took heed of the arrangement. The body was in the scow, enveloped in a sheet, and quite a hundred-weight of stones, that had been taken from the fire-place, were enclosed with it, in order that it might sink. No other preparation seemed to be thought necessary, though Hetty carried her Bible beneath her arm. When all were on board the ark, this singular habitation of the man whose body it now bore to its final abode, was set in motion. Hurry was at the oars. In his powerful hands, indeed, they seemed little more than a pair of sculls, which were wielded without effort, and, as he was expert in their use, the Delaware remained a passive spectator of the proceedings. The progress of the ark had something of the stately solemnity of a funeral procession, the dip of the oars being measured, and the movement slow and steady. The wash of the water, as the blades rose and fell, kept time with the efforts of Hurry, and might have been likened to the measured tread of mourners. Then the tranquil scene was in beautiful accordance with a rite that ever associates with itself the idea of God. At that instant, the

lake had not even a single ripple on its glassy surface, and the broad panorama of woods seemed to look down on the holy tranquillity of the hour and ceremony in melancholy stillness. Judith was affected to tears, and even Hurry, though he hardly knew why, was troubled. Hetty preserved the outward signs of tranquillity, but her inward grief greatly surpassed that of her sister, since her affectionate heart loved more from habit and long association, than from the usual connexions of sentiment and taste. She was sustained by religious hope, however, which in her simple mind usually occupied the space that worldly feelings filled in that of Judith ; and she was not without an expectation of witnessing some open manifestation of divine power, on an occasion so solemn. Still she was neither mystical nor exaggerated, her mental imbecility denying both. Nevertheless her thoughts had generally so much of the purity of a better world about them, that it was easy for her to forget earth altogether, and to think only of heaven. Hist was serious, attentive and interested, for she had often seen the interment of the pale-faces, though never one that promised to be as peculiar as this ; while the Delaware, though grave, and also observant in his demeanour, was stoical and calm."

Hetty acted as pilot, for she had been in the habit, for an entire summer, of repairing to the place after nightfall, where Floating Tom had thought fit to deposit the remains of his wife ; and although it was in the lake, the girl called it her parents' grave. There she would anchor her canoe, and hold fancied conversations with the deceased.

" Hetty had passed her happiest hours in this indirect communion with the spirit of her mother ; the wildness of Indian traditions and Indian opinions unconsciously to herself mingling with the Christian lore received in childhood. Once she had even been so far influenced by the former as to have bethought her of performing some of those physical rites at her mother's grave, which the red men are known to observe ; but the passing feeling had been obscured by the steady, though mild, light of Christianity, which never ceased to burn in her gentle bosom. Now, her emotions were merely the natural outpourings of a daughter that wept for a mother whose love was indelibly impressed on the heart, and whose lessons had been too earnestly taught to be easily forgotten by one who had so little temptation to err. There was no other priest than nature at that wild and singular funeral rite. March cast his eyes below, and through the transparent medium of the clear water, which was almost as pure as air, he saw what Hetty was accustomed to call ' mother's grave.' It was a low straggling mound of earth, fashioned by no spade, out of a corner of which gleamed a bit of the white cloth that formed the shroud of the dead."

Floating Tom had conveyed earth from the shore, and let it fall upon the remains of his wife ; and now his own lifeless body has been brought by the pilotage of Hetty to the same spot,—

" March signified to Judith that all was ready, received her directions



to proceed, and with no other assistant than his own vast strength, raised the body and bore it to the end of the scow. Two parts of a rope were passed beneath the legs and shoulders, as they are placed beneath coffins, and then the corpse was slowly lowered beneath the surface of the lake.

" 'Not *there*—Hurry March—no, not *there*,' said Judith, shuddering involuntarily; 'do not lower it quite so near the spot where mother lies.'

" 'Why not, Judith?' asked Hetty, earnestly. 'They lived together in life, and should lie together in death.'

" 'No—no—Hurry March, farther off—farther off.—Poor Hetty, you know not what you say.—Leave me to order this.'

" 'I know I am weak-minded, Judith, and that you are clever—but, surely a husband should be placed near a wife. Mother always said that this was the way they bury in Christian church-yards.'

" 'This little controversy was conducted earnestly, but in smothered voices, as if the speakers feared that the dead might overhear them. Judith could not contend with her sister at such a moment, but a significant gesture from her induced March to lower the body at a little distance from that of his wife; when he withdrew the cords, and the act was performed.'

" 'There's an end of Floating Tom!' exclaimed Hurry, bending over the scow, and gazing through the water at the body. 'He was a brave companion on the scout, and a notable hand with traps. Don't weep, Judith—don't be overcome, Hetty, for the righteousest of us all must die; and when the time comes, lamentations and tears can't bring the dead to life. Your father will be a loss to you, no doubt; most fathers are a loss especially to onmarried darters; but there's a way to cure that evil, and you're both too young and handsome to live long without finding it out. When its agreeable to hear what an honest and onpretending man has to say, Judith, I should like to talk a little with you, apart.' "

" 'The Peasant and the Prince,' is the second of a series of stories under the general title of "The Playfellow," which Miss Martineau is bringing out quarterly. They are three-and-sixpenny publications, and are professedly intended for young folks. In reality, however, like everything which this lady cannot but write, if she writes at all, the tales before us deserve and will command the attention of the mature in years, be they high or humble. Every one knows how she taught political economy in a series of small volumes; and now social morality, individual culture of the intellect and the affections, and even lessons for a nation's and a statesman's digestion, are enforced and illustrated in these unpretending little volumes. As fictions the stories are arresting, being constructed in a craftsman-like manner, and abounding with incident, character, and description.

The French Revolution furnishes ample materials both for the tale of the "Peasant," and that of the "Prince." Indeed the fate of the latter was but the necessary concomitant and result of the

condition of the other. The two were inseparable; and wisely, ably and with deep earnestness has Miss Martineau exhibited the connexion and the results. One might have suspected that a writer of her political school would exaggerate and incline to over-drawing or over-laying. But her taste, her judgment, her knowledge of human nature, and of history,—above all, her determination to give a faithful and truth-telling picture, have preserved her from such errors. We must now, for a while, have done with novels.

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ART. VI.—*The History of Guernsey.* By JONATHAN DUNCAN, Esq. B.A.  
Longman and Co.

MR. Duncan, who is the author of the “Dukes of Normandy,” the “Wars of France,” and other esteemed works, has here, according to a very distinct, complete, and very comprehensive plan, given us a history of Guernsey. According to a regularly constructed system, he presents us with a political, a commercial, and an ecclesiastical treatment of the island; describing not merely its government, constitutional and military, but its natural history, its agriculture, climate, and diseases; and also its antiquities and architecture, as well as the character of the people. True, the chief interest felt in the work must be local; still, from the manner of Mr. Duncan’s treatment of it, the knowledge that he has brought to its execution, the parallels which he draws or suggests, and the variety of assistance which he has derived from friends, each particularly acquainted with some particular or peculiar topic within the scope of the entire plan, the publication is calculated to be of more general service, and has a more extensive attraction than may be anticipated. We should say—just as any text may be made the peg or hinge in competent and accomplished hands for the development and exercise of a world of thought, comparison, and teaching—that the “History of Guernsey” supplies us with a large and instructive discourse, though the theme may appear narrow and confined. Guernsey, besides, has special claims upon the attention and affection of Englishmen, were it for nothing else than its devotedness to the British cause, and the sacrifices it has made in common with the larger and dominant island. Guernsey has furnished her due proportion of eminent men to the national glory. The names, Saumarez, Le Marchant, Tupper, Bowes, &c., stand high in our naval and military lists; and in the paths of peace the small island has sent forth worthies. During the reign of George the Third, “two natives of the Bailiwick, Peter Perchard, and Paul le Mesurier, were lord mayors of London, and the latter was also member of Parliament for Southwark. Peter Paul Dobrée, another native, succeeded Dr. Monk, now Bishop of Gloucester, as Regius Professor of Greek at the University of Cambridge.”

We have referred to the suggestive and general characteristics of Mr. Duncan's work, and cannot instance a better chapter for their display than that which treats of agriculture; wherein a thorough knowledge of the subject—nay, of the subject of tenures of many varieties—coupled with a minute acquaintance with that species of *holding* which obtains in Guernsey and other of the Channel Islands, has the attractiveness of an enthusiastic appreciation. Our author's facts are numerous and fresh,—are apt and practically applied in the course of his description or narrative. An extract will best and most briefly explain the Guernsey system:—

“An island whose productive surface thus consists of little more than ten thousand acres of orchard, garden, arable, and pasture land, cannot be expected to afford a great variety or any very enlarged system of agriculture. There are however circumstances connected with the tenure of property, its extreme subdivision and fertility, and with the numbers and comforts of its inhabitants, which may suggest useful reflections to the farmer, the political economist, and the statesman of large countries. The tenure of property partakes of the double nature of land held as a farm subject to the payment of annual rents, and as land held as freehold in perpetuity. A purchase may be made by the immediate payment of the price agreed upon; or by the payment of a part only, and the conversion of the remainder into corn-rents to be annually paid; or, finally, by converting the whole of the price into such rents. In the two last cases, where a part of or the whole of the price is stipulated for in annual rents, the purchaser is to all intents and purposes as much the proprietor as in the first case, where the whole price is paid down in cash; and so long as the stipulated rents are paid, he and his heirs can never be disturbed, but hold the land as freehold for ever. To the former proprietor the rents are guaranteed by the land sold, and by all the other real property held at the time of sale by the purchaser free from incumbrance; and the rents being transferable, and such property being always in demand, money can be raised by their sales with as much ease as it could before on the land itself. Thus, without the necessity of cultivating the soil, the original possessor enjoys the net income of his estate, secured on the estate itself, which he can resume in case of non-payment; while the purchaser, on the due payment of the rent charged, becomes real and perpetual owner, having an interest in the soil far above that of farmers under any other tenure. Experience has proved that, under this tenure, a spirit of industry and economy is generated, producing content, ease, and even wealth, from estates which in other countries would hardly be thought capable of affording sustenance to their occupants. And thus also arose two classes mutually advantageous to each other.—the one living on its income, or free exercise of trades or professions; the other composed of farmers raised to the rank of proprietors, dependent alone on their own good conduct. The faculty of acquiring land in perpetuity without paying any purchase-money, is undeniably proved to have been of infinite benefit to the people of this island; but it is obvious that this source of so much good could never have existed, or could never continue without a corresponding security,

well guaranteed to the original proprietor of land, before he parted with it.

“ This relation of landlord and tenant being peculiar to the Channel Islands, it may be advisable, for the sake of English readers to whom the system is a novelty, to explain it more fully by an example. Suppose A. possesses land valued at twelve hundred pounds, which he desires to *sell*, as we should say in England, or to *give to rent*, as the phrase runs in Guernsey, the following would be the process. A. would either convey his estate to B., the purchaser, wholly in quarters, without receiving any cash, or, as is the more usual mode, he would receive one-fourth of the price, and convert the remainder into quarters. One Guernsey quarter is equivalent to twenty pounds sterling, local currency. In the first case, B. would have to pay annually to A. sixty quarters, the interest on twelve hundred pounds, the assumed cost of the estate at the rate of five per cent. per annum; in the second case, he would have to pay annually forty-five quarters. The reason why it is usual to pay one-fourth of the purchase-money in cash is, that such payment may be some guarantee to A. that B. will faithfully work the estate and pay the rent regularly; for should the rent fall in arrear, then A., by a process called *saisie*, may totally eject B. from the property; and the three hundred pounds paid by B. when the contract was passed would be lost to him for ever. In this manner, then, is the seller or landlord secured in the receipt of the equivalent for which he has parted with the estate. As soon as the contract is executed, B. can fell timber, convert meadow into arable, and arable into meadow, and perform any and every act that a tenant in fee-simple can do in England. The estate thus acquired descends to the heirs of the blood of the purchaser, lawfully begotten, and on failure of direct issue to his nearest of kin. Sometimes these annual quarters are made permanent, but most frequently they are redeemable by certain instalments, as the buyer and seller may have agreed.”

Our readers will observe that this is the old Norman system of tenure; at least it is a system, by which the tenant is to possess the fee-simple, subject to an annual payment in corn. It is a system to which Mr. Duncan assigns much of the peculiar and exalted character of the people of Guernsey; nor do we see any difficulty of introducing it into England, *if* the landlord,—*if* the national mind and prejudices did not—with a strong feudalism and conventional attachment, say *No*. Perhaps the Channel mode does not sufficiently protect the original proprietor; and where there are buildings with little or no land, what is to be said? However, let us hear what are some of the alleged results and advantages.

“ One of its first consequences is to raise the standard of virtue—to inspire the whole population with a manly and independent spirit—and to destroy that cringing adulation and fawning servility, which leases for years have engendered among the tenantry of England. All men, no matter to what political party they belong, have admitted that the institution of property is the basis of civilization. This principle being admitted

sound by universal consent, it follows that whatever contracts its expansion must be vicious, and that whatever promotes its extension must be nationally beneficial. The bare possession of property on a doubtful tenure is scarcely a good; it is essential that the possession should be secure; and if security for a term of years be desirable, much more so must it be for permanent enjoyment. Now, the plan of leases for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, together with tenancies from year to year, and at will, is bad in principle, as these tenures merely convey a temporary interest determinable at a date specified; the working farmer thus becomes a bird of passage, without any fixed home. He may be prudent, industrious, and sober,—a good father, a good husband, a good master, a good neighbour, and a good citizen; but these virtues avail him nothing; he lives in a state of agricultural servitude, and at the expiration of his lease, the caprice or spite of his landlord may expel him from the farm. Widely different is the condition of the Guernseyman. Once possessed of land he can never lose it, except by his own fault; he has only to pay the stipulated quarters of rent, and he continues absolute lord of the property,—he feels proud of his position, and the spirit of independence is within him,—he is not classed among the locomotive machines of humanity, who, in Great Britain and Ireland, are shifted from county to county, seeking a precarious subsistence from an insolent and grasping squirearchy. No; he has a solid stake in the country, though it be small; he can say, with honest pride, ‘This house is mine; that field is mine; and, when I die, the law will give them to my children.’

“This system of tenure prompts to industry, encourages economy, and represses intemperance. A man, having paid down in cash one-fourth of the value of the land he holds, is stimulated by the most powerful impulse to redeem the annual quarters, and disengage his estate from the payment of rent. In the eyes of a person so circumstanced, labour loses its repulsive character, for he feels that he is working for himself. He has an object constantly before his mind, which he steadily pursues. The propensity to drunkenness, so fatal to the working classes of Great Britain, is counteracted with the Guernseyman by the desire and the opportunity of acquiring a disencumbered landed property. But the English or Irish labourer has no such incentive to moral restraint. Far from contemplating even the most remote possibility of becoming the absolute owner of an acre of land, he considers himself eminently fortunate, if he can secure regular wages as a labourer. He passes through existence only one remove higher than the oxen which he drives at the plough. His feelings are deadened—his mind is brutalized—his energies are depressed. His life resembles that of a horse in a mill, confined within a circle out of which he can seldom escape.”

Our readers may think that this is high colouring; but Mr. Duncan's facts, sincerely and truthfully put forward, go a long way towards framing and supporting the picture.

Akin to the subject of agriculture, both in ability and particularity of treatment, and of natural affinity, is that of horticulture, which Guernsey, on account of the mildness of its climate, renders spe-

cially interesting to persons who, for example, have a passion for flowers. Yet *the* favoured island has more to contend with in the shape of severe frosts, than may be generally supposed. We thus read:—

“Floriculture is rather a favourite pursuit among all ranks. The gardens of the gentry are of no great extent, but they are often well stocked with beautiful and valuable plants; and there are few cottagers who do not consider a little flower-plat almost indispensable in front of their dwellings. It is, indeed, in this department of gardening that the many advantages of our climate are fully displayed. Several of even the hardy flowers require less care with us than they do in England; and a variety of tender ones are grown in the open air which would hardly endure the same exposure in the warmest spots of Devonshire and Cornwall.

“In this island, when the temperature falls to six degrees below the freezing-point, the season is considered unusually severe; consequently, many of the Cape heath and hardier geraniums, as well as a number of shrubs and plants natives of Australia, of the central parts of America, and other warm climates, easily survive our ordinary winters in sheltered situations, sometimes without any injury whatever. The Bath scarlet geranium, for instance, has for years together been seen clothing cottage-walls to the height of ten or twelve feet with its dazzling blossoms. The *cobæa scandens*, *maurandia barclayana*, and other creepers of a similar nature, are found still more hardy, and spring up naturally from seed at the foot of the walls against which they are planted. Fuchsias grow with surprising luxuriance, the stronger sorts soon becoming shrubs of most inconvenient size, unless trained to a single stem like standard roses. Shrubby *calceolarias* last many years; even the tender *heliotropium peruvianum* continues to produce its fragrant flowers till late in November, and though cut down by a slight frost, will often spring up again from the root in the following spring.

“It is true that the extraordinary winters of 1837-8 and 1840-1 proved fatal to many of the most interesting exotics which had for years been the pride of our gardens. The geraniums and Cape heaths, and most of the Australian shrubs, either died to the ground or were completely destroyed. During the last winter, the myrtle itself, and the coronilla, were in many gardens severely injured, perhaps in some instances killed. The beautiful *clianthus puniceus*, which had generally survived in 1838, perished this year in every garden. What, however, fortunately renders it probable that seasons like that we have just experienced only happen in these islands after long intervals, is the fact that every plant was destroyed by a species of *leptospermum*, which had long been quite common in our shrubberies as a hardy evergreen, and of which some specimens must have previously withstood the frosts of nearly fifty winters.

“For the culture of roots and bulbs we enjoy remarkable advantages. The periods of frosty weather are, even in the worst seasons, of such short duration, that the ground seldom freezes more than an inch or two in depth, and a slight covering of snow is sufficient to keep away the frost altogether; so that the situation of such plants below the surface of the



soil insures in almost every case a complete protection from the cold. But it is especially in the culture of those kinds whose period of rest is the summer season, and which vegetate principally during the cool and rainy months of the year, that our climate claims a superiority almost unequalled north of the Mediterranean. As hardy plants in their torpid state are indifferent to the cold of winter, so these, finding our summer sufficiently warm and dry to induce that state of perfect rest essential to their health, are indifferent as to any deficiency in its temperature, compared with that of the same season in other countries; while the mildness and moisture of our autumn and winter and the earliness of our springs are admirably adapted to perfect their growth and insure a rich display of bloom. Among the most interesting flowers belonging to the class of winter-growing plants, are the innumerable species of *ixia*, *sparaxis*, and other cognate genera of Cape bulbs. The greater part of those hitherto introduced appear to thrive in nearly the same perfection and beauty as in their native soil; all of them perfecting their seeds, and some propagating in this manner almost like weeds. Many fine sorts are frequent in cottage-gardens; where, though treated with no particular care, they emulate the commonest flowers in health and luxuriance."

In conclusion, we have to say, that the island which stood by England,—that is, by Hampden and Pym,—when Jersey sided with the unfortunate, the misled, and the *prerogative* Charles, has met with an earnest and an able historian in Mr. Duncan; and that if every island and section under the sway of Queen Victoria were with such zeal described and embalmed, Great Britain and the world would be the better for it.

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ART. VII.—*A Letter to the Right Honourable Thomas Babington Macaulay.*

By BASIL MONTAGU, Esq. Q. C.

IN the good old times, which we are all fond of eulogizing, it was the fashion to settle opinions at the point of the sword, to kill the disputant who would not be convinced, and to knock out the brains of a heathen, if he refused to embrace the mild doctrines of Christianity; and even *Justice* relinquished her balance, and gravely sat as umpire while guilt cleared itself, not by her wise decision, but by single combat. In a similar spirit, two centuries ago, as if the parties had only just emerged from barbarism, learned and pious men assailed each other with every species of scurrility and violence. And this spirit was revived in some of our Reviews, where great acuteness and sterling wit were debased by the alloy of personal and political rancour, and men assembled round a new periodical, not as philosophers in search of truth, but as eager spectators of a bull-fight or passage at arms, to see who was gored and tossed, or who was laid prostrate and silenced for ever; where the first men

in the country were, to use the technical phrase, "*cut up*," they were indeed *cut up*—not

"Carv'd like a dish to set before the gods,  
But hew'd like carcasses to throw to hounds."

A change has come over the spirit of our literature. In our enlightened times, a difference of opinion "need not to be patroned by passion, but can stand the issue of a temperate dispute."

The author of the *critique*, in the Edinburgh Review, of Montagu's Life of Bacon, has written, as he naturally would write, in this better spirit, with a scholar-like and gentle civility, which will not blame me if I speak of his valuable essay with freedom, differing with him, as I do, upon many material points.

I should long since have submitted my thoughts to his, and to public consideration, if I had not for many years been engaged upon a work upon the conduct of the understanding, which I was compelled to suspend that I might obey the command of Lord Bacon. "For my good name and reputation I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages." Having, after ten years' labour, secured to myself the consciousness that I had assisted in the inquiry which he thus left to posterity, I had renewed my labours, when the Review appeared. I was for a time compelled to be silent; but it was pain and grief to me.

I will now endeavour to rectify what I conceive to be the few mistakes, amidst the many beauties with which the review abounds.

How admirable is the description in the review of the philosophy of Bacon, compared with the philosophy of Plato!

"Of all the sciences, that which Bacon seems to have regarded with the greatest interest was the science which, in Plato's opinion, would not be tolerated in a well-regulated community. To make man perfect was no part of Bacon's plan. His humble aim was to make imperfect men comfortable. The beneficence of his philosophy resembled the beneficence of the common Father, whose sun rises on the evil and the good—whose rain descends for the just and the unjust. In Plato's opinion, man was made for philosophy; in Bacon's opinion, philosophy was made for man; it was a means to an end; and that end was to increase the pleasures, and to mitigate the pains of millions who are not, and cannot be, philosophers. The aim of the Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into a god; the aim of the Baconian philosophy was to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be man.

"The philosophy of Plato began in words and ended in words—noble words indeed—words such as were to be expected from the finest of human intellects exercising boundless dominion over the finest of human languages. The philosophy of Bacon began in observations and ended in acts.

"We have sometimes thought that an amusing fiction might be written, in which a disciple of Epictetus and a disciple of Bacon should be introduced as fellow-travellers. They come to a village where the small-pox

has just begun to rage ; and find houses shut up, intercourse suspended, the sick abandoned, mothers weeping in terror over their children. The stoic assures the dismayed population that there is nothing bad in the small-pox, and that to a wise man diseases, deformity, death, the loss of friends, are not evils. The Baconian takes a lancet and begins to vaccinate.

“ They find a body of miners in great dismay. An explosion of noisome vapours has just killed many of those who were at work ; and the survivors are afraid to venture into the cavern. The Stoic assures them that such an accident is nothing but a mere ἀποπροηγμενου. The Baconian, who has no such fine word at his command, contents himself with devising a safety lamp.

“ They find a ship wrecked merchant wringing his hands on the shore. His vessel, with an inestimable cargo, has just gone down, and he is reduced in a moment from opulence to beggary. The Stoic exhorts him not to seek happiness in things which lie without himself, and repeats a whole chapter of Epictetus. The Baconian constructs a diving-bell, goes down in it, and returns with the most precious effects from the wreck.

“ It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the difference between the philosophy of words and the philosophy of works.”

Such are a few of his beautiful observations upon the Baconian philosophy.

How beautiful, too, are his remarks upon the distinction between the *real* foresight and imagination of Bacon.

“ The poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind ; but not, like his wit, so powerful as occasionally to usurp the place of his reason, and to tyrannize over the whole man. No imagination was ever at once so strong and so thoroughly subjugated. It never stirred but at a signal from good sense. It stopped at the first check from good sense. Yet, though disciplined to such obedience, it gave noble proofs of its vigour. In truth, much of Bacon's life was passed in a visionary world, amidst things as strange as any that ‘ are described in the Arabian Tales.’ Yet in his magnificent day-dreams there was nothing wild—nothing but what sober reason sanctioned. He knew that all secrets feigned by poets to have been written in the books of enchanters are worthless when compared with the mighty secrets which are really written in the book of nature, and which with time and patience will be read there. It was here that he loved to let his imagination loose. He loved to picture to himself the world as it would be when his philosophy should, in his own noble phrase, ‘ have enlarged the bounds of human empire.’

“ We might refer to many instances, but we will content ourselves with the strongest,—the description of the ‘ House of Solomon’ in the New Atlantis.

“ By most of Bacon's contemporaries, and by some people of our time, this remarkable passage would, we doubt not, be considered as an ingenious rhodomontade—a counterpart to the adventures of Sinbad or Baron Munchausen. The truth is, that there is not to be found in any human

composition a passage more eminently distinguished by profound and serene wisdom. The boldness and originality of the fiction is far less wonderful than the nice discernment which carefully excluded from that long list of prodigies everything that can be pronounced impossible; everything that can be proved to lie beyond the mighty magic of induction and of time. Already some parts, and not the least startling parts, of this glorious prophecy have been accomplished, even according to the letter; and the whole, construed according to the spirit, is daily accomplishing around us."

How accurate is this distinction! The *invention*—the *foresight*—and the *imagination* of Bacon are not blended together. The rays are separated into their distinct colours, and each ray appears in its own peculiar beauty.

*Invention*, or the discovery of the properties of creatures and the names by which they are called—the occupation of Adam in Paradise, is the object of the *Novum Organum*; not, indeed, to discover the properties of any particular creature, but the mode by which the nature of all creatures may be invented. "If," he says, "the utility of any particular invention can affect mankind so much as to make them think him more than human, who could, by any single benefit, oblige the whole species; how much more noble must it appear to discover some one thing, by which all others may readily be discovered!"

*Foresight*, or the anticipation of future discoveries, was the peculiar property of Bacon's mind. He stood on an eminence, and truths yet below the horizon were refracted to him.

It is hence that in the physical and in the moral and political world, his speculations have assumed the form of prophecies; as in the *physical* world, when he predicted the mode by which the laws of the heavenly bodies would be discovered, by observing the laws of the bodies terrestrial. His words are,—

"Whoever shall reject the feigned divorces of superlunary and sublunary bodies; and shall intently observe the appetences of matter and the most universal passions which in either globe are exceeding potent, and transverberate the universal nature of things, he shall receive clear information concerning celestial matters from the things seen here with us, and contrariwise from these motions which are practised in heaven, he shall learn many observations which now are latent, touching the motion of bodies here below, not only so far as their inferior motions are moderated by superior; but in regard they have a mutual intercourse by passions common to them both."

How beautifully is this confirmed by the inquiries of his illustrious successor.

"Newton retired from the University to avoid the plague, which raged with great violence. Sitting under a tree in an orchard, an apple fell

upon his head.—As there is motion, there must be a force which produces it. Is this force of gravity confined to the surface of the earth, or does it extend to the heavenly bodies? Such were the thoughts which presented themselves to his mind, and the theory of the heavens was established.”

So, too, in the *political* world, when he predicted the gradual progress of disaffection and the overthrow of the monarchy which took place a few years after he was dead.

In what a spirit of prophecy did he speak when he said to the King, who had resolved to yield him to the ignorant fury of the people, “Be not deceived. Be assured that they who will strike at your Chancellor will strike at your crown. May I, if I am the first, be the last of sacrifices;” a prophecy too fatally fulfilled when his son Charles was on the scaffold.

Bacon’s consciousness of this power appears in the memorable passage in the *Novum Organum*, predicting, as it were, the times in which we are so fortunate as to live:—

“I have held up a light in the obscurity of philosophy which will be seen centuries after I am dead. It will be seen by the erection of temples, tombs, palaces, theatres, bridges, making noble roads, cutting canals, granting multitudes of charters and liberties for comfort of decayed companies and corporations; in the foundations of colleges and lectures for learning and the education of youth; foundations and institutions of orders and fraternities for nobility, enterprize and obedience; but, above all, the establishing good laws for the regulation of the kingdom, and as an example of the world.”

How correct, therefore, is the statement in the Review, that it is not the imagination but the foresight of Bacon which really appears in the *New Atlantis*.

*Fiction*, or the conception of the existence of non-existences, its advantages and evils, was duly appreciated by Bacon. He saw and examined it in the three forms in which it appears. When the conceived existence is supposed to be real, as the illusions of ignorance and of insanity—when the conceived existence, although not supposed real, is possible, as the characters in novels—and the conception of *impossible* existences, as the Genii of the Lamp and of the Ring, and the creations of Poets—was most highly appreciated by Bacon. He saw that the uses of this species of fiction are the *delight* with which it is ever attended—the *power* which it possesses to adorn with her hues, her forms, “the nakedness of austere truth, and to expose error in all its deformities;” and the gratifications of our best aspirings raising the pall from our dark spirits, lifting the mind from the dungeon of the body to the enjoyment of its own divine essence.

Although Bacon was conscious of these pleasures and the advantages of fiction, he did not form too high an estimate of their value.

He indulged in imagination, but was not misled by it. He used ornament, but was not attached to it. He formed these garlands of science because he knew that, except to philosophy, truth required such decorations; and he foresaw that if the time should arrive when they would fade away—when the noble temple which he had raised would be levelled to the ground—the genius of true philosophy would be seen amidst the ruins.

Fruitful and vivid as was his imagination, he understood its laws and governed it with absolute sway. He used it as a philosopher. It never had precedence in his mind; but followed in the train of his reason. “*God defend*,” he says, in the conclusion of his preface to the *Instauratio*, “*that we should publish the airy dreams of our own fancy for the real ideas of the world. But rather may He be so graciously propitious unto us, that we may write the Apocalypse and true vision of the impressions and signets of the Creator upon the creature.*”

But, to speak in the words of Lord Bacon, it is not good to stay too long amidst these speculations and imaginations. Let us now pass on to the charges made by Mr. Macaulay.

The charges are four:—

1st. That he was guilty of cruelty by assisting in the torture of an old clergyman of the name of Peacham.

2nd. That he was guilty of ingratitude by his conduct to his friend and benefactor Lord Essex.

3rd. That he availed himself of his power of Attorney General privately to tamper with the Judges, to procure the conviction of some state prisoners.

4th. That he was guilty of bribery.

The charges are,—

1. Cruelty.

3. Abuse of Power.

2. Ingratitude.

4. Bribery.

Grave charges, not to be made hastily by any man in any times, certainly not by intelligence in the present times, not by Mr. Macaulay against Lord Bacon.

Intelligence firm in acting is slow in condemning; it says, with Cæsar, when he threatened Metellus with instant death, “*durius est mihi hoc dicere quam facere.*”

Let us take these charges separately, stick by stick.

And, First, the charge of cruelty. Mr. Macaulay's words are,—

“He was deeply engaged in a most disgraceful transaction. An aged clergyman, of the name of Peacham, was accused of treason on account of some passages of a sermon, which was found in his study. The sermon, whether written by him or not, had never been preached. It did not appear that he had any intention of preaching it. The most servile lawyers of those servile times were forced to admit that there were great difficulties both as to the facts and as to the law. Bacon was employed to



remove those difficulties. In order to convict Peacham, it was necessary to find facts. Accordingly, this wretched old man was put to the rack : and while undergoing the horrible infliction, was examined by Bacon, but in vain. No confession could be wrung out of him ; and Bacon wrote to the king, complaining that Peacham had a dumb devil. *The fact is, that the practice of torturing prisoners was then generally acknowledged by lawyers to be illegal, and was execrated by the public as barbarous.* More than thirty years before Peacham's trial, the practice of torturing, which had always been unpopular, which had always been illegal, had also been unusual. We therefore say that Bacon was here distinctly behind his age. He was one of the last of the tools of power who persisted in a practice the most barbarous and the most absurd that has ever disgraced jurisprudence—in a practice of which, in the preceding generation, Elizabeth and her ministers had been ashamed—in a practice which a few years later no sycophant in all the Inns of Court had the heart or the forehead to defend."

The charges of cruelty, when carefully examined, are,—

First, That in the reign of James, torture was contrary to the practice of the times, and that thirty years before the torture of Peacham, it was condemned by all lawyers.

Secondly, That Bacon examined Peacham by torture, and rejoiced in his sufferings.

First, that in the reign of James, torture was contrary to *the practice of the times, and condemned by all lawyers.*

Is Mr. Macaulay correct in this statement, or is it unfounded?

I say that he is incorrect, that the charge is unfounded, without a shadow of truth to support it. I assert that in those sad times torturing prisoners was as common as the punishment of death was, a few years ago, in our own times. I assert that, so far from the practice having been supposed improper, it was a common practice, and that the warrants were issued to the most intelligent and virtuous members of the community ; and so continued to the time of the Civil Wars, when the voice of philosophy, which for years had appealed in vain, was at last heard, and this barbarous practice abolished.

So I assert—Mr. Macaulay denies it—and thereupon, to speak in legal phrase, issue is joined. Let us proceed to the evidence.

The evidence is of two sorts :—

1st. Facts.

2nd. The opinions of intelligence, not as dictators to command, but as consuls to advise.

First, Facts. The evidence of Facts consists of warrants for inflicting torture which were issued in the reigns of Elizabeth, of James, and of Charles, together with the last warrant, in 1641, which ought to be written in letters of gold. If the author of the review will trouble himself to refer to Mr. Jardine's valuable tract

upon torture, he will find more than fifty of these execrable documents. I annex some of them, omitting the warrant against Peacham, as deserving a separate consideration :—

“ 9th Dec., 1580.

“ Council Book.

“ A Letter to Thomas Townsend, Henry Doyly, and William Blennerhasset. Whereas the House of Sir Drew Drury hath been robbed with the privitie of one Humphrey, a boy, you are therefore required to call the said Humphrey, and by some slight kind of torture, such as may not touch the losse of any lymbe, as by whipping, wring from him the knowledge,” &c. &c.

“ 24th Dec. 1580.

“ Council Book.

“ A Letter to the Lieutenante of the Tower, Sir George Carye, Knighte, Mr. Attorney and Mr. Solicitor General, signifying that, whereas there are apprehended one Hurte and Bosgrave, we require they may be brought unto torture,” &c.

“ No. 21.

“ State Paper Office.

“ We have had twoo severall examinations of Thomas Myaghe. We have forborne to putt him in Skevington's Yrons, for that we received chardge from yow to examine hym with secrecie, whiche in that sorte we could not do, that maner of dealinge requiring the presence and ayd of one of the jaylors all the tyme that he shall be in those yrons.”

“ No. 25.

“ 22nd June, 1581.

“ Council Book.

“ A Letter to the Bishop of Chester, giving him to understand of the receipt of his letter of the second of this present, and of the copies of two fayned visions of a young mayden in that countye putt into writing, and scattered abroad among the popish and ignorant people of his dyocese. Their Lordships require the best to be done to endeavor to syft and boulte oute who be the authors, and by causing the mayden (in case by fayer means she shall not confesse the same) to be secretlie whipped, and so brought to declare the truthe, whereby if yt shall not prevaile then to send her hither to Their Lordships to be further proceeded against.”

“ 29th Oct., 1581.

“ A Letter to the Attorney and Solicitor Generall, the Lieutenant of the Tower, Dr. Hammond, Thomas Wilkes, and Thomas Norton, for the examining of Edmund Campion, Thomas Fourd, and others, and to put them unto the racke,” &c.

## " No. 29.

" 29th April, 1582.

" Council Book.

" A Letter to Mr. Lieutenant of the Tower, Mr. Thomas Randolph, Mr. Doctor Hammonde, and Mr. Owen, of Lincoln's Inne, requiring them to examine one Thomas Alfield, a seminarie prieste, who, as it is supposed is hable to discouwer many maters touching the practises and proceedings of Jesuites and in case he shall not willingly discover to put him to the racke.

" So we take leaves, wishinge your prosperous Helth, this 10th day of Marche, 1580.

" OWYN HOPTON..

" F. HAMMOND.

" To the Right Honourable Sir Francis Walsingham,  
" Principall Secretarie."

## " No. 30.

" April, 1586.

" A letter to Sir Owen Hopton, Mr. Macwilliam, and Mr. Younge, to put unto the torture of the rack William Wakeman, *alias* Oaves," &c.

" 15th May, 1586.

" A letter to the Lientenant of the Tower to cause Wakeman *alias* Oaves, Beaumont *alias* B. Pynder *alias* Pudsey, to be examined by torture," &c.

## " No. 31.

" 23rd Dec., 1586.

" Council Book.

" A Letter to Sir Owen Hopton, Knight; Ralfe Rugbie, Master of Katherine's; John Popham, Her Majestie's Attorney; Thomas Egerton, Her Majestie's Sollycitor; Sands, Clerke of the Crowne; and Thomas Owen to examine these persons whose names are underwryt [ten in number] and if necessary put *them to the torture of the racke.*"

## " No. 32.

" 24th April, 1587.

" Council Book.

" A Letter to Sir Owen Hopton, Knight, Thomas Randolph, Henry Killigrew, Richard Yonge, Esquires, to put one Andreas Van Metter to the accustomed torture of the rack as oftentimes as they should see cause."

## " No. 33.

" 7th 1587.

" A Letter to Sir Owen Hopton, Mr. Daniel, Mr. Young, this is to require you to examine such persons as are entered in a schedule especially John Staughton and Humphrey Fullwood, and to be put to the racke and torture," &c.

" No. 34.

" 25th October, 1591.

" Council Book.

" A Letter to Dr. Fletcher, Richard Topcliff, Richard Braithwaite, and Richard Yonge, Esquires. Whereas one Eustace White, a Seminary Priest, and one Bryan Lacey, &c. You are required to examine them straitly, and for the better bolting forth of the truth cause them to be put to the manacles and such other tortures as are used in Bridewell," &c.

" No. 35.

" A Letter to Mr. Attorney, Mr. Solicitor. A warrant to put Thomas Clinton to the manacles, and such torture as is used in Bridewell."

" No. 37.

" 8th July, 1592-3.

" A letter to Mr. Richard Yonge and Mr. Ellis, to put to the torture Winstone, and Edward Bagshaw, and Henry Ashe."

" No. 36.

" 4th June, 1592.

" A Letter to Sir George Cary, Knight, and Mr. Richard Yonge, to put Owen Edmund to the torture," &c.

" No. 38.

" 16th April, 1593.

" Council Book.

" A Letter to the Lord Maior of London. Whereas there was a vyle placarde set up upon some post in London, we have to pray your Lordship to cause the person to be punished by torture used in the like cases."

" No. 39.

" A letter to Sir Roland Martin, Anthoney Ashlie, Mr. Alderman , &c., warrant to apprehend [without naming them] persons suspected of having written libels, and to put them to torture in Bridewell, to be at such times and as often as all you shall think fit," &c.

" No. 40.

" 12th Nov. 1595.

" A Letter to Her Majestie's Sollicitor General and William Wade, Esquier. Whereas one Gabriel Colford brought certain seditious books into the Realme, and a Tailor called Thomas Foulkes, in whose house this Colford did lodge, these shall by virtue hereof require you to put them to the torture of the manacles."

" No. 41.

" 1st Dec., 1557.

" A Letter to Sir Richard Martin, Mr. Recorder of London, Mr. Topcliff, Mr. F., Mr. Ash, Mr. V., and Mr. Shevington, or any two of them, to put Thomas Travers to the torture of the manacles," &c.

" No. 41.

" 25th Jan., 1596-7.

" A letter to Sir Thomas Wilks and Mr. Wade to examine John Hardre, a Frenchman, of the age of about 60 years, and to trie him by the ordinary torture in Bridewell," &c.

" No. 42.

" Lent Day of Feb., 1595.

" Council Book.

" A letter to Sir Robert Martin from Sir Robert Cecil, Knight, to put Humphrey Hodges to the manacles," &c.

" No. 43.

" 21st Nov., 1596.

" Council Book.

" A Letter to the Recorder of London, Mr. Topcliffe, and Mr. Shevington to put to the manacles the Ring Leaders of 80 persons calling themselves Egyptians," &c.

" No. 44.

" 19th Dec., 1596.

" Council Book.

" A Letter to Mr. Attorney and Mr. Solicitor General, Mr. Francis Bacon, and Mr. Recorder of London, or to anie two of them : you shall understand that certaine persons intended to make a risinge in the county of Oxford. You shall cause them to be put to the manacles and torture.

" Whereof we praie you to advertize us from tyme to tyme," &c.

" No. 45.

" 2nd Feb., 1596-7.

" Council Book

" A Letter to Mr. Attorney General, Mr. Sollicitor, Mr. Francis Bacon, and Mr. William Waad. Whereas one William Tompson is charged to have a purpose to burne her Majestie's shippes, these shall require you to examine the sayde Thomson, and cause him to be put to the manacles or the torture of the rack, as in like cases hath been used."

Such are some of the warrants in the time of Elizabeth, who died March, 1603. Mr. Jardine says, in his work on torture,—

" The Council books for the first twelve years of James the 1st are unfortunately missing, and for that period, therefore, I must draw the evidence of the continuation of the practice from other sources. Two original warrants from the privy council for applying the torture to one Philip May, dated the 19th and 20th April, 1603, before the King's arrival in London, or his accession to the throne, are to be found in the State Paper Office ; they are as follows :—

" No. 44.

" 19th April, 1603.

" Original in the State Paper Office.

" A warrant to put to the torture of the rack one Philip May. From Whitehall this 19th of Aprill, 1603.

" Your Lordship's verie loving friends,

NOTINGHAM. E. WORCESTER.  
HOWARD.

W. KNOLLYS. ED. WOTTON.

J. STANHOPE. E. BRUCE.

" Addressed on the outside,—

" To our loving friends Sir John Peyton, Knt., Lieutenant of the Tower of London; Edward Coke, Esq., His Majesty's Attorney Generall; Thomas Fleming, Esq., His Majestie's Sollicitor Generall; and William Waad, Esq., one of the Clerks of his Majesty's Privy Council."

" No. 50.

" Warrant to put Philip May the manacles, or such other torture as is made in the Tower, &c.

" From the King's Majestie's Pallace of Whitehall, the 20th of Aprill, 1603.

" Your verie loving Friends,

THO. EGERTON. C. S. T. BUCKHURST.

NOTINGHAM. JO. CANT. HOWARD.

E. WORCESTER. W. KNOLLIS. ED. WOTTON.

J. STANHOPE. E. BRUCE.

" Lord Chiefe Justice, Lieutenante of the Tower, Mr. Attorney, Mr. Sollicitor, or any two or more of them.

" On the outside this warrant is addressed,—

" To our very good Lord Chiefe Justice of England; Sir John Peyton, Knt., Lieutenant of the Tower; Edward Coke, Esq., the King's Majesty's Attorney General; and Thomas Fleming, His Majesty's Sollicitor, or any two or more of them."

" No. 52.

" 19th Feb., 1619-20.

" Council Book.

" Sir E. Coke present. A letter to the Lieutenant of the Tower. Whereas Samuel Peacock is suspected of High Treason, &c. And whereas we have thought meet to nominate and appoint Sir Henry Montague, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Sir Thomas Coventry, Knight, His Majesty's Solicitor General, and yourself to examine the said Peacock for the better discovery of the truth of this treason. This shall authorize you, or any two of you, whereof yourself to be one, to examine the said Peacock from time to time, and put him, as there shall be cause for the better manifestation of the truth, to the torture, either of the manacles or the rack. For which this shall be your warrant."



" No. 53.

" 9th June, 1621.

" Council Book.

" A Letter to Mr. Sergeant Crew and Mr. Attorney General to examine James Crasfield, and not only to offer him the manacles and rack, but to use the same as in their discretion they shall feel requisite for discovery of the truth."

Jardine says, Sir Edward Coke personally assisted this examination by torture.

In the Gunpowder Plot case there is (says Jardine) the well-known warrant in the King's hand-writing, authorizing the Commissioners to examine Fawks on the rack.

It appears that at this time it was the common course for commissioners, upon examination into offences of state, to make use of torture. Catholic writers have constantly asserted that many of the witnesses by whom Father Garnet was charged with the guilt of the Gunpowder Plot were examined under torture. In particular they assert that H. Owen, who died in the Tower within a few days after his apprehension, expired in the endurance of some dreadful species of torture. The whole account of his torture is in Jardine. There are several notorious instances of torture in the subsequent parts of the reign of James.

As to torture in the times of Charles, Mr. Jardine adds,—

" It scarcely admits of doubt that the practice of torture was continued during the whole reign of James I. I shall now proceed to show that Charles I. was not more abstemious than his predecessors in the exercise of this obnoxious prerogative.

" No. 54.

" 30th April, 1626.

" A warrant to SIR ALLEN APSLEY, Knt. Lieut. of the Tower,  
Mr. SERJ. ASHLEY,  
Mr. TURNBULL, and  
Mr. MENTYS,

Or any two of them to examine William Monk upon such interrogatories as should be directed by the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and to use the manacles to the said Monk if in their discretion they shall think it fit, and to certify the Board what they find."

I pass on to the last warrant by which this horrid practice was sanctioned in England.

" No. 55.

" Truste and well beloved, we greet you well. Our will and pleasure is, that to-morrow morning, by seven o'clock, you cause John Archer to be carried to the rack, and that there yourself together with Sir Ralph

Whitfield, and Sir Robert Heath, knight, our serjeant-at-law, shall examine him, and if upon sight of the rack he shall not make a clear answer, then our further pleasure is, that you cause him to be racked as in your and their discretion shall be thought fit. And when he shall have made a full answer, then the same is to be brought to us, and you are still to deteyne him close prisoner till you shall receive further orders; and this shall be as well to you, as to our said serjeants, sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalf.

“ Given under our Signett at our Court at Whitehall,  
“ 2 May, 1641.

“ To our trusty and well beloved son, WALTER BALFOUR, knight,  
“ Lieutenant of the Tower of London.”

Such is the evidence from *facts*, let us now proceed to evidence from *OPINIONS*. And first, Mr. Hume says,—

“ The Star Chamber, and High Commission, and Court-martial, though arbitrary jurisdictions, had still some pretence of a trial, at least of a sentence; but there was a grievous punishment very generally inflicted in that age without any other authority than the warrant of a Secretary of State or of the Privy Council, and that was imprisonment in any gaol and during any time that the ministers should think proper. In suspicious times all the gaols were full of prisoners of state; and these unhappy victims of public jealousy were sometimes thrown into dungeons, and loaded with irons, and treated in the most cruel manner, without their being able to obtain any remedy from law.

“ This practice was an indirect way of employing torture: but the rack itself though not admitted in the ordinary execution of justice, was frequently used, upon any suspicion, by authority of a warrant from a Secretary or the Privy Council. Even the Council in the marches of Wales was empowered by their very Commission, to make use of torture whenever they thought proper.”

Mr. Jardine says,—

“ It is an historical fact that anterior to the commonwealth torture was always used as a matter of course. No doubt the assertion of the illegality of torture is in one sense strictly true. It was not lawful by the common law; and therefore the judges could not inflict it as a punishment in the ordinary course of administering justice. But it was lawful as an act of prerogative, as an act of that power to which according to the doctrines of those days, the laws belonged as a kind of property,—a power which was superior to the laws, and was able to suspend the laws, when such writers as Fortescue, Coke, and Smith denounce the use of torture as illegal, they must be considered as speaking of it with reference to the common law of England and its employment in the ordinary administration of justice. But they would probably have admitted, that the use of the rack was lawful and justifiable by the English Constitution, if warranted by the special command of the King. This distinction, which though obscure to us in

these days of comparative liberty, was sufficiently plain and obvious two centuries ago, and affords the only explanation of the resolution of the judges in Felton's case. The King, in referring the question to the Judges, alludes to this distinction when he says, that 'if the torture might be applied by *law* he would not use his *prerogative* in this point.' That torture was known and allowed' as an act of prerogative, the judges must have been fully aware; for, besides the notoriety of the practice, several of the individuals who joined in this resolution before they were raised to the Bench, were not unfrequently employed in examinations by the rack."

Such is the answer to Mr. Macaulay's accusations. "*He overlooked the distinction between torture by the sentence of a court of law and torture by order of Council;*" and, unless there is some latent defect in my reasoning, which has escaped my notice, it is conclusive.

Knowing the cautious habits of the profession of which Mr. Macaulay is a member, and thinking with great respect of his sagacious and disciplined mind, I am (unless I assume that he overlooked this distinction) wholly at a loss to conceive how he could venture to speak with such confidence. If it appear to have originated in habitual boldness, generated by frequently writing without expecting an answer, it is nothing but appearance. Mr. Macaulay has read again and again Lord Bacon's admirable Essay upon Boldness, and he well knows the times and places where confidence passes current, where counterfeit may be as valuable as sterling coin: but he was not speaking to a public assembly, and he must be a very inattentive observer of Mr. Macaulay's nature who can suppose that he would write *ad captandum*, to gain, what in our time is without difficulty obtained, vulgar applause by the encouragement of prejudice and the depression of superiority. He was addressing the reflecting part of the community, the philosophy of the country: the many who, to use the words of Milton, "in this great City, the Mansion-house of liberty, are sitting by their studious lamps musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas, reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction;" and he well knew that, before this tribunal, neither declamation nor bold assertion would be of any avail. He knew that every word would be examined and tested; that the dross would be separated from the pure metal, and that he would be, as he will be, answered again and again by the admirers of Lord Bacon and the lovers of truth: which according to Lord Bacon's favourite doctrine always prevails,—

"*Temporis filia dicitur veritas non autoritatis.*"

If the confidence is supposed to have originated in conviction of the truth of the charge, the supposition is (without the same assumption) beset with difficulties, for it is necessary to suppose, that, extensive and accurate as is Mr. Macaulay's knowledge, and remarkable as is his memory, he either had never read or had forgotten,

not only the passage in Hume, which is known to every school-boy in England, but the passage in Rushworth, to which, in his preparation for his Review, he had himself referred, where the distinction is expressly recognised in the King's own words, "*If Felton cannot be racked by law, I will not use my prerogative in this point;*" and, even supposing the passages in Hume and in Rushworth not to have been present to his mind, it must be assumed that, when execrating cruelty, he wholly lost sight of the horrid barbarities by which public feeling was outraged during the reigns of Elizabeth, of James, and of Charles.

The next charge by Mr. Macaulay is, that Bacon examined Peacham by torture, and that he had pleasure in listening to the yells of this old clergyman. Mr. Macaulay's words are,—

"This wretched old man was put to the rack; and while enduring the horrible infliction, was examined by Bacon, but in vain; no confession could be wrung out of him. It is well known that in 1628, only 14 years after the time when Bacon went to the Tower to listen to the yells of Peacham, &c."

Such is Mr. Macaulay's statement.—To clear the way it is necessary to say a few words of Sir Julius Cæsar, a relation of Lord Bacon, who died in his arms. I have often thought that a portrait of one of the most intellectual of men dying in the arms of one of the most benevolent, would be worthy of a great artist. Sir Julius Cæsar was Master of the Rolls in the time of King James. He was distinguished for his ability, his integrity, and his charity; "the charitable Sir Julius Cæsar," says Sir Henry Wotton, "grown so old that he was said to be kept alive beyond nature's course by the prayers of the many poor whom he daily relieved."

The following is an exact copy of the Warrant for torturing Peacham:—

"No. 51. .

"18th Jany., 1614-5.

"Council Book.

"A Letter to Sir Ralph Winwood Knt., His Majestie's Secretary of State, Sir Julius Cæsar Knt., Master of the Rolls, of His Majestie's Privy Council, Sir Gervaise Helwishe Knt., Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir Francis Bacon Knt., H. M.'s Attorney Generall, Sir Henry Montague Knt., His Majestie's Serjeant at Law, Sir Henry Yelverton Knt., His Majestie's Sollicitor Generall, Sir Randall Crewe Knt., H. M.'s Serjeant at Lawe, and Francis Cottington, Esq., Clerke of his Majestie's Privie Councell, and to every of them; whereas Edmund Peacham, now prisoner in the Tower, stands charged with the writing of a booke or pamphlett contayninge matters treasonable (as is conceived), and being examyned thereupon refuseth to declare the truthe in those points whereof he hath beene interrogated. Forasmuch as the same doth concerne His Majesties sacred person and

Government, and doth highly concerne his service to have many things yet dyscovered touching the sayd booke and the author thereof, wherein Peacham dealeth not so clerelie as becometh an honest and loyale subject; these shall be therefore in His Majestie's name, to will and require you and every of you to repaire, with what convenient diligence you may, unto the Tower, and there to call before you the sayd Peacham, and to examyne him strictly upon such interrogatories concerninge the sayd booke as you shall think fitt and necessary for the manifestation of the truthe. And if you find him obstinate and perverse, and not otherwise willing or readie to tell the truthe, then to put him to the manacles, as in your discretions you shall see occasion." For which this shall be to you and to every of you sufficient warrant."

Upon what authority, I ask Mr. Macaulay, does he assert that Sir Francis Bacon was the unfortunate officer who was doomed to be the chief agent in the execution of this warrant? upon what authority, I ask, does he assert that Lord Bacon felt joy in witnessing the sufferings of this clergyman? If he had been reviewing the interesting life of Sir Julius Cæsar, might he not with the same propriety have said, that this venerable judge was the chief agent in the execution, and joyfully witnessed this barbarity? might he not have said that Sir Julius Cæsar went to the Tower to listen to the yells of Peacham? or is this a mere figure of speech without any knowledge who were the persons who were doomed to attend the execution of this warrant?—If Mr. Macaulay infer that, because Bacon was Attorney General, it was *his* duty, the answer is obvious. He did his duty, and common charity will feel that he must have done it most reluctantly.—It is painful to be obliged to search for evidence to refute these random charges; but let me refer Mr. Macaulay to Bacon's letter to the King, dated January 27th, 1614.

"This day in the afternoon was read your Majesty's letters of direction touching Peacham, which because it concerneth properly the duty of my place, I thought it fit for me to give your Majesty both a speedy and private account thereof, that your Majesty knowing things clearly how they pass may have the true fruit of your own wisdom and clear seeing judgment in governing the business.

"From the regularity which your Majesty (as a matter in business of estate doth prudently prescribe in examining and taking examinations), I subscribe to it; only I will say for myself, that I was not at this time the principal examiner."

Let me again refer to Bacon's Letter to the King, dated January 21st, 1614, in which he says, "*although we are driven to make our way through questions which I wish were otherwise,*" &c.

I pass from this subject by asking Mr. Macaulay whether he might not with the same propriety have said that Sir R. Winwood, the Secretary of state, or that Sir Henry Montague, or that all or any

of the other persons to whom the warrant was directed, were the officers by whom it was executed, and that they delighted in the sufferings which they witnessed?

But, even supposing that Bacon had been ordered to execute this warrant, does Mr. Macaulay contend or insinuate that he ought *not* to have obeyed the mandate?

His words are,—

“If it be true that in the time of James I. the propriety of torturing was generally allowed, we should admit this as an excuse; though we should admit it less readily in the case of such a man as Bacon than in the case of an ordinary lawyer or politician.”

The meaning of this assertion must be, that Bacon deserves censure, either because he did not disobey the law, or because he did not assist in reforming it. It surely cannot be necessary in the year 1841 to open the settled questions of obedience and resistance. Assuming that there are cases where resistance is a virtue, and thinking with veneration of such men as Plato, who, finding that his opinions did not agree with the corrupt manners of his country, refused to bear any place, and passed his life in the calm but obscure regions of philosophy, I shall assume, and I think without the hazard of contradiction, that in England every law officer ought to obey the law; that a Judge who disapproves of capital punishment ought to pass sentence of death; and that the sheriff, be his opinions what they may, ought to execute the law.

How can we be justified in disobedience, enjoying as we do the right, the grateful right, to point out any error in which a mistaken law is founded? “Obey as a subject, criticise as a free subject,” are never to be forgotten maxims:

“This is true liberty, when freeborn men,  
Having to advise the public, may speak free.”

ever remembering Plato’s admonition, “Our country is to be treated as our parents, with respectful persuasions not with contestations.”

The truth of this reasoning may easily be seen by Mr. Macaulay. He has for some years filled, with great satisfaction to the country, the high and important office of Minister of War. During the time of his enlightened superintendence of the painful duties of his office, the following statement appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, April 3, 1840:—

“Private Carter, of the second battalion of the Rifle Brigade at Windsor, who had been found guilty by a regimental court-martial of having induced two ignorant recruits to dispose of part of their regimental necessities, and afterwards participating in the proceeds, underwent a portion of his sentence. He was sentenced to receive one hundred lashes. Upon being tied up he soon manifested the greatest terror, uttering the most dreadful shrieks. He continued up to the seventy-fifth lash to send forth



cries which were piteous and heart-rending in the extreme. The inhabitants of the houses which overlooked the scene retired to the back of their premises, and many left their residences to avoid the painful exhibition and to escape beyond the hearing of his horrid cries. At the end of the seventy-fifth lash he was ordered to be taken down and the remainder of the sentence was not inflicted. His back at this time was a mass of livid flesh, and blood running from him in streams. He was immediately afterwards marched off to the hospital to undergo the necessary cure."

Does Mr. Macaulay deserve the censure of all good men because he did not interfere to prevent this punishment? Who would be justified in saying that Mr. Macaulay had joyfully listened to the yells of Carter and lamented only that the executioner stopped at the 75th lash? If at some future time, when the English, like the Roman soldier, will dread to pass under the yoke as much if not more than the Tarpeian Rock, will a reviewer, in the improved reviews of those happy times, be justified in saying, "If it be true that in the reign of Queen Victoria the propriety of thus punishing soldiers was generally allowed, we should admit this as an excuse, though we should admit it less readily in the case of such a man as Mr. Macaulay, than in the case of an ordinary minister of war?"

The only remaining charge, which is rather insinuated than expressed, is, that Bacon did not assist in the abolition of torture; and, protesting against the right of society to censure any man for silence, the answer is easy. He did assist to the extent of his ability, by *direct* reform when society was ripe for the improvement; by *indirect*, when preparation was necessary. A true reformer, desirous to proceed not *in aliud* but *in melius*, is always cautious, not from suspecting his cause, but from knowing the times in which he lives. He does not attempt to sail against the stream when the tide is the strongest. He knows that the best ballasted vessel may be wrecked if there is too much press of sail, or the lead is not thrown when breakers are ahead. He is always mindful of the old maxim, "Every man is not a proper champion for truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity: and many, from an ignorance of this maxim, and an immoderate zeal unto truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error and remain trophies to the enemies of truth."

A more steady, strenuous reformer than Lord Bacon, whether as a philosopher, as a statesman, or as a lawyer, never existed on earth. The love of reform was his ruling passion. It could not be otherwise. The love of reform is the child of knowledge. We cannot know misery without a desire to alleviate it.

The *Novum Organum*, the reform of philosophy, stands a sea-mark in the tide of time, and will for ever stand.

His endeavours to improve England and Scotland were incessant and successful. He had no sooner attained his object than he imme-

diately raised his voice for oppressed Ireland, with an earnestness which shows how deeply he felt for her sufferings. "Your Majesty," he said, "accepted my poor field fruits touching the union; but let me assure you that England, Scotland, and Ireland well united, will be a trefoil worthy to be worn in your crown. She is blessed with all the dowries of nature and with a race of generous and noble people, but the hand of man does not unite with the hand of nature. The harp of Ireland is not strung to concord. It is not attuned with the harp of David in casting out the evil spirit of superstition, or the harp of Orpheus in casting out desolation and barbarism."

In gradual reform of the law, his exertions were indefatigable; his favourite maxim was,—

"I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves, by way of amends, to be a help and ornament thereunto."

He suggested improvements both of the civil and criminal law; he published various works on the subject; he proposed to reduce and compile the whole law, and availed himself of an opportunity to recommend a memorial touching the review of the penal laws, *and the repeal of such as are obsolete and snaring, and the supply, where it shall be needful, of Lawes more mild and fit for the time, &c.* and in a tract upon universal justice, *Leges Legum*, he planted a seed which, for the last two centuries has not been dormant, and is now just appearing above the surface.

In his first speech in Parliament, he recommended a permanent board of legal reform, and he availed himself of every opportunity to repeat this recommendation. It is repeated in his offer of a Digest of the Law; in his proposal for the amendment of the law; in his "*Justitia Universalis*;" in his dedication to the elements of common law, and in his proposition for a compilation of the law. A suggestion which has been wholly disregarded. He has been crying in the wilderness. Had he been heard, we should not, for centuries, have been legislating like a blind man trying his way with a stick, but as a seeing man with light. Such were his *direct* exertions to improve the law, and they were made not when reform was popular, but when it was looked upon with great jealousy by the king, by the people, and by his profession.

His *indirect* exertions, although less perceptible, were not less profitable. They have ever been duly appreciated. In a work of which Mr. Macaulay will acknowledge the authority, the Edinburgh Review of April, 1803, the author, speaking of Bacon's Essay on Judicature, says,—

"To both bench and bar, in Scotland and everywhere else, we strongly

recommend the attentive and repeated study of Lord Bacon's little Essay (scarcely three pages) on Judicature. It is a discourse which ought not merely to be suspended over the gate, but engraven on the heart of every court of Justice."

From Bacon's great foresight; from his having lived in times when darkness was upon the face of the country, and from his having lived in courts, he was necessarily well skilled in the art of silence; he could not but know that the art of advancing kind feeling, when conversing with kings and great men, consists not in resisting but in imperceptibly humouring observations; not in opposing but in directing the stream; "Never oppose a king," is an old maxim among courtiers, which he well understood.

When Elizabeth said to him that a publisher should be compelled by the rack to produce the author, Bacon did not read a lecture against erroneous punishments; he contented himself with saying, "Nay, Madam, rack his style." He said this in the true spirit of an intelligent reformer, as is thus stated in Hume:—

"There cannot be a stronger proof how lightly the rack was employed, than the following story, told by Lord Bacon. We shall give it in his own words: 'The Queen was mightily incensed against Haywarde on account of a book he dedicated to Lord Essex, being a story of the first year of King Henry the Fourth; thinking it a seditious prelude to put into the people's heads, boldness and faction, she said she had an opinion that there was treason in it, and asked me if I could not find any places in it that might be drawn within the case of treason? Whereto I answered, for treason sure I found none: but for felony, very many; and when her Majesty hastily asked me wherein? I told her the author had committed very apparent theft; for he had taken most of the sentences of Cornelius Tacitus, and translated them into English, and put them into his text. And another time when the Queen could not be persuaded that it was his writing whose name was to it, but that it had some more mischievous author, and said with great indignation, that she would have him racked to produce his author, I replied: 'Nay, Madam, he is a doctor; never rack his person, but rack his style: let him have pen, ink, and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue the story where it breaketh off, and I will undertake by collating the styles, to judge whether he were the author or no.' Thus had it not been for Bacon's humanity, or rather his wit, this author, a man of letters, had been put to the rack for a most innocent performance."

So too, and in the same spirit, when James was much troubled with Peacham's conduct, and said, "*He is a raging devil*," Bacon did not inveigh against the use of such terms, but said, "*Nay, he is a dumb devil*;" and he adds, "*We are driven to make our way through questions (which I wish were otherwise).*"

If Mr. Macaulay disapprove of this doctrine, he may without

difficulty ascertain its correctness. The Mahometans are darkened by ignorance and depraved by cruelty. Their emblem is not the dove but the vulture. Let him settle for a short time, it will be only a short time, in Constantinople; and let him write an Edinburgh Review against capital punishment or the seraglio, it will, unfortunately for the public, be his last Review. The Mahometan punishments are very summary. They do not hesitate to tie offenders in a sack with very unpleasant companions and throw them into the Bosphorus, and the torture inflicted upon malefactors will without hesitation be extended to troublesome reviewers.

Never was there, I repeat, a more ardent reformer of the law, never a more sincere lover of his country than Lord Bacon. For his exertions to reform the law, I refer to his publications and exertions in Parliament. For his love of his country, I refer to his Essay on the Greatness of Britain, and to every part of his works; and, amongst others, to his prayer as Chancellor, which was found amongst his papers after his death, where he thus speaks:—

“Remember, O Lord, how thy servant hath walked before thee, remember what I have first sought and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy assemblies; I have mourned for the divisions of thy church; I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary. This vine which thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee that it might have the first and the latter rain, and that it might stretch its branches to the seas and to the floods.”

Such was the man who by Mr. Macaulay has been accused of hard-hearted malevolence, and of being behind his age.

By these loose and incautious statements Mr. Macaulay has thrown another stone at the monument of one of the greatest men that ever lived, instead of aiding in the nobler work of clearing away the rubbish that defaced it. To the other charges heaped by inconsiderate ignorance, he has added the hitherto unheard of charge of cruelty; following in the train of Sir Edward D'Ewes and Sir Anthony Weldon, whose falsehoods were exposed almost as soon as uttered, instead of joining the illustrious band, who vied with each other in doing honour to his memory. The learned and pious Dr. Rawley,—Archbishop Tennison, and Herbert,—the faithful Sir Thomas Meautys,—the intellectual Hobbs,—the independent, high minded Selden, and the observing, affectionate, discriminating Ben Jonson, who, in a passage partly noticed in the Review, says,—

“My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honours, but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself; in that he seemed to me ever by his works one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages: in his adversity I ever prayed that God would give ‘him strength, for greatness he could not want.’ ”

Here Mr. Macaulay concludes; not so Ben Jonson, who thus finishes the sentence, "*Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, knowing that no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.*"

The evidence upon the charge of cruelty is now before the impartial public, by whom, sooner or later, justice is always done.

If Mr. Macaulay had been a common writer, his charge of cruelty might have been safely left to its natural fate. It would have floated down the stream with the censures of D'Ewes and of Weldon; or have been added to the list of wonderful accusers mentioned, I think, by Lord Byron, "the accuser of Voltaire of ignorance, of Wilberforce and Clarkson of cruelty, and of Napoleon and Wellington of cowardice;" but when a distinguished scholar places himself in the judgment seat, and calls such a man as Lord Bacon to the bar, it cannot but be his wish that his errors should not pass unnoticed. Let the bane and antidote circulate together. The evidence has been adduced; it now only remains for me, when demanding justice for Lord Bacon and truth for the world, respectfully to say, that a truly great man is considerate before he condemns, and hesitates when compelled to censure; he knows that in all censure of others there is something of self-approbation; that, exalted into the situation of a judge, it is difficult to walk humbly. He is also fearful that a subject deeply considered, and by him cautiously stated, may mislead others; that he may awaken intemperate zeal, that he may administer to malice, and encourage that never-dying envy which vainly hopes to raise itself by the depression of superiority.

I cannot conclude without saying, that, whatever apparent differences there may be between Mr. Macaulay and myself, we can have but one wish, one object in view,—to assist society in forming a correct judgment of the character of Lord Bacon;—and it will be formed. He did not speak inadvertently when he said, "*I leave my good name and reputation to men's charitable speeches, to foreign countries, and the next ages.*"

B. M.

ART. VIII.—*The Life, Times, and Missionary Enterprises of the Rev. John Campbell.* By ROBERT PHILIP. London: Snow.

MR. Philip's *Life of the Rev. John Campbell* is a valuable and interesting work. It presents much more variety than the history of most ministers of the gospel can be expected to furnish, whose piety, however ardent, is not likely to offer many striking incidents, and whose pastoral duties might be of a routine nature, and little calculated to engage the particular attention of strangers. But John Campbell from his boyhood exhibited some uncommon features, or at least supplies us with several very instructive incidents and

characteristics. The changes which took place in his worldly condition have something in them that is engaging. The influence he had, too, in the religious movement which occurred about half a century ago, in his native country, is a matter for observation. Above all, his Missionary exertions were of such amount and distinction as will hand down his name to posterity among the champions who have devised the noblest schemes, and adventured most for their fellow-men in the dark places of the earth. In so far as Mr. Philip is concerned, the work is well done; it is executed in a congenial spirit; it is a warm, hearty, and an eloquent tribute to a departed friend. We proceed to lay before our readers some of the more important passages, or to indicate the nature of others by some brief observation; premising, however, that Mr. Campbell's Missionary enterprises shall not occupy us at any length, for these reasons,—first, that his efforts in behalf of the poor Africans are widely known in the religious world; and secondly, because it would be impossible to sketch the history of his exertions and sacrifices in this sphere of philanthropic achievement with anything like adequate fulness, precision, and vividness, within our limits.

The work, Mr. Philip states, is substantially Mr. Campbell's own, he having been, after he was well advanced in life, urged by his friends to draw up a narrative of his life. He says, in reference to such urgencies, that at length "the matter began to wear a very formidable aspect; for I had no written memorials of former occurrences. No doubt I had referred to many of them in letters I had written to friends during a long series of years; but I had no copies of those letters, and perhaps many of them were torn to pieces as waste paper. So I was left to recover the whole by dint of mere memory. I mentioned this to brother Philip, who had much experimental knowledge on the subject. He advised me to commence my narrative, and told me I should be surprised how one fact would lead to the accurate recollection of another. I began, and found it exactly as he had said. Many parts of the narrative refer to facts that happened more than forty years ago, and I am confident that they are more accurately recorded than if they had happened only a month ago."

Mr. Campbell was bred up in the capital of Scotland, and under the roof of an uncle who was an elder or deacon of the Relief Church. The boy had lost both his parents at an early period of his life, but found in a relative's character and protection an excellent substitute. He obtained part of his education at that celebrated academical institution, the High School of Edinburgh, under Nicoll, the friend of Burns. But he seems rather to have been a truant than an assiduous scholar at this period—preferring to roam over and to climb the Salisbury Crags, those bold and



picturesque promontories which overshadow the south-side of *Auld Reekie*, to becoming master of the construction of the Latin classics. Still, the teachings, example, and influence of his uncle were most salutary, and, it would appear, were received with some degree of alacrity. The sabbath was spent, not only during church hours, but during the evenings, as the austere but fine old spirit of the champions of the Covenant loved to observe it. A gospel minister was regularly heard; and then, immediately after tea, "the whole family were assembled in uncle's room, viz., we three brothers, the female servant, and an apprentice. Each was asked to tell the texts and what they remembered of the sermons they had heard during the day; then a third part of the questions in the Shorter Catechism were asked, to which we repeated the answers in rotation. He then took one of the questions as it came in course, from which, off-hand, he asked us a number of questions, for the trial of our judgment and informing of our judgments. The service was concluded by singing two verses of a psalm, and uncle offering a most pious prayer for a blessing on the evening exercises."

Just so and similar are the modes which obtain at many firesides in Scotland—say among the *bonnet-lairds* of the west of Scotland, or rather the descendants of those who were frequently distinguished by such a characteristic title; although we must confess that not less changed have been the forms and attentions to worship in many families whose ancestors were the salt of the earth, than the fashion of dress. Still, and to this day, there is in many a street of Edinburgh and Glasgow—many a town and village of Old Scotland—many a *neuk*, and at many an *ingle*—the gladdening, as well as the sacred exercises observed, to which young Campbell was habituated. But how gloomy, repulsive, or wearisome to the young nature! No. "From the variety that we attended to, we did not weary in the service; indeed, I do not recollect one of us ever yawning during it. This way of keeping the sabbath deeply impressed us with its sanctity. Had I heard a boy whistle, or a man laugh loud, or overheard the sound of an instrument of music from a house, I was actually shocked. We were never permitted to cross the threshold of the door on the Lord's day, except when going to worship. Some might conclude from all this that we must have been a gloomy, morose family; but the fact was the reverse. Uncle was a cheerful man, possessing peace of mind, and the prospect of a happy eternity! He was for a long time ill before he died, and for weeks before he expired his agony was almost intolerable; his moanings were incessant night and day; for years after his death I never heard the mourning of a dove but I was reminded of him. I do not know what his disease was, but I recollect hearing people call it 'a burning at the heart.'"

This is touching—it is fine—but not sickly; for it is true to the

life. "We were never permitted to cross the threshold of the door on the Lord's day, except when going to worship." How hard! some one may exclaim. Well, what would you have had to be done with boys in a large town on Sundays? Let them roam beyond a parent's or a guardian's eye? Or would you prefer to *uncle's* catechisings and teachings, the miscellaneous conversations, the readings of your *Dispatches*, as is the practice with multitudes of *decent* people? Then, we say, that the satisfaction and the improvement of the mind, without referring at all to religion, fall wonderfully short of what are experienced from the more *reasonable service*. Nay, he who hies him forth with angling-rod on the summer sabbath's morning, and to participate in all that the beauties of landscape, and the exercise of a graceful, poetic pastime can yield, knows not half the pleasure, tastes not one tithe of the blessings, which the farmer or the peasant's family drink when singly each may take his solitary walk among the hedge-rows of the surrounding fields, and disturbs nothing that is alive; but, on the contrary, is prompted to converse with the mute or harmless things around him, if not to commune with his own heart. Yes, a noisy sabbath, or one frivolously spent, is a contradiction not less offensive than it is to meet with a young and beautiful woman who affects to despise holy things.

The uncle's example and instructions produced lasting impressions upon the minds of his nephews. After having arrived at a suitable age, they made "a profession of faith in Jesus Christ, by becoming members of a Presbyterian Christian Church, and by establishing regular worship in the family, morning and evening; and each of the brothers taking his turn to officiate by rotation. On afterwards comparing notes together, we found that reflecting on the uniform consistent and upright conduct of our uncle led each of us to think seriously about the salvation of his own soul."

But it was John's lot to have for a number of years to wrestle with convictions, and to find no permanent rest. He read religious and devotional works—sought with all his might for solace; but found no relief, until at length he says, it "was gradually effected by God." He must have been a man of keen feelings, and of a temperament that was extremely sensitive. His mental paroxysms were therefore dreadful for a long time, and they are described with painful particularity:—"I did not see that hope in Christ alone produced and maintained alone evidences of grace, but thought it necessary first to search for the evidences, and then to proceed to hope in the atoning blood of Jesus, as a person entitled on this ground to hope." "I can take comfort from nothing—heart from nothing, till I perform something myself. I cannot look to God but as my enemy, who will have no mercy upon me until I perform some repentance or humiliation;" which he designates the "old

covenant spirit." Yet, "he never abandoned or abated public duty at all, or private devotion long." At last,—

"Upon the evening of the twenty-sixth of January, 1795, the Lord appeared as my deliverer. He commanded, and darkness was turned into light. The cloud which covered the mercy-seat fled away! Jesus appeared as he is! My eyes were not turned inward but outward! The gospel was the glass in which I beheld him. When our Lord first visited Saul upon the highway, he knew in a moment that it was the Lord. So did I. Such a change of views, feelings, and desires suddenly took place in my mind, as none but the hand of an infinite Operator could produce. Formerly I had a secret fear that it was presumption in me to receive the great truths of the gospel; now there appeared no impediment,—I beheld Jesus as the speaker in his word, and speaking to me. When he said 'Come,' I found no difficulty in replying 'Yes, Lord! thy pardoned rebel comes.' If not the grace of God, what else could effect such a marvellous change? I chiefly viewed the atonement of Jesus as of infinite value, as a price paid for my redemption, and cheerfully accepted by the Father. I saw love in the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, all harmonizing in pardoning and justifying me. The sight humbled and melted my soul. Looking to what I felt was no *help* to comfort, it came directly from God, through his word.

"The following evening, about nine o'clock, while sitting before the fire, writing to a reverend friend, I had such a charming, surprising view of sovereign, pardoning, redeeming, unmerited mercy, that I was hardly able to bear it. The great doctrines of redemption, as stated in the Bible, opened to my view in a way I never experienced before. I beheld a crucified Jesus nigh me in the word; I threw away the pen, and turned about to see this great sight! I looked stedfastly to the Lamb suffering for me! So much was I overpowered with the magnitude of this discovery of eternal boundless love and grace in Christ, that I felt a difficulty in breathing.

"This view of my redeeming God in Christ completely swept away all the terrible horrors which had so long brooded over my mind, leaving not a wreck behind, but filling me with joy and peace more than human—truly divine. I sat pensive, at one time beholding the pit from whence I was redeemed, at another, the hope to which I was raised. My soul rushed out in wonder, love and praise, emitted in language like this,—'Wonderful mercy! why me? what is this? Thanks be to God who *giveth* me the victory through Jesus Christ, my Lord!' Shuddering at sin, as pardoned, wondering that ever I could have been guilty of such transgressions, I continued sitting, wrapped up in silent wonder. For long after, when I thought of my hopes, I leaped with joy—I really had a glad heart. His visitation also created an extent of mildness and complacency in my temper that I never felt before. I felt a burning love rising in my heart to *all* the brethren in Christ. I earnestly breathed after their incorporation into the family of Christ.

"A light shone upon the Scriptures quite new to me. Passages which formerly appeared hard to be understood, seemed plain as the A B C. Earthly crowns, sceptres, and thrones, appeared quite paltry in my eyes,

and not worth desiring. I felt a complete contentment with my lot in life. I trembled to think of any abatement of my faith, love and sensibility: it required resolution to be resigned to remain long in the world. Indeed, I could scarce admit the idea of long life: I feared the trials and vicissitudes connected with it; but was completely silenced with that noble saying of our reigning Redeemer, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' I saw I was sufficiently warranted to mind the things of to-day; leaving the concerns of to-morrow to his wise disposal. I felt it easy to introduce spiritual conversation wherever I was, and to recommend Christ wherever I went. I saw that everything acceptable to God, or comfortable to ourselves, was the product of divine power."

There are persons who will regard this as sheer cant and hypocrisy. Others will look upon it as the ravings of an enthusiast, a fanatic, a person strongly deluded. It should be borne in mind, however, that the narrator penned the account when he was far advanced in years; that from the period he describes he was a consistent professor, eminent for Christian virtues, and that the sentiments and persuasion we have just now quoted were to the close of his days entertained—were his solace and hope to the end; and that, while he was one of the most unwearied labourers in behalf of the everlasting interests of his fellow men, he was universally esteemed as a man, and admired as a missionary and a minister. That his natural temperament was lively, and his feelings were readily stirred to emotion, is probable enough; so that what he considered to be a sudden perception and complete comprehension of revealed truth, after sore conflicts of doubt and despair, would operate in the palpable manner he has described.

Although Mr. Campbell had attached himself to the Church of Scotland, circumstances occurred, and opinions came to be entertained by him, which gradually weaned him from that communion. The Kirk was at that period not so distinguished as it is now, on account of the number and talents of its evangelical pastors. That, indeed, was the very time when a striking change and movement took place in Mr. Campbell's native country in religious sentiments. And to him, and to those to whom he at length joined himself, the revolution and the revival in question have by many been in a great measure attributed. In the volume before us will be found a good deal of information on this subject, and concerning the chief actors in the field,—your Haldanes, your Ewings, &c.,—wealth and zeal uniting in the case of some of the individuals alluded to, which enabled them to surmount difficulties, and to achieve works of great magnitude. The leaders in this new society appear to have been in the habit of casting their thoughts around, eager to catch hold of any scheme that would awaken people in a spiritual sense. Their views extended even to Africa; the plan at first contemplated being to bring to this country some negro children from Sierra

Leone, in order to have them educated and returned to instruct others of the same race. Let us here quote the words of Mr. Campbell:—

“About a year and a half after this, I was invited by Mr. Haldane to meet a few excellent Christians who were to sup at his house. At one time there was a short pause in the conversation, when, I suppose, every one was thinking what topic he could start. A Mr. Alexander Pitcairn, who sat opposite to me, said, ‘Mr. C., what is become of your African scheme? I have not heard anything of it for a long time.’ No one present could possibly have imagined that the conversion and everlasting salvation of thousands was connected with Mr. P. asking that question. To which I replied, ‘It is put off to the peace!’ which created a general smile, as few expected peace till Buonaparte had got the world under his feet. Mr. Haldane asked from the head of the table, *what* African scheme I had, never having heard of it? This I answered as briefly as I could, but added, ‘I had *another* scheme in my head, as important as the African one.’ ‘What is that?’ ‘To have a Tabernacle built in Edinburgh.’ ‘What is that?’ asked Mr. Haldane. ‘The Tabernacle in London is a large place of worship supplied by popular ministers of different denominations, coming up from the country, and preaching for a month. The crowds it attracts, and the good that has been done, are very great.’ All agreed that such a thing was desirable. ‘Who could be got to supply it?’ I mentioned Rowland Hill and other English ministers. ‘Could a large place be obtained for a year on trial, before proceeding to building?’ ‘Yes, the use of the Circus may be got for sabbaths; as the Relief congregation, who have had it while their new place was building, are on the eve of leaving it.’ When I first proposed the Circus, Mr. Haldane turned to a certain lawyer who was present, saying, ‘Mr. D., will you inquire about it to-morrow, and if it be to let, take it for a year?’

“It was secured the next day; Rowland Hill was invited; he consented to come; and did come in the month of May or June. The place was crowded, even at seven o’clock in the morning,—and in the evenings, if the weather was good, no place could have contained the crowds that came to hear; they mounted to near the summit of the Calton-hill, where there was a spot resembling an amphitheatre, as if excavated to hold a congregation of 10,000, which number, I believe, sometimes attended him.”

The narrative goes on to inform us that on one occasion a collection was made by Rowland’s congregation for the City Charity Workhouse, when about *thirty pounds sterling* was the amount, almost entirely composed of coppers. Many persons were converted, says Mr. Campbell, and amongst them were some who had been grossly immoral characters. “Even some soldiers attended a prayer-meeting. A woman, at her own door, was overheard to say, ‘Oh, Sir, what will become of us now, when the very soldiers are beginning to pray?’” We think that the narrator’s insinuation

is not more charitable than was the burthen of the woman's question. There have been many praying soldiers.

Large places of worship,—Tabernacles,—were erected in the principal cities of Scotland, and at the expense of Mr. Robert Haldane. The ministers who officiated at first in these houses were Independents from the south side of the Tweed. Mr. Campbell, too, although an ironmonger at the time, as well as Mr. Haldane and others, began to preach, or to *exhort*, as they termed it, in an itinerant way; for they at first trembled at the idea of taking upon themselves the character of ministers; although it ought to have been quite clear to them, as it was to many others, that their proceedings not only involved dissent from the Establishment, but were the same nearly as assuming the ministry. Accordingly, great offence was given to many of the members of the Kirk, lay as well as clerical; and immoderate anger and dislike were engendered. One person is said to have prayed every sabbath morning that a “red-hot poker might be stuck into Johnnie Campbell's throat that day, if he presumed to minister in word or doctrine.” On the other hand, the new Scottish sect took credit to themselves for effecting a far greater amount of good than numbers of considerate and pious people, who had not seen fit to become regular attendants at the Tabernacles, were ready to acknowledge or able to perceive. But to proceed.

It is manifest from the accounts before us that Mr. Campbell was on the straight line to the independent ministry; and, having been in correspondence with Mr. Newton, he consulted that pious and zealous Englishman relative to such a step and result in his progress. The answer is worth quoting:—

“I know not,” says Newton, “how you draw the line in your country between preaching and exhorting. If I speak when the door is open to all comers, I call it preaching; for to preach is to speak publicly. Speaking upon a text, or without one, makes no difference; at least, I think not.

“I am no advocate for *self-sent* preachers at large; but when men whose character and abilities are approved by competent judges, whose motives are known to be pure, and whose labours are excited by the exigency of the occasion, lay themselves out to instruct the ignorant and rouse the careless, I think they deserve thanks and encouragement, instead of reprehension, if they step a little over the bounds of church order. If I had lived in Scotland, my ministry, I suppose, would have been in the Kirk, or the Relief, or the Secession; and if Dr. Erskine had been born among us, and regarded according to his merit, he might perhaps have been the archbishop of Canterbury long ago. Much of our differences of opinion on this head may, perhaps, be ascribed to the air we breathed and the milk we drank in infancy. Thus I have given you my free opinion upon your *knotty* point. I leave others to judge whether the husk or the shell of the nut be the better of the two.



“ But while you have a secular calling, it is your duty to be active and accurate in it. Self likes to be employed in great matters—grace teaches us to do small and common things in a great spirit. When you are engaged in business, in a right frame of mind, you are no less serving the Lord than when you are praying, exhorting, or hearing.”

It is probable, before Mr. Campbell withdrew himself from business, in order to receive instructions and education preparatory to the ministry, that he was an effective exhorter as well as sabbath-school teacher. One thing is certain, that he had been wonderfully successful as a writer for the young; and as his commencement and progress in this way were not only extraordinary, but on account of his being the originator, as it may be asserted, of a species of publications now numberless, we shall quote his own modest and graphic detail of the circumstances.

Mary Campbell, a young girl and a relative, had been entrusted to his care; and one day, after dinner,—

“ I laid down my desk upon the table to write a letter, and desired her to sit forward to the table, and I should give her a nice book, published entirely for the sake of *young* people like herself. She took it into her hand with great pleasure, and began to read it with avidity. When she had turned over the second leaf, I saw she was surprised that there was not the end of a chapter in sight. She then turned the third leaf, evidently to see if there was an end there. On observing this, I said, ‘ Go on, Mary, it’s very good.’ After a little I saw her slyly turn over the fourth leaf, and seeing no end of the chapter, she raised up her arms above her head, saying, ‘ Am I obliged to read all this at one sitting?’ I said, ‘ No, Mary, you may go to play.’ She ran like a prisoner set free from bondage. I was satisfied that *long* addresses would be of no use to children, for God has evidently studied the taste of his creatures in the Revelation he has given to them; for almost the whole of it is given in the form of narrative, here a little instruction of one kind, and there a little of another, mixed up with the narrative.”

Mr. Campbell resolved on trying whether he could blend gospel truths with short narratives, so as to chain the attention of young people :—

“ On Mary going out to play, I commenced writing the first life in ‘ Worlds Displayed,’ without the most distant idea of its ever appearing in print, and finished it that evening. Next day, after dinner, I desired Mary to stop, for I had something for her to read; on which I put this life into her hand, and commenced writing at my desk; but, unknown to her, watching her conduct. She read to the end without once looking off the paper, and when done asked me if I had any more? ‘ No,’ said I, ‘ that is enough for one reading; but if you behave well you shall have such another to-morrow, after dinner.’ She asked for it the next day, when I had the second life ready. We went on this way for some time,

till at length I felt like a *cask* that once had been full, but now emptied of all its contents; when I told her she must begin now and read them all over again. What gave rise to the *publishing* them I cannot now recollect; perhaps it was her showing them to some of her acquaintance. However that was, an edition of 1500 was printed as a little volume, which, in boards, was sold at eightpence; and so *hungry* were parents and others for something of a religious cast to present to their children, that the whole edition went off in a very short time. I suppose such publications were equally scarce in America; for in about a year after 'Worlds Displayed' was published in Edinburgh, the venerable Dr. John Erskine, minister of Old Greyfriars parish, called and read me a letter that he had received from an old minister in Massachusetts, stating that my 'Worlds Displayed' had come out there, and a large edition has been published, and requesting Dr. Erskine to inform the author for his encouragement. Also a very short time after its publication in Edinburgh, I received a letter from a bookseller in London wishing permission to print an edition of it there. I did not know till about ten years after how it was so early noticed there; when I was invited to dine with Dr. Adam Clarke, in a friend's house in London, who told me that he was the first introducer of the 'Worlds Displayed' to London. Though I have published many volumes since that time, I have heard more beneficial effects produced by that little *Tom Thumb* volume than all the others put together."

We have already mentioned that we will not go into Mr. Campbell's missionary labours. Neither do we trace his history and his works after his settlement at Kingsland, which took place in 1803. We must, however, let him be seen in the last scene of all, his death having occurred in April, 1840. The account is given by his colleague and successor:—

"On Thursday, March 12th, he felt very ill, and wrote for advice to his medical friend, Dr. Conquest, who kindly and promptly attended to his request. He rallied a little before Sunday, and although much pressed to remain at home, he attended public worship in the morning, fearing, he said, 'lest his flock should be alarmed about him.' That service was the last at which he was present.

"The following week his debility again returned, and gradually increased; and I believe he had then a kind of presentiment that he would not recover. I enjoyed many conversations with him during his illness, and noted down some of his expressions as he gave them utterance. They were indicative of extreme self-abasement and humble reliance on the Saviour of sinners.

"I told him his people prayed very earnestly and affectionately for him. The tears came into his eyes, and he said, 'Oh, Sir, I need it! I'm a *poor* creature.' He said his mind was much harassed by Satan, who told him he had not done *half* what he ought for his Master; and when I said, 'Depend upon it, Sir, he would have been very glad if you had not done half what you have,' he replied, 'Ah! but I have not done what I *could*.' Such were the low views he entertained of his labours in the service of

Christ. This harassment, however, which in a great measure was attributable to his infirm state of body, speedily ceased.

“On one occasion, speaking of the preciousness of the Saviour, he said, ‘Oh! I love to be near the blood of sprinkling;’ and talked in an animated manner of the happiness drawn from the consideration of the unchangeableness of Christ. ‘All I want,’ said he, after we had been speaking of the Saviour’s atonement, ‘is to feel my arm *round* the cross.’ I told him I doubted not it was, and asked him if his heart was not there. He smiled and said, ‘Yes.’ I told him then, that I believed his *arm* was too, although a little benumbed with grasping hard. He smiled again, and then spoke of the wonderful love of God in saving sinners by such a sacrifice as that of his Son.

“On Wednesday, April 1st, he took to his bed; and on my saying to him, when I visited him, that I hoped he was happy, he turned to me and said, ‘The debt is all paid; the sufferings of Christ have discharged it, and therefore I am free, and have peace with God.’ From this time not a cloud obscured his mind. He steadily declined towards the grave, but nothing hung around his setting sun, or cast a shadow upon his hopes for the future.”

It will be seen that this statement is in perfect harmony with the convictions and the belief described in our first extract by Mr. Campbell himself. If some may treat such language and opinions as merely sectarian cant or gross delusion, not a few, we believe, of the readers of the *Monthly Review* will hesitate to disparage the faith of the subject of the present volume, or to doubt his words uttered at the most solemn hour of human existence. At any rate we consider it to be our duty to quote them fairly, and without any diminishing or refining purpose, in order to accommodate either sickly or sceptical sentimentalists. We conclude with an anecdote that has a literary value as well as an interest that belongs to Biblical studies. It concerns the perfection of the New Testament:—

“I remember distinctly,” says Mr. Campbell, “an interesting anecdote referring to the late Sir David Dalrymple (better known to literary men abroad by his title of Lord Hailes), a Scotch judge. I had it from the late Rev. Walter Buchanan, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. I took such interest in it, that, though it must be fifty years ago since he told it, I think I can almost relate it in Mr. Buchanan’s words.”

Mr. B. said that, having been shortly before dining with a literary party at old Mr. Abercrombie’s, the father of General Abercrombie, a question was put which puzzled the whole company. It was this,—“Supposing all the New Testaments in the world had been destroyed at the end of the third century, could their contents have been recovered from the writings of these first centuries?” It appears that no one at the time was prepared even to hazard a guess; but Lord Hailes snatched at the idea, and about two months

afterwards, having invited Mr. B. to breakfast, inquired if he recollected the question. The answer was in the affirmative, when the celebrated antiquary thus proceeded:—

“ Well,” said he, “ that question quite accorded with the turn or taste of my antiquarian mind. On returning home, as I knew that I had all the writings of those centuries, I began immediately to collect them, that I might set to work on the arduous task as soon as possible.’ Pointing to a table covered with papers, he said, ‘ There have I been busy for these two months, searching for chapters, half-chapters, and sentences of the New Testament, and have marked down what I have found, and where I have found it ; so that any person may examine and see for themselves. I have actually discovered the whole New Testament from those writings, except seven or eleven verses (I forget which), which satisfies me that I could discover them also. Now,’ said he, ‘ here was a way in which God concealed or hid the treasure of his word, that Julian, the apostate emperor and other enemies of Christ, who wished to extirpate the Gospel from the world, never would have thought of ; and though they had, they never could have effected their destruction.’ ”

It is then remarked that the labour of such a feat must have been immense ; for the gospels and epistles were not, in the early centuries of our era, divided into chapters and verses as they are now ; although much must have been effected by the help of a concordance. The antiquarian habits of Lord Hailes, as well as those of diligent and minute investigation as a lawyer and a judge, must also in part account for the extraordinary achievement.

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ART. IX.—1. *The History of British India.* By JAMES MILL, Esq. 4th Edition, with Notes and Continuation, by H. H. WILSON, M. A., &c. London : Madden and Co.

2. *The History of the British Empire in India.* By EDWARD THORNTON, Esq. London : Allen and Co.

MILL's History of British India has been held, from its first appearance, to be a standard work on a great and complicated subject. It ranks next to the most celebrated productions of Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson ; yet differs very considerably from each of these, both as to style and philosophy. He is logical, close, and vigorous in respect of thought ; lucid and cogent in respect of manner. He is also distinguished on account of his comprehensiveness and able arrangement, at the same time that he brings out the essential features of a character, a scene, or an event with ease and rapidity. He always writes with strong earnestness and as one whose mind was perfectly independent, so as to impress the reader with the idea that he is an original thinker, and altogether guiltless of imitation.

He has other merits which cannot be dispensed with in any great history, such as unwearied industry and research; and consequently the materials which he collected were abundant, and the information communicated extensive. A lofty tone of moral and political principle pervades the whole composition, although sometimes its application to particular circumstances may be questioned. One can never fail to perceive the character of the writer's mind thrown around everything that enters into the narrative, although the colouring is frequently too strong, and the bias of the author's philosophy so powerful as to convey an unfair impression. He was a theorist rather than ready to be guided by practical views, or moved by specialities. For example, while personally unacquainted with the character and condition of the Hindoos, and solely indebted to what was to be gathered from books concerning the country and people about whom he wrote, there is reason for believing that he regarded as unnecessary for his purpose any closer and more practical means of forming opinions, or of conveying pictures. He was under the influence of prejudices that led him to depreciate the Hindoo character, and which prevented him from making due allowance for national diversities and differences even in the human constitution, physical as well as moral and mental. He belonged to the sect whose speculations with regard both to political institutions and manners present one uniform and unaccommodating system. He could see, for instance, nothing in the institution of *caste* but what was degrading and destructive of social happiness, forming his notions of human nature according to an abstract unbending principle; whereas Professor Wilson, who has enjoyed not only many opportunities of observing the Hindoos, but of studying the native mind and sentiments as treasured up and developed in their literature, makes it clear that Mr. Mill has exceedingly exaggerated the effects of the institution in question, both upon the happiness of society and the progress of civilization. And while his opinions and prepossessions constantly induce him to depreciate the Hindoos, his palliations of whatever is Mohammedan serve to increase the distortions. The editor says that there are compensations for the horrors which European writers describe as being inseparable from the system of *caste*: "The lowest native is no outcast; he has an acknowledged place in society; he is a member of a class; and he is invariably more retentive of the distinction than those above him." He "who is one of a community is less miserable, less unhappy, than many of the paupers of the civilized communities of Europe, with whom no man owns companionship or kindred." "Caste," says Mr. Wilson in another paragraph, "may be safely asserted to be much more propitious to social advancement than the rapid vicissitudes of Mohammedan society, in which there is no security for the permanent possession of either station or property."

That condition of equality which Mr. Mill admires is a condition of equal abjectness; men may rise daily from the lowest ranks to the highest command; but how are they raised? By the will of one individual. In all probability they are wholly unfit for their elevation; and it is certain that they are liable every day to be pushed down again to their original insignificance, happy if they escape with life." Whatever, therefore, may be the abstract theory concerning the Hindoo and the Mohammedan systems, there seems to be, in reality and in practical possession, much more of equality enjoyed where and when each man knows and can maintain his position, and can rely upon the laws and their hereditary expounders for protection against despotic caprice and cruelty. But the errors of opinion, the colourings and other faults which may be found in Mill's History are balanced by far greater excellences, one of which is, that the work exhibits clearly and forcibly the vast importance of the relations which exist between Great Britain and India. This connexion he never loses sight of, at the same time that he either is rendering remarkably plain the steps by which it was formed, or ably speculates on the means by which it may be perpetuated.

We have already referred to the vast mass and the great complexity of the materials with which Mill had to deal, and also to the comprehensiveness of his plan, and the mastery of his disposal of the separate parts to the completion of a harmonious whole. It may not be amiss to present some examples even from such an established work, which, after all that has been written, discovered, or developed, relative to India since 1805, the period to which the narrative comes down, will continue to be a principal authority and source of information. But before adducing our samples, a slight sketch of his plan and method may be given advantageously.

It is to be remarked that the historian does not proceed regularly with the lapse of years during which India has been the theatre of great events and mighty revolutions. He begins with the formation of the East India Company, and the commencement of British enterprise in the East Indies, until the system and the power were established upon the footing that has ever since been maintained, which was in 1701. He next takes a survey of Hindoo history, which is for the most part fabulous, reviewing the institutions, the arts, the literature, and the civilization of that people with a critical severity. The Mohammedan invasion, conquests, and dynasties, occupy a third section. Lastly, we have the British enlargements and sway, from the period when these became paramount and fixed, to the date already named. The specimen which we shall first extract gives a striking and graphic account of the way in which the work was first thought of, and how it grew upon the author's hands.—



“In the course of reading and investigation,” says he, “necessary for acquiring that measure of knowledge which I was anxious to possess respecting my country, its people, its government, its interests, its policy, and its law, I was met, and in some degree surprised, by extraordinary difficulties, when I arrived at that part of my inquiries which related to India. On other subjects of any magnitude and importance, I generally found that there was some one book or small number of books, containing the material part of the requisite information; and in which direction was obtained, by reference to other books, if in any part the reader found it necessary to extend his researches. In regard to India the case was exceedingly different. The knowledge requisite for attaining an adequate conception of that great scene of British action was collected nowhere. It was scattered in a great variety of repositories, sometimes in considerable portions, often in very minute ones; sometimes by itself, often mixed up with subjects of a very different nature; and even where information relating to India stood disjoined from other subjects, a small portion of what was useful lay commonly embedded in a large mass of what was trifling and insignificant; and of a body of statements, given indiscriminately as matters of fact, ascertained by the senses, the far greater part was in general only matter of opinion, borrowed in succession by one set of Indian gentlemen from another.

“In bestowing the time, labour, and thought necessary to explore this assemblage of heterogeneous things, and to separate, for my own use, what was true and what was useful from what was insignificant and what was false, I was led to grieve, that none of those who had preceded me, in collecting for himself a knowledge of Indian affairs, had been induced to leave his collection for the benefit of others, and perform the labour of extracting and ordering the dispersed and confused materials of a knowledge of India, once for all. The second reflection was, that if those who preceded me had neglected this important service, and in so doing were not altogether free from blame, neither should I be exempt from the same condemnation, if I omitted what depended upon me to facilitate and abridge to others the labour of acquiring a knowledge of India; an advantage I should have valued so highly had it been afforded by any former inquirer.

“In this manner, the idea of writing a History of India was first engendered in my mind. I should have shrunk from the task had I foreseen the labour in which it has involved me.

“The books, in which more or less of information respecting India might be expected to be found, were sufficiently numerous to compose a library. Some were books of travels, some were books of history; some contained philological, some antiquarian researches. A considerable number consisted of translations from the writings of the natives in the native tongues; others were books on the religion of the people of India; books on their laws; books on their sciences, manners, and arts.

“The transactions in India were not the only transactions of the British nation to which the affairs of India had given birth. Those affairs had been the subject of much discussion by the press, and of many legislative, executive, and even judicial proceedings, in England. Those discussions and proceedings would form of course an essential part of the history of

British India ; and the materials of it remained to be extracted, with much labour, from the voluminous records of British literature and British legislation.

“ The British Legislature had not satisfied itself with deliberating and deciding ; it had also inquired ; and, inquiring, it had called for evidence. This call, by the fortunate publicity of Parliamentary proceedings, brought forth the records of the Councils in India, and their correspondence with one another, with their servants, and with the constituted authorities in England ; a portion of materials inestimable in its value, but so appalling by its magnitude that many years appeared to be inadequate to render the mind familiar with it.”

Such industry and toil were remarkable features in the composition of this work ; and when the precious and sterling character of the results are considered, too high an estimate cannot be formed of this historian's achievement—of his zeal and ability.

There were also these extraordinary circumstances connected with the work,—Mill was not affluent, and he was obliged to have recourse to other occupations for the support of his family. Still he persevered and surmounted every difficulty, exhibiting a rare example of genius, learning, research, and vigorous philosophy.

The passage which we next quote is a good specimen of the historian's narrative, while it affords an instance of remarkable events and of the wisdom and firmness of a master mind :—

“ As early as the month of December a combination began. Private meetings and consultations were held, secret committees were formed, and correspondence carried on. The combustion first began in the brigade at Mongheer ; but was soon, by letter, communicated to the rest, whose bosoms were perfectly prepared for inflammation. The plan concerted was, that the officers should resign their commissions in a body, and, by leaving the army totally ungoverned, make the constituted authorities submit to their terms. Nearly two hundred commissions of captains and subalterns were in a short time collected. Besides a solemn oath of secrecy, they bound themselves by a similar obligation to preserve, at the hazard of their own lives, the life of any officer whom a court-martial might condemn to death. Each officer executed a penalty bond of five hundred pounds not to accept his commission till double batta was restored. A subscription was raised among them to establish a fund for the indemnification of those who might suffer in the prosecution of the enterprise ; and to this, it was understood, that the gentlemen in the civil service, and even those at the Presidency, largely contributed.

“ When the army was in this situation, a body of between fifty and sixty thousand Mahrattas appeared on the frontiers of Corah, about one hundred and fifty miles from Allahabad. To watch their motions, the brigade remaining in garrison at that city was ordered to encamp at Suragepore. Early in April, Lord Clive, accompanied by General Carnac, had repaired to Moorshedabad, in order to regulate the collections of the revenue for the succeeding year, to receive from Shuja-ad-dowla the balance of his pay-

ments, and to hold a congress of the native chiefs or princes who were disposed to form an alliance for mutual defence against the Mahrattas. On the 19th was transmitted to him, from the Select Committee, a remonstrance received from the officers of the Third Brigade, expressed in very high language; which he directed to be answered with little respect. It was not till late in the evening of the 28th, when he received a letter from Sir Robert Fletcher, the commanding officer at Mongheer, that Clive had the slightest knowledge or suspicion of a conspiracy so extensive, and of which the complicated operations had been going on for several months.

“At Bankipore, a considerable part of the cantonments had been burnt down; and a court-martial was held upon one of the officers, accused of having been the voluntary cause. The act proceeded from a quarrel between him and another officer, who attempted to take away his commission by force; and upon exploring the reason of this extraordinary operation, the existence of the combination was disclosed. The commanding officer immediately despatched an account of the discovery to Sir Robert Fletcher at Mongheer; who was by no means unacquainted with the proceedings in his own brigade, but was only now induced to give intimation of them to his superiors. It was the plan of the officers to resign their commissions on the 1st of June; but this discovery determined them, with the exception of the brigade at Allahabad, to whom information could not be forwarded in time, to execute their purpose a month earlier.

“Clive at first could not allow himself to believe that the combination was extensive, or that any considerable number of men, the whole of whose prospects in life were founded upon the service, would have resolution to persevere in a scheme by which the danger of exclusion from it, not to speak of other consequences, was unavoidably incurred. It was one of those scenes, however, in which he was admirably calculated to act with success. Resolute and daring, fear never turned him aside from his purposes, or deprived him of the most collected exertion of his mind in the greatest emergencies. To submit to the violent demands of a body of armed men, was to resign the government. He had a few officers in his suite upon whom he could depend; a few more, he concluded, might yet be found at Calcutta and the Factories; and some of the free merchants might accept of commissions. The grand object was to preserve the common soldiers in order and obedience till a fresh supply of officers from the other Presidencies could be obtained.

“He remained not long without sufficient evidence that almost all the officers of all the three brigades were involved in the combination, and that their resignations were tendered. Directions were immediately sent to the commanding officers to find, if possible, the leaders in the conspiracy; to arrest those officers whose conduct appeared the most dangerous, and detain them prisoners; above all things, to secure the obedience of the Sepoys and Black commanders, if the European troops should appear to be infected with the disobedience of their officers. Letters were despatched to the Council at Calcutta and the Presidency of Fort St. George, to make the greatest exertions for a supply of officers; and Clive himself hastened towards Mongheer. On the road he received a letter from Colonel Smith, who commanded at Allahabad, informing him that the Mahrattas were in

motion, and that Ballajee Row was at Calpee with sixty thousand men collecting boats. If reduced to extremity, but not before, Smith was instructed to promise the officers compliance with their demands.

“Expecting their resignation to produce all the effects which they desired, the officers had concerted no ulterior measures. Their desperation had not led them to make any attempts to debauch the common soldiers. The Sepoys everywhere exhibited a steady obedience; and the commanding officers of all the brigades remained in perfect confidence of being able, in case of mutiny, to put every European soldier to death. Except, however, at Mongheer, where symptoms of mutiny among the Europeans were quickly dispelled by the steady countenance of the Sepoys drawn out to attack them, no disturbance occurred. The officers at Mongheer submitted quietly to be sent down to Calcutta: the greater part of those belonging to the other brigades retracted. And this extraordinary combination, which with a somewhat longer sight on the part of the officers, or less of vigour and of the awe of a high reputation on the part of the Governor, would have effected a revolution in India, produced, as ineffectual resistance generally does, a subjection more complete than would have existed if the disturbance had never been raised. Some of the officers, upon profession of repentance, were allowed to resume the service; others were tried and cashiered. The case of Sir Robert Fletcher was the most remarkable. He had been active in subduing the confederacy, but was found to have encouraged its formation. He apologized for himself on two grounds; that he wished, through the guilt of the conspiracy, to be able to dismiss a number of officers, whose bad conduct rendered them an injury to the service; and that he wished, through the appearance of favouring the views of the officers in some things, to have the advantage of a complete knowledge of their proceeding. A court-martial, notwithstanding, found him guilty of mutiny, of sedition, and concealment of mutiny; and he was punished by ejection from the service.”

Such was the manner in which the founder of our immense territorial sway in the East averted a mutiny that might for ever have destroyed our power in that quarter of the globe. It was worthy of him who when the fitting time came, which he had long foreseen for England to determine whether she could or should take the whole Mogul empire to herself, accomplished that conquest rapidly and completely. The historian exhibits the great points as well as the weaknesses of Clive with facility, and a happy seizure of the main facts of any particular measure or event. If, however, the reader desires to have a specimen of Mill's perversions and ingenuity, even to the extenuation of one of the most foul atrocities that ever were perpetrated, let the account of the murders of the Black-hole be examined. This is his representation:—

“When evening, however, came, it was a question with the guards to whom they were intrusted, how they might be secured for the night. Some search was made for a convenient apartment, but none was found: upon which information was obtained of a place which the English themselves

employed as a prison. Into this, without further inquiry, they were impelled. It was unhappily a small, ill-aired, and unwholesome dungeon, called the Black Hole; and the English had their own practice to thank for suggesting it to the officers of the Subahdar as a fit place of confinement. Out of one hundred and forty-six unfortunate individuals thrust in, only twenty-three were taken out alive in the morning. The horror of the situation may be conceived, but it cannot be described. 'Some of our company,' says Mr. Cooke, 'expired very soon after being put in; others grew mad, and having lost their senses, died in a high delirium.' Applications were made to the guard, with the offer of great rewards; but it was out of their power to afford relief. The only chance consisted in conveying intelligence, by means of a bribe, to some officer of high authority; and to no one does it appear that this expedient occurred."

Compare this account with that given by Mr. Thornton:—

"Difficulty was found or pretended in discovering a proper place of security, and, after some search, a room attached to the barracks, which had been used for the confinement of military offenders, was selected for the purpose. The dimensions of this place were eighteen feet by fourteen. On three sides there was no provision for the admission of air or light; on the fourth were two small windows secured by iron bars; but these, it is represented, from their position not being to the windward, could admit little air, an evil aggravated by the overhanging of a low verandah. Within a space thus confined and ill ventilated, on a sultry night in the sultriest season of the year, were immured one hundred and forty-six human beings, a vast majority being Europeans, to whose northern constitutions the oppressive climate of Bengal could scarcely be made supportable by the aid of every resource that art could suggest, and several of them suffering from the effects of recent wounds. Few of the persons knew anything of the place; those who did could not at first persuade themselves that their guards seriously proposed to shut up such numbers in that narrow prison, or they might perhaps, as one of the survivors afterwards declared, have preferred to encounter instant death, by rushing on the swords of the soldiers, to the lingering torture which awaited them. When at length they perceived the horrors of their situation, an offer of a thousand rupees was made to an officer of the guard if he would procure the removal of part of the prisoners to another place. He withdrew, but returned with an answer that it was impossible. The offer was doubled, and the man again withdrew; but he returned only to disappoint the hope of relief, if any hope existed, by declaring that the desired change could not be effected without the orders of the Soubahdar; that he was asleep, and none dared to wake him. Of the horrors of the night which succeeded no words can raise an adequate conception. The heat and thirst soon became intolerable; and though resistance to the fate that impended seemed useless, to yield to it calmly was more than could be expected from human nature. The rapidly sinking strength of the sufferers was exhausted and their torments aggravated by frantic struggles with each other to gain a position near the windows, or to obtain a few drops of the water with



which their guards, more in mockery than in mercy, scantily supplied them through the grating. In these dreadful contests, some were beaten down and trampled to death—while, in the more remote parts of the room, the work of the destroyer was in fearful progress through the overpowering heat and the vitiated condition of the air—and happy might they be esteemed whose sufferings were thus shortened. Of the remainder, some were in a state of delirium; others rapidly advancing to that state; but, still retaining a consciousness of the scene and circumstances around them, strove by insult and abuse to provoke the guards to fire on them. At length the morning came, and with it an order for bringing out the prisoners. The execution of the mandate was impeded by the piles of dead which blocked up the doorway; an obstacle which it required some time to remove. Those in whom the spark of life was not extinct then came forth, once again to inhale the pure air of heaven. Their number was twenty-three; of these several were soon after carried off by putrid diseases, the consequence of the cruelty to which they had been subjected.

“The precise share of the Soubahdar in this atrocious transaction is not ascertainable. One of the sufferers believed that the orders were only general, and amounted to no more than that the prisoners should be secured. He attributes the barbarity with which they were enforced to the soldiers entrusted with their execution, and it is certain that the horrors of the Black Hole afforded them entertainment. ‘They took care,’ says Holwell, ‘to keep us supplied with water, that they might have the satisfaction of seeing us fight for it, as they phrased it, and held up lights to the bars that they might lose no part of their inhuman diversion.’ Another of the prisoners seems to have thought that the orders were specific as to the place of confinement, but that they were issued in ignorance of its small dimensions. But these apologetic suggestions, however creditable to the generosity of the sufferers, can do little to relieve the character of the man under whose authority this wholesale murder of prisoners took place. The character of the officers of a government is in a great measure determined by that of those whom they serve; and if the servants of Sooraj-oo-Dowlah exercised any discretion in the choice of a prison, it may safely be concluded that their choice was made under a full impression that it would not be disagreeable to their master. The subsequent conduct of the Soubahdar shows that such a belief would have been well warranted. When Mr. Holwell was admitted to his presence on the morning after the murder, exhibiting on his person painful evidence of the sufferings of the night, the Soubahdar expressed neither regret for the horrors that had occurred, nor displeasure at the conduct of those who had been the direct instruments of producing them; but harshly interrupted Mr. Holwell’s attempt to describe them by a demand for the treasure supposed to be concealed. But the probability is, that the Soubahdar had himself made or sanctioned the selection of the Black Hole as the place of confinement, for when the miserable prisoners besought that they might be relieved by the removal of part of their number to some other place, their prayer was unavailing, because it could not be granted without the express orders of the Soubahdar, whose sleep no one dared to disturb for so trivial a purpose as the preservation from death of nearly one hundred and fifty human



beings. That he was ignorant of the inadequacy of the place to receive so many prisoners is no excuse, seeing that his ignorance was voluntary, and might have been removed without delay, inconvenience, or danger. It was his duty to assure himself that, in committing his prisoners to safe custody, he was not consigning them to death; and his want of knowledge of their situation, if it existed, was the result of his want of interest. He knew not because he cared not."

Here is a correcter narrative by Mill than that concerning the Black-hole. The subject is that of a wholesale massacre ordered by Nadir Shah while in possession of Delhi:—

"For two days had the Persians been in Delhi, and as yet observed the strictest discipline and order. But on the night of the second, an unfortunate rumour was spread that Nadir Shah was killed; upon which the wretched inhabitants rose in tumult, ran to massacre the Persians, and filled the city throughout the night with confusion and bloodshed. With the first light of the morning Nadir issued forth, and dispersing bands of soldiers in every direction, ordered them to slaughter the inhabitants without regard to age or sex in every street or avenue where the body of a murdered Persian should be found. From sunrise to mid-day the sabre raged; and by that time not less than eight thousand Hindoos, Moguls, or Afghans, were numbered with the dead. During the massacre and pillage, the city was set on fire in several places. The destroyer at last allowed himself to be persuaded to stay the ruin: the signal was given; and in an instant, such was the authority of Nadir, every sword was sheathed.

"A few days after the massacre, a nobleman was despatched by Nadir, to bring from Oude the two crores of rupees, promised by its Governor, Sadut Khan; who, in the short interval, had died of a cancer in his back. On the same day he commenced his seizure of the imperial treasure and effects; three crores and fifty lacks in specie; a crore and fifty lacks in plate; fifteen crores in jewels; the celebrated peacock throne, valued at a crore; other valuables to the amount of eleven crores; besides elephants, horses, and the camp-equipage of the Emperor. The bankers and rich individuals were ordered to give up their wealth, and tortured to make discovery of what they were suspected to have concealed. A heavy contribution was demanded of the city, and exacted with cruel severity; many laid violent hands upon themselves to escape the horrid treatment to which they beheld others exposed. Famine pervaded the city, and pestilential diseases ensued. Seldom has a more dreadful calamity fallen upon any portion of the human race, than that in which the visit of Nadir Shah involved the capital of Hindostan. Yet a native and contemporary historian informs us, such is the facility with which men accommodate themselves to their lot, 'that the inhabitants of Delhi, at least the debauched, who were by far the most numerous part, regretted the departure of the Persians; and to this day, (*says he,*) the excesses of their soldiery are topics of humour in the looser conversation of all ranks, and form the comic parts of the drolls or players. The people of Hindostan at this time regarded

only personal safety and personal gratification. Misery was disregarded by those who escaped it; and man, centred wholly in himself, felt not for his kind. This selfishness, destructive of public and private virtue, was universal in Hindostan at the invasion of Nadir Shah; nor have the people become more virtuous since, consequently not more happy, nor more independent.'

"Nadir having order'd, as the terms of peace, that all the provinces on the West side of the Indus, Kabul, Tatta, and part of Multan should be detached from the dominions of the Mogul, and added to his own, restored Mohammed to the exercise of his degraded sovereignty; and, bestowing upon him and his courtiers some good advice, began, on the 14th of April, 1739, his march from Delhi, of which he had been in possession for thirty-seven days."

We must now have a word or two about the present edition of the history of British India, which the Boden Professor of Sanscrit in the University of Oxford has so much enriched by notes and comments, and which he is to bring down to the present time. Mr. Wilson's Oriental erudition, his residence and close observation in India, and the impartial unprepossessed character of his mind, have enabled him to detect and expose the errors and to modify the pictures which detract from the value of his predecessor's volumes. Mill was not learned in the languages of the East; nor had he access to many of the documents which his editor has probably consulted. Besides, much that is necessary to a full and accurate history of India has been supplied by late writers and travellers. Even the amount and variety of the natural productions or capabilities of the soil of India have been but recently made the subject of extensive and minute investigation. Thus illustrated, corrected, and continued by the Professor, Mill and Wilson's volumes will now be the standard history of British India, and must figure in every well appointed library or even small if select collection of authoritative books. But as the Continuation has not yet come before us, we cannot enter upon its merits, and shall dismiss the volumes immediately under consideration after quoting a sample of the Professor's annotations, and where he speaks of the nature and condition of the civilization of the Hindoos.

"This question of the civilization of the Hindoos, although discussed with disproportionate prolixity, irrelevancy of illustration, and tediousness of repetition, both in these concluding remarks and in a variety of previous notes and observations, can scarcely be considered as satisfactorily determined. It may be admitted that the Hindoos were not a civilized people, according to Mr. Mill's standard; but what that standard is he has not fully defined. Civilization is used by him, however, as a relative term; and in this sense, we may readily grant that the Hindoos never attained the advance made by modern Europe. It is not just to institute such a comparison; for, to say nothing of the advantages we possess in a pure

system of religious belief, we cannot leave out of consideration the agency of time. The Hindoos, by the character of their institutions, and by the depressing influence of foreign subjugation, are apparently what they were at least three centuries before the Christian æra. Two thousand years have done nothing for them, every thing for us. We must therefore, in fairness, compare them with their contemporaries, with the people of antiquity ; and we shall then have reason to believe, that they occupied a very foremost station among the nations. They had a religion less disgraced by idolatrous worship than most of those which prevailed in early times. They had a government, which, although despotic, was equally restricted by law, by institutions, and religion : they had a code of laws, in many respects wise and rational, and adapted to a great variety of relations, which could not have existed except in an advanced condition of social organization. They had a copious and cultivated language, and an extensive and diversified literature ; they had made great progress in the mathematical sciences ; they speculated profoundly on the mysteries of man and nature ; and they had acquired remarkable proficiency in many of the ornamental and useful arts of life. Whatever defects may be justly imputed to their religion, their government, their laws, their literature, their sciences, their arts, as contrasted with the same proofs of civilization in modern Europe, it will not be disputed by any impartial and candid critic, that as far as we have the means of instituting a comparison, the Hindoos were in all these respects quite as civilized as the most civilized nations of the ancient world, and in as early times as any of which records or traditions remain."

The passage which we have extracted from Mr. Thornton's History of the British Empire in India is taken from the *third part* of the serial publication, which although not so elaborately full as the work which Mr. Wilson edits, has yet a more popular character. It will deserve a lengthened notice when completed. In the meanwhile the specimen we have quoted will recommend the publication to the general reader, and exhibit the attractive fluency of a writer who is well informed relative to our Eastern empire, and who takes a deep and enlightened interest in the welfare of the natives as well as of the Anglo-Indians, and of the people at home.

ART. X.—1. *Martinuzzi: a Tragedy.* Performing at the English Opera-House. By GEORGE STEPHENS.

2. *Count Clermont, a Tragedy ; Caius Toranius, a Tragedy ; with other Poems.* By ARCHIBALD BELL, Esq. Advocate.

3. *Lost and Won ; a Play, in Five Acts.* By HENRY SPICER.

"MARTINUZZI, or, the Patriot," has been adapted for the stage from Mr. Stephens's dramatic poem, "The Hungarian Daughter," which we, among many other persons who are in the habit of

reading poetry, were of opinion contained several of the great qualities necessary for effective representation. We have not had an opportunity of seeing and hearing it when submitted to the court of appeal which has been instituted by a certain number of dramatists, who consider that they have been injured and unjustly treated by the rejections which their productions have met with from the hands of the managers of the patent theatres. We have, however, listened to conflicting accounts of *Martinuzzi*; and on a perusal of the tragedy feel that the author frequently sins by his extravagance of diction and overlaying of imagery, as well as by introducing improbable incidents and preposterous situations. But after all that may be objected to the piece, whether when the dialogue halts and is fatiguing, or when the events are needlessly rapid and awful, "*The Patriot*" is nobly conceived and often greatly tragic; while very many of the sentiments are as poetically rich as they are gorgeously clothed.

Mr. Bell's tragedies are imitations of an enchanted tale by Ariosto, and are much plainer and direct than the story by which Mr. Stephens seeks to carry captive and exalt the feelings. But then there is a sad want of poetry and of the results of the creative faculty about the *Advocate*. Mr. Bell is sometimes a good quaint humourist, however, and has the knack of keeping up the reader's attention agreeably, even when the matter is simple and the manner prosaic. He is too sensible and natural to offend or fatigue.

"*Lost and Won*," by the author of the "*Lords of Ellingham*," has merits and also faults that are not slight. We object to several of the principal incidents, not merely because they are improbable to absurdity, but because while they are the hinges of the plot, they are trifling and silly to a ludicrous degree. The situations are sometimes far-fetched, and the surprises quite gratuitous. The language, too, presents frequently the cant phraseology which those who affect to admire the old dramatists are apt to borrow from a former age when it was honestly used and with heartfelt satisfaction understood; instead of embodying such thoughts as these masters revelled in, and instead of making the most suitable appeals to the nature that still stirs within man, common as it is with what it was in the times of Shakspeare.

It cannot, however, be denied that excellences and real beauties distinguish Mr. Spicer's play. There is a downright stamp of mind in his poetry; for poetry of depth and true passion he not seldom writes. There is no want of action in the piece, and the dialogue is dramatic and forcibly brief.

The hero, *Athenry*, is a baron in the time of the first Edward, and is a hot-headed, headstrong character. He marries under a sudden impulse a girl, between whom and his supposed son a pure and a profound affection exists (how came the lady to be so easily and



*Lord Athenry.* 'T is well ;  
Where stands my chair ? My sight grows strangely dull—  
I thank you . . . Of this matter, cousin, we must think  
What's to be done . . . . My brain seems wandering—  
Alive with dark, fantastic images—  
Do I grow paler ?—ha !

[*Trumpet without. And enter an armed Retainer.*

*Retainer.* My lord, the band  
Of Ronald Greystoke halts beside the moat ;  
Their leader sends a soldier's greeting, and  
Entreats you to the field.

*Lord Athenry.* I come . . . . Alas !  
This mistimed sickness !—Is 't of common use  
That ills which aim but at the spirit's harm,  
Should wring man's vigorous and knitted frame  
With pangs like these ? . . . Give me my mail !—O cousin—  
A son so bound to me ! . . . . My corslet—so—  
This steel can ne'er repel a deadlier wound  
Than that it locks within. If I should fall,  
Be gentle; coz—with my—with Constance—I—  
I would not take mine anger to the grave,  
How deeply wronged soe'er—Look, if I die,  
She is forgiven.

[*Trumpet again. And enter another Retainer.*

*Retainer.* Sir Halbert of the Mount  
Draws rein before the castle, and entreats  
Your instant help, my lord. The king himself  
Cheers on his scanty train, demanding oft,  
“ Where lingers Athenry ? ”

*Athenry.* Death ! do I sleep ?  
My sovereign in the field—and feebly trained—  
Am I a laggard ?—Ho ! to horse ! (*Leans on his sword.*) Alas !  
Mine eyelids droop as if the sense they veil  
Did court eternal rest : and these fierce pangs  
Run momentarily throughout my shivering frame,  
As tyrant death did make a toy of me,  
Plucking me to and fro. Support me, cousin ;  
Bid them to horse—despatch !—and let me find,  
At least, a soldier's grave !

*Basil.* Nay, nay, good uncle !

[*Enter a Messenger.*

My lord is ill—your tidings ?

*Messenger.* Our brave king,  
Bleeding and worn from his victorious strife,  
Ordains, that when the lord of Athenry  
Hath dined, and drunk, and said his evening prayer,  
He shall seek out the ford of Deverleigh,  
And aid his perilled country with more love  
Than he has served his king.

[*Exit.*



*Lord Athenry.*                      What do they say?  
There is a sound of battle in mine ear,—  
Trumpets and shouting; but my sense is dull, . . . .  
Well aimed, sir archer—thou hast hit me home—  
Hurrah! . . . the field is won . . . Nay, nay, my liege,  
I did but do my duty—all is well—  
Let me be buried in mine armour . . . . Ha!  
Night, like a ready mourner, comes and waves  
Her sooty pinions 'fore mine eyes, and now  
All's dark . . . . My Constance, is it thou?—sweet wife,  
I wronged thee, did I not?—All's over now—  
Forgiven—all . . . .

[Sinks back.]

To snatch the roseleaf, and ne'er heed the thorn—  
To give fond worship ;—in return, take scorn.  
That's love."

The next few lines must be our last extract:—

" Woman's heart  
Is to her eye most humble servitor :  
Wealth, wisdom, courage, nobleness of soul,  
The power to govern men—proud honour!—these  
At beauty's feet may lay their greatness down  
And weep unnoticed ; while a pitiful,  
Poor, sneaking idiot, with a coloured cheek,  
Thin waist, and shining hair, comes idly in,  
And with no claim to manhood, save the name,  
Makes the fair prize its own."

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ART. XI.—*Memoirs of Sir Benjamin Rudyard, Knt. : containing his Speeches and Poems.* Edited by J. A. MANNING, of the Inner Temple. London: Boone.

MR. MANNING is a modest and industrious editor, and has done good service both to the cause of British literature and the British constitution by these *Memoirs, Speeches, and Poems*, collected from a variety of sources not within the reach of the general reader, yet worthy of a place in every library ; for Sir Benjamin was illustrious in his time as a statesman, an orator, and a poet—a lawyer, and a judge. We could have wished, however, that Mr. M. had been a degree less complimentary and laudatory in his *Dedication and Preface* ; or, to vary our position, somewhat less depreciating in respect of *self*. For instance, when alluding in general terms to the eloquence, the excellence, and the virtues of the "*Silver Trumpet*," as the amiable and honest knight was called, the editor wonders " why his name hath been permitted to rest in undisturbed slumber, in the quiet and unbroken possession of the marble tomb for a period of nearly two hundred years, during which, neither political tongues nor literary hands have attempted to rescue his memory from almost total oblivion." " He can only regret that, in this age of literature, whose votaries lay (*lie*) restless on their oars, and even monarchs in the world of letters sigh for subjects, a theme so worthy the exercise of their experience should have been left to one so ignorant of the art of book-making." Nevertheless, we pronounce the book a fair and good contribution both to political and family history ; diligence in the way of research, aptness of observation and illustration (making allowance for some partizan symptoms), and regularity of arrangement, being manifest throughout the volume.

It may be objected to Mr. Manning's estimate of his hero, that he takes, like many other biographers and memorialists, an exaggerated view of his subject when he ranks Rudyerd by the side of Pym and Hampden, on account of his services to the state; for we shall find that Sir Benjamin's were lip-labours, and that he was unfitted for the actions to which these labours of speech naturally tended. Not that he was a traitor to the cause of liberty or to the great men with whom he had gone hand in hand in the earlier years of the struggle with monarchy. But he was timid and gentle constitutionally, and trembled when things reached an extremity; a compromise being then his usual prescription and grand specific. The passages in his life, his parliamentary displays, and his literary compositions, which we are about to notice, will exhibit the amiable and virtuous temperament, as well as the accomplishments of the worthy knight, with sufficient distinctness to afford a key to his character and career.

Benjamin Rudyerd was descended from a very ancient family of the same name. He was a third son, and was born on St. Stephen's day in 1572. After receiving a college education, he was entered of the Middle Temple, in 1590, and was called to the bar in 1600. He seems to have been distinguished amongst his companions at this early period, for he was chosen by his brethren of the Inn to record their gallant adventures during one of their Christmas festivals. This he did by composing "A Briefe Chronicle of the Darke Designe of the Bright Prince of Burning Love," which the editor has introduced into the *Memoirs*, as copied from the autograph in the Harleian Collection of MSS.

Mr. Manning has not been able to discover what progress Benjamin made in his profession, at its commencement. But he must have been distinguished in some way, for during the reign of Elizabeth he had the honour to enjoy her esteem. Wood has noticed the "polite learning with which his youthful days were adorned." But the most important friendship which he formed was with one of a congenial spirit in various respects, viz., William, the Earl of Pembroke, a nobleman of high talents, and first-rate accomplishments, a wit and a poet. He rose to high offices in the state under James, and no doubt contributed to Rudyerd's success. Here we must quote a passage regarding the congenial pursuits of the two, in which Mr. Manning expresses himself on certain points very unguardedly and erroneously. He says—

"Lord Pembroke was a great patron of learning and learned men. He was a poet of no mean capacity. That his poems are quaint is not surprising, the language of society at that period was equally so. In his time there were but few stars in the poetical hemisphere. Shakspeare, the greatest philosophical poet the world had produced, confined himself principally to the grander style of blank verse. It cannot be denied that the

language of Ben Jonson is often cramped and quaint, as compared with that of the present day ; and if we except these two great men, whom Nature had sent to teach the young idea, poetry may be said to have been in its infancy. Poetry, indeed, at the period in question, was almost mechanical, and consisted in preserving a consistent metre in imitation of Latin verse, with *idem sonantes* terminations. An easy flowing verse, an euphonious line, is rarely to be met with in the poems of that age, if we except Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, Spenser, and a few others, in whose works they are occasionally discovered ; though very shortly afterwards they burst forth in all the splendour of native genius. Comparing Poetry with Music, of which it is the twin sister, it may be said that poets had not then discovered those half notes and discords which now so much enhance the charms of intonation, and give a softness and elegance to the composition which are not to be found either in ancient music or poetry, notwithstanding the grandeur and sublimity of their conceptions. These observations are not offered as an apology for the poems of Lord Pembroke or Sir Benjamin Rudyard, for the Editor considers that their beauties more than overbalance the defects ; at the same time, he would wish to guard himself against the supposition of his offering them to public criticism as specimens of poetry, when his only object is to present to the reader the compositions of the individuals in question as part and parcel of their literary labours, which ought not, in his humble judgment, to be omitted in these Memoirs, and to place before him specimens of poetry which were highly approved and extolled at the period when they were written."

We shall have occasion to notice the editor's uncalled-for apologetic tone, when we come to the poems themselves, which are thrown into an Appendix. But in the meanwhile just think of an editor of our day asserting that, at the time of which he is speaking, "there were but few stars in the poetical hemisphere;" that poetry at that period "was almost mechanical," &c. ; that quaintness was one of its principal characteristics ; that "poets had not then discovered those half-notes," &c. ; and that "the language of Ben Jonson is often cramped and quaint, as compared with that of the present day." According to this manner of speaking, Chaucer will be quainter still, and far less harmonious ; for the present day is to be held as the standard, and all other fashions going before us were oddities, and, more or less, grotesque conceits.

Mr. Manning admits that there had appeared by the time of Rudyard a "few stars in the poetical hemisphere;" and instances Shakspeare and Jonson as exceptions, volunteering crude observations concerning them. With these exceptions, however, he declares, poetry may be said "to have been in its infancy." This is passing strange. Why, we had thought that the Elizabethan period was studded with constellations of poets—with what are called the Old Dramatists especially. To be sure, Mr. Manning admits Spenser, after Sackville, and a few others, and says that in their works there is occasionally discovered "an easy flowing verse, an euphonious

line." But we need not do more than place in juxtaposition, and according to an arrangement somewhat different from that of the editor, these random and utterly mistaken opinions, in order to draw forth exclamations at their novelty and the ignorance or want of taste which they betray.

Amongst the friends whom it was Mr. Rudyard's good fortune to acquire, was another very eminent and influential personage, Sir John Harrington, afterwards Lord Harrington, of Exton. Mr. Manning conjectures that it was owing to this connexion, and still closer ties with others of the Harrington family, that the subject of the present Memoirs obtained such a favourable reception at the court of King James. In fact his wife was of the family. But what is not less worthy of remark, the probability is that Rudyard's opinions were considerably influenced by the political moderation and the personal virtues which distinguished the noble race with whom he became so closely allied.

In the 15th of King James, Rudyard was appointed, it appears, to the office of Surveyor of His Majesty's Court of Wards and Liveries, then a high and distinguished office, though an arbitrary tribunal, and often made the instrument of extreme oppression. Sir Benjamin is said, however, to have so acquitted himself as a judge, that he earned the approbation even of his enemies, on account of his purity and justice.

Before his appointment to the court of Wards and Liveries, Rudyard had been several times a parliament man. He travelled, too, in foreign countries, and accompanied Sir Henry Wotton on several missions to the Low Countries. With regard to his displays and speeches in the House of Commons, previous to the accession of Charles, nothing particular need be said by us. He had not hitherto stood prominently forward; but in the new reign he placed himself, to use the editor's words, "in the highest rank of parliamentary debaters of that period." His speeches are, without a doubt, extremely good; although not very numerous, even after all the industrious research of Mr. Manning, who has brought to light two or three for the first time. Take as a specimen of Sir Benjamin's eloquence, of his moderation and conciliatory tone, but, at the same time, of his independence and sense of the grievances under which the country laboured, a speech delivered on the meeting of the third parliament of Charles. The grievances were warmly debated, and the House inclined not to supply his Majesty till they were redressed. This is the *moderator's* harangue,—

"Mr. Speaker,—It is the goodness of God, and the favour of the King, that hath brought us again to this place, and if we be as thankful to both as our duty to both requires, our meeting certainly will be crown'd with a blessing. This is the crisis of Parliaments. We shall know by this if Parliaments live or die: the King and the kingdom will be valued or dis-

valued both by enemies or friends, by the success of this Parliament. The counsels of this House will have operations on all, 'tis fit we be wise. His Majesty begins to us with affection, proclaiming that he will rely on his people's love, which if we do not answer in our actions, we are worse than unworthy of his. The cause why we are called hither is to save ourselves; and self-preservation is a thing so natural, as sure no man needs to be persuaded to it. We are not now upon the *bene esse* of the kingdom, we are upon the very *esse* of it; whether we shall be a kingdom or no. When we have made it sure that England is ours, then may we have time to prune and to dress it. Is it a small matter, think you, that we have actually invaded the territories of two of the most powerful kings of Christendom, provoking them only, without weakening them at all? Nay, that they are both united and become better friends than ever they meant to have been? Seems it a small thing unto you, that we have beaten ourselves more than our enemies could have done? And shall we still continue to do so by our divisions, by our distractions? Men and brethren, what shall we do? Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no remedy here? Then is it nowhere to be found but in ruin? If we persevere, the King to draw one way, the Parliament another, the Commonwealth must sink in the midst: but I hope better things of so grave, so wise an assembly. I am no man's advocate; for I ever held it a thing beneath the dignity, against the integrity, of this House, to respect any particular, but as he concerns the general; neither am I so wise or so presumptuous, as to condemn whatsoever hath been determined by a major part in this place. Yet, Sir, give me leave to say this, that one Parliament may instruct another, as one day telleth another. Out of which consideration I humbly beseech this House to be curiously wary and careful to avoid all manner of contestation, personal or real. The hearts of kings are great as are their fortunes; then are they fitted to yield when they are yielded unto. It is comely and mannerly that princes, in all fair appearance, should have the better of their subjects. Let us give the King a way to come off like himself, for I do verily believe that he doth, with longing, expect the occasion. Notwithstanding, it is not only lawful for us, but it is our duty, both to advertise and advise the King concerning the weighty affairs of the kingdom, else are we so far from being a great council, that we are no council at all. But the way to show that we are the wise counsellors that we should be, is to take a right course to attain the end of our counsels, which, in my opinion, may by this means be compassed: by trusting the King, thereby to breed a trust in him towards us; for, without mutual confidence, a good success is not to be expected: by giving a large and ample supply, proportionable to the greatness and importance of the work in hand; for counsel without money is but a speculation: by prostrating our grievances and advices modestly and humbly at his Majesty's feet; for, from thence are they likeliest to find a way to his heart: by making it appear, that whatsoever we shall omit or abate, proceeds merely out of a dutiful and awful respect to the King only; for the body of a Parliament acknowledgeth but one head; and, to say all at once, let our labours and endeavours be to get the King on our side, for then we shall obtain whatsoever we can reasonably expect or desire. And this may be no hard



matter to effect, considering the nearness of relation between the King and his subjects, is such, that neither can have existence without the other. As concerning the bill brought in by that honourable and reverend person (Sir Edward Coke), it is no doubt necessary for the preservation of the liberty of the subject ; for this I speak resolutely, he that is not safe in his person and his goods dwells not at home."

This appears to us to have been a delicate handling of an exceedingly delicate subject; or, rather, delicate complication of conflicting interests and opinions. And yet the speech dexterously combines loyalty with a distinct and equal regard to constitutional principles. The only thing to be remarked is, that Sir Benjamin was more clear and decided in language prospectively, than capable of action or of bold decision when a desperate crisis arrived.

In another speech which concerned Magna Charta and the other six statutes, which the King by his ministers acknowledged, declaring that the House should never thereafter have cause to complain of any breach of the laws, Sir Benjamin used these striking words,—“For my own part, I shall be very glad to see that good old decrepit law Magna Charta, which hath been kept so long, and lien bed-rid as it were; I shall be glad, I say, to see it walk abroad again with new vigour and new lustre, attended by the other six statutes; for questionless it will be a great heartening to all the people.” The speech which we shall now extract is remarkable in several ways. It was delivered on the second reading of the bill that was brought in for the attainder of the Earl of Strafford, after the discovery of certain minutes of the proceedings of the Privy Council, which contained traitorous advice tendered to the King in his lordship's capacity of a state minister. It shows that Sir Benjamin shrunk from the shedding of blood, although he was no renegade from his party. He was convinced of the Earl's guilt; but, although the time had come when the great principles of constitutional liberty appear to have been at stake, and to have depended upon decision and firmness, yet the orator proposed “an agreement and settlement.” Still he must have voted at last for the attainder; for his name does not appear in the list of the minority. This is the speech in question,—

“Mr. Speaker,—I was not in the House at the first reading of this bill, although I staid here till it was past six o'clock. There hath not been in all this Parliament any business that was little but we could swell it up till it became a great one before we left it. Let us take heed we do not make this which is the greatest a little one indeed.

“We have wrapt up the three quarters-head cause of the Earl of Strafford in a bill, and are now in preparation to go up with it to the Lords. I am afraid this bill will prove but *brutum fulmen*—a lost blow. For I believe (and I am bound to speak what I think) the Lords will not pass it upon the notes they have taken already, and then the Earl of Strafford

is acquitted of all. We may please ourselves, that we may demand further judgment, which will breed a contestation, which will make a division, which will bring a confusion; and this by Parliament.

“Justice must be done justly: it is an outward public act, and, therefore, ought to give a fair satisfaction to the world. But, principally it is an inward private conclusion of the conscience to every man that hath a hand in it. A sentence of death rightly given is justice; if otherwise, it is murder, and to a doubting conscience it is the same, which unrepented, is no less than damnation; for blood is a crying sin.

“I do believe that the Earl of Strafford is as wicked, a flagitious, facinorous malefactor, as was ever brought before a Parliament: but we find withal that he is *ingenississimi nequam, et malo publico facundus*—full of artificial delusions. Therefore, it behoves us to be the more exact in wiping off his deceitful paintings, that he may appear to the world in his own foulness beyond all contradiction, which we cannot so well do unless we return to the way we were in, notwithstanding the great disadvantages of time and money.

“Wherefore, Mr. Speaker, my humble motion is, ‘That we may desire a present conference with the Lords for an agreement and settlement in that course.’ I pray God direct us in the best way, for this kingdom had never more need of his help than at this instant.”

When things were proceeding to extremities between the King and the Parliament, Rudyard made the following speech, which is the only other specimen that we shall quote. It will be seen that Sir Benjamin was still for conciliatory and moderate measures, even when the exigences of both contending parties were such that either one or other must have triumphed; or when the antagonistic principles would have remained quiescent only for a short space, again to return to a more bitter and vengeful strife.

“Mr. Speaker,—In the way we are now, we have gone as far as words can carry us; we have voted our own rights and the King's duty. No doubt there is a relative duty between king and subjects, obedience from a subject to a king, protection from a king to his people. The present unhappy distance between his Majesty and the Parliament makes the whole kingdom stand amazed in a fearful expectation of dismal calamities to fall upon it. It deeply and considerably concerns this House to compose and settle these threatening and ruining destructions. Mr. Speaker, I am touched—I am pierced with an apprehension of the honour of the House and success of this Parliament. The best way to give a stop to these desperate, imminent mischiefs is to make a fair way for the King's return hither; it will likewise give best satisfaction to the people, and be our best justification. Mr. Speaker, that we may better consider the condition we are now in, let us set ourselves three years back. If any man then could credibly have told us that within three years the Queen shall be gone out of England into the Low Countries for any cause whatsoever; the King shall remove from his Parliament, from London to York, declaring himself not

to be safe here; that there shall be a total rebellion in Ireland; such discords and distempers both in Church and State here as we now find,—certainly we should have trembled at the thought of it: wherefore it is fit we should be sensible now we are in it. On the other side, if any man could have credibly told us that within three years we shall have a Parliament, it would have been good news; that ship-money should have been taken away by act of Parliament, the reasons and grounds of it so rooted out as that neither it, nor anything like it, can ever grow up again; that monopolies, the High Commission Court, the Star Chamber, the bishops' votes, shall be taken away; the council-table regulated and restrained, the forests bounded and limited; that we should have triennial parliaments; and more than that, a perpetual parliament, which none shall have power to dissolve without yourselves,—we should have thought this a dream of happiness; yet we are now in the real possession of it; we do not enjoy it, although his Majesty has promised and published he will make all this good to us. There is more security offered even in this last answer of the King's, by removing the personal votes of the Popish lords, by the better education of the Papists' children, and by supplying the laws against recusants; besides what else may be enlarged and improved by a select committee of both Houses named for that purpose. Wherefore, sir, let us beware that we do not contend for such a hazardous, unsafe security as may endanger the loss of what we have already. Let us not think that we have nothing because we have not all we desire; and though we had, yet we cannot make a mathematical security; all human caution is susceptible of corruption and failing; God's providence will not be bound, success must be His. He that observes the wind and rain will neither sow nor reap; if he do nothing until he can secure the weather, he shall have but an ill harvest. Mr. Speaker, it now behoves us to call up all the wisdom we have about us, for we are at the very brink of confusion and combustion; if blood begin once to touch blood, we shall presently fall into a certain misery, and must attend an uncertain success, God knows when, and God knows what. Every man here is bound in conscience to employ his uttermost endeavours to prevent the effusion of blood. Blood is a crying sin, it pollutes a land; let us save our liberties and our estates, as we may save our souls too. Now I have clearly delivered my own conscience, I leave every man freely to his."

Mr. Manning has done well in correcting certain misstatements found in the histories of the Civil War, concerning the death of Sir Benjamin, and its cause. In the *Chronicles of Heath* it is stated that though Parliament was intent on levying arms, yet that several of the Patriots, among whom Rudyerd was one of the chief, gave warning of the miseries of civil war; and that, "he died soon after the first blood was drawn;" insinuating that the miseries of the Civil War killed him. This anecdote is also related,—"'Mr. Pym and Mr. Hampden told me,' saith Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, 'that they thought the King so ill-beloved by his subjects, that he would never be able to raise an army to oppose them;'" and in

Echard's History of England the anecdote is repeated ; both chroniclers asserting that the words were uttered on the death-bed of Sir Benjamin. The statements, however, are fabrications ; for not only did Rudyard live many years after the period in question, but he acted, although not so prominently and efficiently as before, still in concert with Pym and the rest ; conciliation and compromise, however, being still his texts. He at length suffered a short imprisonment, along with some others who had been beaten upon the question as to " whether the King's answers to the propositions of both Houses were satisfactory ;" " the little Napoleon of that day," as Mr. Manning is pleased to designate Cromwell, carrying with a high hand all before him. On his release Sir Benjamin retired to his seat in Berkshire, and reached the age of eighty-six.

We must now present a few specimens of the Knight's poetry, which is not only remarkable for being polished in a style agreeable to the taste of a much later age, but which has other merits of a very high order. These poems are the more worthy of admiration, if, as the editor assures us, they were written merely for amusement to a few, and without the least intention of having them published. As we have before intimated, Mr. Manning had no need to indulge in any apology for giving them along with the speeches. Indeed, as an editor he appears not at all to appreciate the beauties and the riches of the compositions. He even wards off the charge which he anticipates, viz., that the poems are " unworthy the gravity and statesmanlike character of his (Rudyard's) parliamentary career," by saying that they were " the effusions of his younger days." No occasion for this, Mr. Editor. None of our living or our dead statesman would take shame to themselves on the score. But now for the specimens, as reprinted from Donne's edition of them, where they appear with such of Lord Pembroke's as were written in conjunction with those of the good Knight.

The first in the list presents us with a contest between Love and Reason, his Lordship gallantly being the champion of the former, which, however, Sir Benjamin vigorously depreciates and dispraises. The Knight is often original, and not less seldom exquisitely graceful. How spirited is this!—

“ Base Love, the stain of Youth, the scorn of Age,  
The folly of a man, a woman's rage,  
Order's confounder, Secret's light discloser,  
Disturber of all sorts, a king's disposer ;  
The canker of a froward wit thou art,  
The business of an idle, empty heart ;  
The rack of jealousy and sad mistrust,  
The smooth and justified excuse of lust ;  
The thief which wastes the taper of our life,  
The quiet name of restless jars and strife ;

The fly which doth corrupt and quite distaste  
 All happiness, if thou therein be cast ;  
 The greatest and the most conceal'd impostor  
 That ever vain Credulity did foster :  
 A mountebank, extolling trifles small ;  
 A juggler, playing loose (not fast) with all ;  
 An alchymist, whose promises are gold,  
 Payment but dross, and hope at highest sold ;—  
 This,—this is Love, and worse than I can say.  
 Where he a master is, and bears the sway,  
 He guides like Phaëton, burns and destroys.  
 Parches, and stifles what else would be joys."

And is not this well reasoned in behalf of Reason?—

" Man unto man both text and comment is :  
 They that best read this character of his,  
 His body, and they that most understand  
 The sense thereof, his soul, do both command.  
 This as a firm rule infallibly true,  
 Not be chang'd for one more weak, more new ;  
 That Reason holds the head and highest part ;  
 The affections lower are placed in the heart,  
 To show that they must serve and still obey ;  
 Reason must ruler be, and bear the sway.  
 From this pure fountain see how pure the streams  
 Do run, from this bright sun how fair the beams !  
 Anger, whilst he a servant true persisteth,  
 Whetteth mild Justice' sword ; Valour assisteth :  
 But when his power to himself he taketh,  
 He naught but brawls, and wars, and slaughters maketh ;  
 Furthereth revenge, injustice, wrong, and hate ;  
 Nothing but blood his fury can abate :  
 And that but for a while ; for hot and dry,  
 He thirsteth oft, as oft for blood doth cry.  
 And so of all the affections of the mind,  
 When them we do in due obedience find,  
 Great helps they are, and ministers of good ;  
 But else to vice a fierce and headlong brood."

We have spoken of originality : see how it can unite with tenderness and simplicity, with solid and condensed thought :—

#### " OF TEARS.

" Who would have thought there could have been  
 Such joy in tears wept for our sin ?  
 Mine eye hath seen, my heart hath proved,  
 The most and best of earthly joys ;  
 The sweets of love, and being loved,  
 Masks, feasts, and plays, and suchlike toys :

Yet this one tear which now doth fall  
In true delight exceeds them all.

Indeed, mine eyes at first let in  
Those guests that did these woes begin :  
Therefore mine eyes in tears and grief  
Are justly drown'd ; but that these tears  
Should comfort bring, 't is past belief.

O God ! in this thy grace appears ;  
Thou that mak'st light from darkness spring,  
Mak'st joys to weep, and sadness sing.

O, where am I ! what may I think !  
Help ! help ! alas ! my heart doth sink :

Thus toss'd in seas of woe,—

Thus laden with my sin,

Waves of despair dash in,

And threat mine overthrow.

What heart, oppress'd with such a weight,  
Can choose but sink, and perish straight ?

Yet, as at sea in storms, men choose  
The ship to save, their goods to lose ;

So, in this fearful storm,

This danger to prevent,

Before all hope be spent,

I'll choose the lesser harm.

My tears to seas I will convert,  
And drown mine eyes to save my heart."

Take three exquisite verses of "His Ballet,"—

"Since every man I come among  
Sings praises of his choice,  
I'll make my love some pretty song,—  
She'll fit it for her voice.

"As for descent and birth in her,  
You see before you seek,  
The house of York and Lancaster  
United in her cheek.

"I have a bracelet of her hair ;  
I have a riband too :  
The Fleece and Garter never were  
Such orders as these two."

An "Impromptu on the Countess of Pembroke's Picture" is full  
of neat conceit :—

"Here (though the lustre of her youth be spent)  
Are curious steps to see where beauty went ;



And for the wonders in her mind that dwell,  
 It lies not in the power of pens to tell :  
 But could she but bequeath them when she dies,  
 She might enrich her sex by legacies !”

And so also is “ A Posey for a Necklace,”—

“ Lo ! on my neck whilst this I bind,  
 For to hang him that steals my mind ;  
 Unless he hang alive in chains,  
 I hang and die in lingering pains.  
 Those threads enjoy a double grace,  
 Both by the gem and by the place.”

We must finish with a *poem* which affords us a proof of the editor's horror of the tastes of a bygone age :—

“ AN OPPORTUNITY NEGLECTED.

“ Yet was her beauty as the blushing rose,

\* \* \* \* \*

“ The language of this poem is not suited to the taste of this age.—ED.”

There is a timorous, a squeamish taste in this mode of exhibiting an author's works, or an author in his works, that is not exactly in accordance with the vocation of an editor. Industry and earnestness characterize Mr. Manning's research ; but skill is wanting in the disposal of the documents and the materials which he has gathered together. For even in the course of the *Memoirs*, which are but slender, his digressions are numerous, and either not essential to the course of the narrative ; or, if suitable in respect of intention and subject, the execution is destitute of the necessary vigour, clearness, and instructive vitality which sketches and illustrations of the political history of the period ought to have possessed.

We have not said anything of the “ Letters of his (the Knight's) great-great-grandson, Benjamin Rudyard, Esq., Captain in the Coldstream Guards at the battle of Fontenoy,” which the title-page announces, and which help to swell the volume. As specimens of epistolary correspondence they are spirited, and convey a good idea of military life, and of a man who has cultivated literature ; the vicissitudes of the one sphere blending strikingly with the amenities of the other. But these letters would not of themselves command the attention of many readers ; and they have not any very clear right to be where they are in the publication before us.

**ART. XII.—*An Essay on Sex in the World to come.* By the Rev. G. D. HAUGHTON, B. A. London: Boone.**

It appears to be Mr. Haughton's conviction, that the happiness and joys of heaven to the beatified of our race will partake much more of the nature of the purest earthly sensibilities, than it has been the custom of theologians and others to picture, of a future state of existence. He says "that our theories of the life to come are sadly defective, and needlessly unattractive, will be assented to by every man of more than ordinary sensibility and imagination, and thereby religion itself is the loser. The common place and the dull may not note a deficiency, but spirits more 'finely touched' will find it an atmosphere too thin to bear their pinions, or to exalt their hopes. The profanity of Lord Byron in sneering at the common account of the next world, and of the employments of the blest, has been often and justly condemned. Yet the tone of it is reprehensible, much more than the substance." Our author endeavours, therefore, to correct and exalt the notions of mankind, relative to the next life, his doctrine being that the distinction of sex will obtain in heaven, and be a source of beautiful variety, as well as of refined and exquisite pleasure for evermore.

He theorises in this way:—that the mental constitution and the feelings of both sexes are of a character that, without reciprocities between them being continued and fully developed, human nature cannot be perfected. "In Eden, man could not be happy alone. Nor could he be pleased or satisfied with a fac-simile of himself. He requires not his own resemblance, but his contrast. The Almighty has formed the human race in two contrasts; and all happiness, as well as perfection, is a middle term resulting from the combined action of both." The theory even goes to maintain that a difference of sex exists among the angels; and his inference is that a similar distribution will take place with the blest that have been carried from earth to the heavenly mansions. He finds nothing in Revelation that militates against his doctrine; but, on the contrary, analogical confirmations and numerous suggestions encouraging to our present conceptions. He says "that the maxim of the generality is, that to form a heaven, you must reverse every idea of earth. Hence sex disappears, hence the denizens of it are clothed in moral and intellectual perfection. A most baseless imagination, unfounded in reason, unproved by experience, and totally opposed by Scripture. For that plainly testifies in words, without a limitation, 'that there is none good save one, that is God,' (or the Good One); and of the angels it says 'He chargeth His angels with folly, and the stars are not pure in His sight.'" Our author goes on to say, that we shall in heaven, as here, "be in a growing state, mo-

rally and intellectually. Our understandings will still be finite, and finiteness implies imperfection and liability to error. Our hearts, though expanded, will still not be unbounded, but subject to the influence of local ties." There will, therefore, be distinct and manifold sources of interest and enjoyment, as many and as great as those between the poet and the mathematician; but yet the diversity will not imply obliquity of the heart, or intentional error.

Let us see how he defends his doctrine in answer to those who may think that it is dishonouring in regard to angelic intelligences, to whom he extends it:—

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"We are quite aware that some will consider this a dishonouring thought. It is not so. Let the dishonour and the shame rest with those whose ideas on this subject are so inextricably involved in animal considerations that they deem it (as some purists have done marriage) unbefitting the holiest place. But even our present experience would be enough to confute them; for is it hard to imagine that those beings, so high exalted, may appear to each other in the same sacred light in which already appear to us the persons of mother, sister, daughter, and unapproachable like them save with absolute purity? And when we consider that among the angels is neither marriage nor its consequences, and of course not the appetites which lead to it, then may we conceive of sex as existing among them in its purest ideal—the parent of every delicious and tender emotion, unstained even by the shadow of mortal passion. We may conceive that there, as here, the lovelier spirit may wear a form of frailer texture, and plumage of more brilliant and varied colouring, and that the stronger spirit may have a stouter frame and a more majestic tread; and that the one may exhibit a sprightlier and the other a more serious turn of general thought, without in the slightest degree trenching upon that entire sacredness which ought to hallow our every idea of them."

Mr. H. discovers an argument for his theory in the fact that various offices and functions are assigned to angels in Scripture.

"In the nineteenth chapter of the second book of Kings we read—'And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred four score and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses.'

"Now, what a stern deed is here related! And how incompatible, at least with a *predominance* of the gentler affections in the terrific agent. It is indeed probable that the angel was not here displayed doing *visibly* the work of destruction; but that by a mysterious command over the powers of nature he impregnated with death the air breathed by that mighty host. He might have caused them to inhale poisonous or sulphurous exhalations, or added strength to the fiery blast of the simoom. But in either case the interference was equally real, and though it may have

been screened from sight, was not less tremendous. Now the author of this frightful havoc may have been possessed of inflexible justice and uprightness; but can we persuade ourselves that it would be possible to *love* him? For if it drew tears from the youthful Xerxes, as he surveyed his fine army on the shores of the Hellespont before crossing over into Greece, to reflect that, gay and glittering as they were then, not one of them would be alive that day one hundred years; and if we feel that such sentiments became him, then in what light can we regard the *conscious wilful* agent of a desolation vaster in amount, and instantaneous in effect? What mould must he have been made of, who could see that gallant host, every heart throbbing with high emotion and joyful anticipation, and could yet wave that magic wand, or give those secret orders which, ere the next sun dawned, would strew them around, all cold and stiff and still?

“Nor let it be urged in answer to this, that this was still a good angel. He might have been so. But this instance may serve to teach us that we ought to enlarge our ideas of the angelic community, and cease to consider it as all animated by one impulse; but rather as composed of individuals of the most various and almost opposite powers and dispositions, beings glorious but imperfect; and in that very imperfection, and consequent need of mutual assistance and sympathy, finding the surest bond of cordiality and love.”

Our author impugns, if he does not ridicule the belief that angelic natures are unceasingly occupied in adoration; that themes so agitating as our earthly transactions, ill accord with their smooth beatitude and beautiful unruffled passions. Such notions, he says, are purely gratuitous and shallow; because “if their faculties resemble ours, such a condition of immortality may be pronounced impossible. Besides, to entertain it, we must unlearn all our ideas of nobleness and heroism; we must, in fact, say that the excellence of the other world, and of this, presents reversed ideas; we must maintain that the love and charity of the celestial are quite different qualities from those of the sublunary sphere.”

We do not think that it would tend to any good, certainly not to the attainment of any sort of satisfaction, were we to enter into the casuistry of the subject, and usurp the theologian or the metaphysician's place on a topic of the mysterious and ineffable nature of that which Mr. Haughton has introduced. To us he appears to deal in assertion and assumption by turns; to suggest ideas which, if pushed logically to their results, and taken according to certain obvious bearings, would overwhelm his theory, thoughts which if duly weighed would involve contradictions. He seems not to apprehend the differences which may exist on account of degrees, and also of qualities, in entirely new conditions, taking earth for his standard. However, we proceed to copy out some other specimens of vague and intangible argument, and where from the mysterious and the veiled nature of the theme, man, in his clayey and mortal tabernacle, can but grope and flounder. Says Mr. Haughton:—

"It is a most shallow supposition that a field for the display of high qualities can ever be wanting wherever intelligences are found; for freedom of will is the property of all spiritual existences. Now these views, however incontrovertible, are quite at issue with the sentiments generally imbibed on the nature of the angelic life. We seem to dread an admixture of earthly elements even in our vague meditations on this subject. We assign to them a state of insipid monotony; imagine them animated with but one train of interests; conceive them as all sharing the same undisputed views, and enjoying a happiness constantly maintained at the same level, tranquil and unexcited. And when reminded that a state so passionless can have slight attraction indeed for beings like ourselves, our usual reply is (and surely a most unsatisfactory and insufficient one,) that we shall then, by a mysterious change, be able to relish that which we admit to our present views would be cloying and insipid. But how a physical change—for death is no more—can produce a violent and total alteration of all our moral ideas, and even of our conception of happiness, is more than we can understand. Equally baseless with the view which we have been combating is that other fancy, that the bliss of the angels is maintained at one even flow, ever full and unvarying. For if so, at least according to our earthly apprehensions, the feeling of satiety could not fail to steal in, and to cloy the guests even of the celestial banquet. Besides, the confutation of this opinion follows at once as a corollary from the more expanded views which we have sought to enforce. Wherever high interests are involved and imperilled, wherever mighty destinies are hung in counterpoise, there of necessity must high emotions be generated—the flush of hope—the joy of victory—the agony of disappointment. The very name of one, at least, of the angelic orders (for heaven, be it remembered, is no democracy) might teach us that natures, though celestial, may yet be impassioned; for the word *seraphim*, being interpreted, is the *ardours* of heaven. We have as yet only argued for the existence of all the more vehement affections of the soul in this elevated class of creation, with, of course, their counterpart objects; but we might plead the cause much higher, and say that they must there reach an intensity which is here inconceivable; for this corruptible body sets a bar to all extravagant emotions. And this remark applies not only to the indulgence of those malign sentiments which are proverbially so adverse to health,—which poison the springs of life, while they embitter and defile the spirit,—but even to the state of joy. Too full a tide of happiness would burst the weak ramparts of the flesh almost sooner than an intolerable grief. It is our doom here to have only moderate satisfactions; we are forbidden ecstasies. Our organs, though wondrously endowed, are still too weak for any passion of the soul that would lead to them."

If we remember rightly, it was South who said, when speaking of the joys of Eden, that they were severe joys. But our present author pictures the bliss of heaven in a sentimental strain, and sometimes approaches the sensual. To be sure he does not charge the loves of the angels with animal effects; but the translated of our race, especially such as lovers and admirers on earth, pronounced to

be angels, are, according to Mr. Haughton's poetic imaginings, to retain a large amount of their sublunary feelings; and something also, it seems to be insinuated, of the beautiful and winning failings or frailties of the world below. There must, at least if our author conjectures correctly, be in heaven strong and deep sympathies with what the beatified experienced on earth, before admission to that heaven can be said to be a happy exchange. "Who can paint," he asks, "the desolation of that spirit which after leaving 'the precincts of the cheerful day,' and this green blooming earth, and all its sweet companionships, goes forth into an unknown universe alone and unattended?" But we ask in our turn, is this not a strange question for a minister of the gospel to put? Then, how many sainted ones have seldom tasted the sweets of this green blooming earth, and its companionships? Few heaven-ward spirits desire to retrace the exact steps of their earthly pilgrimage, we believe; and the experience of the Rev. Mr. Haughton, we think, should have so taught him. But lecturing is not our province; at present we are reporters; and therefore we go on to cite:—

"Can we conceive of her on whom love and homage have always waited, whose pure but impassioned nature has never been without its counterpart objects, to whom friendship, however noble, would be but an insipid exchange for those keener and more exquisite feelings which are to her as the breath of life, and which the relations of life gave ample room for, but whose occupation, according to the ordinary representations of the other life, is for ever gone; whose infancy was watched over with untiring care, and whose growth, as each day she became

'More sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,'

was but the signal for exchanging the caresses of parents for the adoring fondness of a husband, to whom the tones of love are become a want, and an averted look would be anguish; and one who, beside all the deliciousness which what we have said implies, has moreover exulted in all the pride of life, and all the gratifications of sense; at whose banquets the voice of music ever rose, and in whose gay halls neither mirth, nor song, nor dance, have ever failed, filled as they always were with a bright assemblage of the high, the talented, the valorous, and the fair; and who yet amid so dazzling a scene, was scarcely chargeable with a fault more serious than that of Wordsworth's Village Maiden,

'Whose heaviest sin it was to look  
Askance upon her pretty self  
Reflected in some crystal brook;'

and whom we only prized the more for some slight failures, because revealing her as

'A being not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food,—'

can we conceive of her the heroine of this sentence, after closing her eyes on this world, as at once consigned to a state merely intellectual, with no



objects around which her affections might twine and cling ; or, as entrusted to guardians, though of a high order, but between whom and herself there exists, and can exist no community of thought, and no congeniality of feeling ? In this case there might be protection, but there would be no society, and that is essential to happiness ; for the being we have imagined has always lived in sympathy, and could only exist on its finest reciprocations. To constitute true society, there is required not only a general agreement of sentiment but something also of the same grasp of intellect. It is necessary that the parties (if we may so express it) should live at the same rate, and their minds in operation observe a proposition. The mind whose glance is swift as lightning, whose memory holds the records of unfathomable ages before the foundations of the earth were laid, whose experience is rich with the history and achievements not of one planet, but of an entire system,—such a mind, we say, would but ill accord with our slower procedures and our scantier knowledge. If in the celestial regions we are to find not protectors merely, but genial friends and companions, then it is necessary that we should meet with those whose faculties and acquirements bear some proportion to our own, who are not ‘too bright nor too good’ for us, as the poet boldly says. We need something better than security—we ask love.”

From all this it is quite clear that Mr. Haughton’s notions of heaven are those of a very luscious condition. We must whisper in his ear, however, that the heroine set before us, and the earthly scenes of pure enjoyment, of generous sympathies, and innocent occupations or pastimes are not only entirely imaginary, but are contrary to experience, are destitute of truth and reality. Even if such a heroine existed, enjoying from year to year such a constant succession and variety of pleasures and occupations as those pictured by the rev. gentleman, we doubt very much, whether at the close of the earthly scene, she would be in a fit state for inhabiting the celestial mansions, unless the truest of all friends—unless He whose love has been most wondrously exemplified, should have mercy upon her.

We have not room for many more of our author’s arguments. Nor would a profusion of extracts guide the sober reader to any more definite or satisfactory conclusions than may have been the result of what we have already copied out. Indeed the arguments and illustrations are all pretty nearly of one kind ; feeling, instead of theology or philosophy, being the source and staple of the whole. For example, he asks, in one paragraph, whose is the presence that chases away every care, so that “the soul regains her serenity, her verdure, and her fragrance ?” Of course the answer implied is that of woman ! Because, for the office mentioned, there is required “a more airy and delicious spirit than usually resides within the breast of man, one less ambitious and more attuned to sympathy. Moreover, believing as we do,” Mr. H. continues, “that in the next life our affairs will be more momentous, and our interest in them more

vital and agitating than what we experience here (there is nothing unpleasing in this prospect, divorced as we shall then be from every animal want, and every humiliating sensation); we naturally conceive that the same divine philanthropy in which we originated will also insure its permanence."

Theologians have differed with regard to the state or the constitution, so to speak, of the beatified in a future world, some thinking that it will be purely spiritual: others, that there will be a material form. As must be expected from what has already been said and quoted, Mr. Haughton contemplates *form*. He says:—

"Moreover, love is felt through the magic of the form. That magic will be more potent than we have ever felt it on earth. The celestial body will be more characteristic of the qualities of its owner than the coarser fabric we inhabit now. Nothing offends us more than any striking disproportion in this regard. We cannot tolerate it even in names, still less in forms. How appropriate to the one sex are the rich and vowelled syllables, that fall so gently from the lips, sounding so airy and bright! and could they be exchanged for the shorter and rougher names assigned to the other, without a painful incongruity and sense of violence? Much more, then, may we be assured that in the future state the characteristic qualities of both will retain their characteristic exterior. A spirit of love and gentleness would naturally be invested in a form of more delicacy, fragility, and grace—with a softer and smoother surface, a voice more tender and impassioned, and eyes of sweet and fawn-like ray, that 'comfort, and not burn.' These will continue to difference her from what Mr. Coleridge would call her exact and harmonious opposite. To this we may add a comparative smallness of frame and want of power—in short, all the outward signs which help to form beauty, and to provoke love."

In conclusion we have to express this opinion—that Mr. Haughton would have been better employed had he treated of a state of existence better known to us than that, concerning which, there has not entered into the mind of man any just or adequate conceptions. Revelation is far from being explicit on the conditions of a future state; and probably any communication on the subject could not be comprehended by earthly beings. Therefore rashness as well as idleness attaches to a performance of the sort before us. We are bound at the same time to add, that a kindly as well as a poetic feeling pervades the work; so that the questionable subject, and sometimes the questionable approaches to it, are rendered less startling and offensive than had a coarser hand been employed in the execution, and an unaffectionate spirit presided over it.

ART. XIII.—*Essays*. By R. W. EMERSON, of Concord, Massachusetts ; with Preface by THOMAS CARLYLE. London : Fraser.

THIS volume is a curiosity : it may almost class with Mr. Haughton's *Essay on Sex in the World to Come*, in any cabinet of unique books. At any rate it ought to occupy a shelf in the *case* assigned especially to Thomas Carlyle, although Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson will have no right to complain should he be shoved into the darkest or least inviting corner of the mahogany. The mere act of god-fathership, by reprinting the work in this country, and heralding it by a laudatory preface, proves that it is a book after Carlyle's own heart. Some portions of that preface itself must not be passed over ; for it tells us something which the *Essays* themselves cannot be expected to do of the author ; while it furnishes a striking and not unamusing or unsuggestive specimen of Carlylisms.

Thomas thus inquires and speaks,—“ While so many Benthamisms, Socialisms, Fourierisms, *professing* to have no soul, go staggering and lowing like monstrous moon-calves, the product of a heavy moonstruck age ; and in this same baleful ‘twelfth hour of night,’ even galvanic Puseyisms, as we say, are visible, and dancings of the sheeted dead,—shall not any voice of a living man be welcome to us, even because it is alive ?” Mr. C. has just before told “ the British public” not to trouble itself about whether this Emerson be “ a Pantheist, or what kind of Theist or *Ist* he may be.” The only thing is, “ if he prove a devout-minded, veritable, original man, this for the present will suffice ;” for that “ *Ists* and *Isms* are rather growing a weariness.” Well then, “ and for the rest, what degree of mere literary talent lies in these utterances, is but a secondary question ; which every reader may gradually answer for himself.” Even, “ What Emerson's talent is, we will not altogether estimate by this book. The utterance is abrupt, fitful ; the great idea not yet embodied struggles towards an embodiment. Yet everywhere there is the true heart of a man ; which is the parent of all talent ; which without much talent cannot exist. A breath as of the green country—all the welcomer that it is *New-England* country, not second-hand but first-hand country—meets us wholesomely everywhere in these *Essays* ; the authentic green earth is there, with her mountains, rivers, with her mills and farms. Sharp gleams of insight arrest us by their pure intellectuality ; here and there, in heroic rusticism, a tone of modest manfulness, of mild invincibility, low-voiced, but lion-strong, makes us to thrill with a noble pride. Talent ? Such ideas as dwell in this man, how can they ever speak themselves with *enough* of talent ? The talent is not the chief question here. The idea, that is the chief question. Of the living acorn you do not ask first, How *large* an acorn art thou ? The

smallest living acorn is fit to be the parent of oak trees without end,—could clothe all New England with oak trees by and by. You ask it first of all, Art thou a living acorn? Certain, now, that thou art not a dead mushroom as most are?" "Closing these questionable parables and insinuations, let me in plain English recommend this little book as the book of an original viridical man, worthy the acquaintance of those who delight in such; and so, Welcome to it, whom it may concern!"

This is high praise from a high quarter; but praise, we suspect, which has been considerably influenced by Emerson's mannerism of thought and diction, partaking as it does of Carlyle's own; but by no means so independent, so original, so suggestive, so full of lofty or of deep and far-reaching thought, as are the "utterances" of Thomas. We much oftener find in Emerson's quaint and strange modes of speech, in his queer phrases, and aphoristic enigmas, old and common-place ideas, feebly or only half-conceived; so that the Prefacer appears to us to hit the mark pretty closely, when he describes the "notions and half-notions of a metaphysic, theosophic, theologic kind," which occur in these Essays as resembling "flickering bright bodiless northern streamers."

Mr. C. talks of his *protégé* as being a self-dependent man, and not one of your "thousand thousand ventriloquists, mimetic echoes, hysteric shrieks, hollow laughs, and mere inarticulate mechanical babblements, the soul-confusing din of which already fills all places." Now, it appears to us that "mimetic echoes" will very frequently be detected in these Essays; and as to "hysteric shrieks," if not more abundant than in the oracular enunciations of the god-father, they are at least more harsh and less powerful—struggling half-notes—thoughts caught by the heels, but never fully grasped—often abstractions, loosely connected, and thrown out as if by random around some true principle indistinctly comprehended. One does not readily perceive evidences of plan, nor of skill in subordinating ideas according to their non-importance, nor of rejecting what helps not to develop the contemplated lesson or doctrine. In short he seems to labour under the vanity of affectation, so far as to spoil many good thoughts, rather than that he should utter them as other men of sound minds would do; and also to be so far an imitator as to have preferred Carlyle as a model to any other single writer. And yet Mr. Emerson is no servile slave, no ordinary thinker, no every day sort of teacher. What we learn of his history from the editor might convince any one of his singularity and independence. It appears that he has relinquished the paths of business; and, even when having before him the omens of success, has withdrawn into retired walks, to "sit down to spend his life not in Mammon worship, or the hunt for reputation, influence, place, or any outward advantage whatsoever." But besides this

evidence of resolution, single-mindedness, and self-dependence, his very rejection of the conventionalities of style, and a determination to utter what he believes to be truth, testify that he is a man of mark, and one that will leave a stamp upon the minds of others. He often handles great truths in a bold suggestive manner, almost worthy of his model; and his earnestness is healthy and strong.

The *Essays* are twelve in number; but it would yield little satisfaction were we to give the titles of each, since there seldom follows anything according to what will be expected, or to the views which most people entertain. A variety of specimens will best indicate and exhibit the Essayist's sort of mysticism, dogmatic axioms, vague metaphysics, as well as sterling and original thoughts, admirably though quaintly framed. Take a passage from the *Essay on "Compensation;"* a hackneyed clerical doctrine is the theme:—

"I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher, a man esteemed for his orthodoxy, unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the last judgment. He assumed that judgment is not executed in this world; that the wicked are successful; that the good are miserable; and then urged from reason and from Scripture a compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offence appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe, when the meeting broke up, they separated without remark on the sermon.

"Yet what was the import of this teaching? what did the preacher mean by saying, that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day—bank-stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise, to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was, 'We are to have *such* a good time as the sinners have now;' or, to push it to its extreme import, 'You sin now; we shall sin by and by: we would sin now if we could; not being successful, we expect our revenge to-morrow.' "

Many excellent "utterances" may be found in the *Essay on "Self-Reliance,"* and not a few paradoxes; at least the profusion of words at times is bewildering. But our readers look for examples from a writer who will not permit them to yawn over his pages. Hear him on conforming to dead usages, and also relative to the magnanimity required from the non-conformist:—

"The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you is, that it scatters your force; it loses your time, and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead

bible society, vote with a great party either for the government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers; under all these screens, I have difficulty to detect the precise men you are. And, of course, so much force is withdrawn from your proper life. But do your thing, and I shall know you. Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself. A man must consider what a blind-man's-buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect, I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? do I not know that with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution, he will do no such thing? do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side; the permitted side, not as a man, but as a parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation. Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true.

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“For nonconformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The bystanders look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlour. If this aversation had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own, he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause, disguise no god, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs. Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate and the college. It is easy enough for a firm man who knows the world to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent; for they are timid, as being very vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and the poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow, it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it godlike as a trifle of no concernment.”

Here is a characteristic preachment.

“Experienced men of the world know very well that it is always best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favours and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbour's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part, and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbour; and every new transaction alters, according to its nature, their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neigh-



bour's coach, and that 'the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it.' A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is always the part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for, first or last, you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise, you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe,—to receive favours, and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort."

We said that Mr. Haughton and the Massachusetts philosopher might fitly be classed together in a cabinet of unique specimens. There is also at times a considerable degree of harmony in their sentiments. An example is before us:—

"When the act of reflection takes place in the mind, when we look at ourselves in the light of thought, we discover that our life is embosomed in beauty. Behind us, as we go, all things assume pleasing forms, as clouds do far off. Not only things familiar and stale, but even the tragic and terrible are comely, as they take their place in the pictures of memory. The river-bank, the weed at the water-side, the old houses, the foolish person, however neglected in the passing, have a grace in the past. Even the corpse that has lain in the chambers has added a solemn ornament to the house. The soul will not know either deformity or pain."

The following is a more striking instance:—

"Every soul is a celestial Venus to every other soul! The heart has its sabbaths and jubilees, in which the world appears as a hymenial feast, and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances. Love is omnipresent in nature as motive and reward. Love is our highest word, and the synonym of God. Every promise of the soul has innumerable fulfilments; each of its joys ripens into a new want. Nature, uncontainable, flowing, forelooking, in the first sentiment of kindness anticipates already a benevolence which shall lose all particular regards in its general light. The introduction to this felicity is in a private and tender relation of one to one, which is the enchantment of human life; which, like a certain divine rage and enthusiasm, seizes on man at one period, and works a revolution in his mind and body; unites him to his race, pledges him to the domestic and civic relations, carries him with new sympathy into nature, enhances the power of the senses, opens the imagination, adds to his character heroic and sacred attributes, establishes marriage, and gives permanence to human society."

Let us wind up with an illustration of one of Mr. Emerson's dogmas, that "all mankind love a lover:"—

"The earliest demonstrations of complacency and kindness are nature's most winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teases the girls about the school-house door;—but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child arranging her satchel; he holds her books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him: and these two little neighbours, that were so close just now, have learned to respect each other's personality. Or who can avert his eyes from the engaging, half-artful, half-artless ways of school-girls who go into the country shops to buy a skein of silk or a sheet of paper, and talk half an hour about nothing with the broad-faced, good-natured shop-boy? In the village they are on a perfect equality, which love delights in, and without any coquetry the happy, affectionate nature of woman flows out in this pretty gossip. The girls may have little beauty, yet plainly do they establish between them and the good boy the most agreeable, confiding relations, what with their fun and their earnest, about Edgar, and Jonas, and Almira, and who was invited to the party, and who danced at the dancing school, and when the singing school would begin, and other nothings concerning which parties cooed."

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ART. XIV.—*The Science of Gunnery.* By WILLIAM GREENER.  
Longman.

MR. GREENER, like Mr. Wilkinson, the author of "Engines of War," has a practical knowledge of gunnery; but is not so accomplished or temperate a writer as his brother manufacturer. Still our Newcastle man's volume is filled with facts, with details, with suggestions, and speculations, that will interest the general reader, and be found serviceable to the trade in which, we understand, he figures to his honour. Science as well as historical notices, and the particulars of mechanical art, have enriched the work.

Mr. Greener goes far back in his notices of arms, and traces the subject by rapid strides till he comes to the first use of cannon in this country, which appears to have been before the middle of the 14th century. The invention of "hand guns," and the different improvements made upon the primitive tube and straight stock are next described, until we are brought to the highest stage yet attained in the trade, whether that be the manufacture of the best fowling-piece which a London tradesman can bring out, or of the *Brummagem* worthless imitations. An extract will here give emphasis to our latter allusion.

"During the existence of the slave-trade we made many thousands per

year of what is, by the trade, technically termed *park paling*, being only fit for such purposes, and the cost of which was only *seven shillings and sixpence* each ; but now we can furnish the Brazilians and others, who still imagine they hold a right in the blood of their fellow-men, ship loads, if they choose, at only *five shillings and sixpence* each, and it is still supposed one of these *imitations* is the blood-money for a fellow-creature. It would be a just and equitable law, if our legislature would pass it, ' That every man should fire the guns he manufactures ;' nothing would tend to improve the quality of the guns of a low grade more."

When on the subject of *park-paling*, it is right to state that the demand for rubbish of such a villanous description during the *existence* of the slave-trade, and before the people of England were so far deluded as to think that that infernal traffic had been suppressed, was so great, that the legislature interfered, and enacted that all gun barrels should be subjected to a proof operation ; certain penalties being affixed to the non-observance of the statute. This is the account of the process which takes place in a proof-house :—

" As soon as a number of gun barrels are loaded they are taken to a house or detached building, standing apart from other offices. It is lined throughout with thick sheet iron. The windows, which resemble Venetian blinds, are constructed of the same metal. Iron frames are laid the whole length of the room ; on these the barrels of various qualities, when about to be fired, are placed. In the front of these frames lies a large mass of sand, to receive the balls. Behind the frame, on which the twist barrels are fixed, lies another bed of sand, in which, on the recoil, the barrels are buried. Behind the frame, on which the common barrels or muskets are tried, a strong iron bar is placed, having a number of holes large enough to receive the tang of the breech, but not the barrel. The barrels being thus fixed it is impossible for them to fly back. A groove runs along the whole length of each frame, in which the train of powder is strewed to ignite the charges, upon which the barrels, with the touch holes downwards, are laid. When everything is ready for the proof, the windows are let close down, the door is shut and secured ; an iron rod heated red hot is introduced through a hole in the wall. On touching the train, a tremendous explosion takes place. The windows are then drawn up, the door opened, the smoke dissipated, and the twist barrels are found buried in the sand, the common ones are thrown forwards—some are found perfect, others burst to pieces. It is rare that best barrels are found burst—more frequently bulged or swelled out in places which are faulty, or of a softer temper. Those that are found perfect, are then marked with punches of different sizes (but having the same impression,) according to the quality of the barrel. In London, they have an additional punch, containing the number of the bore the barrel has been tried by. This mark easily enables the observer to discover whether the barrel has had any considerable quantity bored out after proving, which the marks of the Birmingham proof-house do not ; the omission of which, except to a person well versed with the different sized punches is a disadvantage. Those that are bulged are

sent back to the maker, who beats down the swellings, sends back the barrels, and they are proved again. They generally stand the second proof, though I have known a barrel undergo four proofs before it was marked. The common barrels are required to stand twenty-four hours before they are examined, when, if not burst, any holes or other material imperfections are made quite apparent by the action of the saltpetre. Such barrels are, of course, sent back unmarked. Those that are found satisfactory are duly stamped and taken home."

This looks very well on paper; but, after all, the spirit of the enactment, it seems, is evaded; so that the damage to limb and life, both of honest fowlers and to slave hunters, may be as dire and extensive as ever. Mr. Greener thus writes:—

"The gunpowder used is of a very inferior description indeed, when compared with sporting powder, the very powder all sporting guns are to be used with is nearly three times the power of the proof powder. For taking Hutton's calculation that gunpowder explodes with a velocity of five thousand feet per second, bear in mind he means government best powder, you have a material not exceeding one-third the velocity possessed by the best canister powder, for it is indisputable that the latter explodes with a velocity of full fifteen thousand feet per second, as the next chapter will go far to prove; the pressure of this will be in proportion; compare the resistance of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of shot, a body capable of being *jammed* together, and thus exerting a lateral pressure of the greatest extent with the lateral friction of two rolls of paper, and a solid ball, not capable of any lateral expansion, and barely all weighed together, equal to two-thirds the weight of the charge of shot, and the great dissimilarity becomes glaringly apparent. The proof powder is only of a similar strength to that of Hutton's calculation, and quite unfitted for the purpose. The generality of barrels that do burst are all rent in the fore part, all guns that burst with shooting, burst near the breech,—I do not say all, but a vast majority. This is in perfect keeping with all my remarks; for, in sporting, the greatest test is in the first lift of the charge; in proving, the greatest test is in the mid distance from breech to muzzle, and so arises the result. The proportion of guns that are broke (they technically call bursting *broke*) in proving is very small, not exceeding three to four per cent. This I also applied at head quarters to know, but like the answers to the other questions, I was left to guess at them. The largeness of the grain of the powder is at too great an extreme, no doubt it is beneficial to have larger than the present sporting scale, yet, here they have grain large enough for a duck gun, instead of appropriating it to the various purposes wanted. Pistols are crammed nearly full of powder, with not an inch of tube for the ball to travel through, nor the slightest extra pressure obtained; why, it is one of the greatest pretences without reality I know of, and only a fit blind for the ignorant. If the legislature does not take up the question, and by the institution of a suitable test, backed by a penalty commensurate with the crime of depriving a fellow-creature of his limb, it will neglect an imperative duty, and become a party *particeps*."

Powder deserves and obtains a prominent notice in a treatise on the subject of gunnery and fire-arms, the power of which may be greatly increased beyond that which is possessed by the best article in present use. But then this increase, it appears, is at the risk of producing not only such an inflammable powder as can hardly be trusted by itself, but such also as would burst the guns in our naval and military service.

Having in a former article obtained some information relative to the iron trade, we may here, both as bearing most closely on the subject immediately before us, but as an appendix to the paper mentioned, advantageously quote some particulars regarding the metal which is now manufactured for making gun barrels :—

“ Science and experience has worked a wonderful change in the mixture of the superior qualities of iron ; for we have had announcements of silver-steel barrels, *only ten guineas a pair*, in the rough ; Brescian steel barrels, carbonised iron, and I know not how many more descriptions or compounds of metals, to form the best material for high-priced barrels. We have now metal which, in the rod, cannot be sold for less than 1s. 2d. per pound ; the iron for a pair of barrels thus costing 16s. 4d.”

It has become impossible to obtain old horse-shoe nails for the manufacture of sterling gun barrels, so that many efforts are made to procure a substitute and an equivalent. On this branch of the subject Mr. Greener is led into speculations which concern not merely a vexed Damascus question, but the iron trade. He says :—

“ There is, as must be well understood, an immense variety of different qualities of both iron and steel ; there is not a uniformity of quality in two productions out of a hundred ; the very ore, the coal, the presence of oxygen, the excess of it, all vary the quality of the material ; the excess of carbon is more detrimental than a scarcity ; where carbon has once been it leaves an indelible mark, and though extracted to as great an extent as practicable, it leaves a residue that possesses an affinity to absorb carbon again equal to the original quantity ; thus, once make steel, and it will never, by any process as yet known, be reconverted back to iron of the same nature it was originally. Mr. Mushet has given us the proportions of carbon *held in solution* by the various qualities of steel and iron. It will follow, as a principle indisputable, that the quantity of carbon contained in the metal (avoiding cast iron) will increase or decrease, and thus regulate the degree of hardness of the metals in question. A quantity of these being dissimilar in this point, mixed together, and run into a vessel in a state of fusion, when cold, filed, and polished, will show a variety as the place they hold in the crystallized mass ; work and twist this material in all the tortuous ways and shapes it is capable of taking, and you only twist the fibres of the different bodies in the same way, and when they come to be acted upon by acid or oxydization, they still retain their relative positions, forming the watering or figure, as has been the intention of the tortuous twisting. All the beautiful arrangements in Damascus figures

are obtained in this way ; metals containing more or less carbon will always produce this watering. To obtain a satisfactory proof, any person may case-harden a few pounds weight of stubs, and afterwards melt them in a crucible, and run them into a receiver ; when these are worked down into the bar, or not, as you please, dress and apply a little sulphuric acid, and the peculiar situation the various stubbs had taken in the fluid state will be clearly discernible. The original barrel welders, the real Damascus iron workers, were, as are ours of the present day, not the most *conscientious* individuals, nor the most honourable. For strange, but not more so than true on examination of most real Damascus barrels I have met with, I find the iron must have been so valuable, as to induce the workmen to *plate* or *veneer* the superior mixture over a body of the commonest iron ; all large barrels are thus made, rifles especially."

Such are specimens of a work that is full of popular interest and professional value.

## NOTICES.

ART. XV.—*The Moor and the Loch.* By JOHN COLQUHOUN. Second Edition. Murray.

THERE is so much new matter in this second edition of Mr. Colquhoun's "Practical Hints on Highland Sports," as to claim a short notice from us, even after the review we bestowed on it when the work first appeared ; especially at this opportune season when so many must have repaired to the mountainous districts of Scotland in pursuit of some favourite field sport. The attractive and racy character of the book, whether subject or treatment be regarded, will ever recommend it. But when it is understood that the author has continued to enlarge his experience in Moor and Loch, and has been at pain to revise the whole work, while many new anecdotes have been incorporated, not a few, we are convinced, will put themselves in possession of this edition, although they may have committed to memory the greater part of the former. Not only are there many fresh insertions, but entire papers or chapters have been added, the most remarkable of which is that on deer-stalking. We shall quote a passage from it, which gives a life-like picture of the sport, and also of the enthusiasm, the physical stamina, and the knowledge required in this kind of sport :—

"There is no sport which more calls into play the sportsman's pluck and endurance of fatigue. He first climbs to the ridge of the hill, where he is at once seen by the hawk-eyed driver, who has taken his station near the foot, or on the opposite brow, and marked with his glass every herd at feed or rest on the face below. As soon as he has selected one, he attempts to drive it up the hill towards the sportsman, either by hallooing or showing himself ; at the same time giving warning by the manner of his halloo which way they are likely to take. The sportsman must be thoroughly acquainted with all the passes, or have some person with him who is ; and,



running from one 'snib' to another, in obedience to the signal below, catch sight of the horns of the herd, as with serpentine ascent they wind their wary way. From the zigzag manner in which they often come up, it is very difficult to make sure which pass will be the favoured one; and I have been within a few hundred yards of the antlers when the prolonged shout from below has warned me that I had an almost perpendicular shoulder of the hill to breast at my utmost speed before I could hope to obtain the much-desired shot. If the wind is at all high, so determined are the deer to face it, that, unless there are a great number of drivers, one herd after another may take the wrong direction; but if the day is favourable, with only a light breeze, a knowing driver or two will generally manage to send them up to the rifle. When the deer have selected their pass, should you be within fair distance, with both barrels cocked, beware of making the slightest motion, *especially of the head*, until you mean to fire. Even when perfectly in view, if you lie flat and do not move, the herd are almost sure to pass. One or two hinds generally take the lead. The fine old harts, if there are any in the herd, often come next; but sometimes, if very fat and lazy, they lag in the rear. When the first few hinds have fairly passed, the rest are sure to follow, until their line is broken and their motions quickened by a double volley from the rifle.

"When stalking last September, in Glenartney forest, by the kind permission of the noble owner, I had as fine a chance as man could wish spoiled by the scarcely-audible whimper of a dog. I was placed in a most advantageous spot, within near distance of the pass. Presently an old hind came picking her stately steps, like a lady of the old school ushering her company to the dining-room. Next her came a careless two-year-old hart, looking very anxious to get forward, and perfectly regardless of danger. All was now safe—I felt sure of my shot; when, horror of horrors! a slight whimper was heard. The old hind listened, halted, and then turned short round upon the young hart, who instantly followed her example, and the whole herd ran helter-skelter down the hill. The unfortunate sound proceeded from one of the forester's two colleys, the only dogs Lord Willoughby allows in the forest: they are kept for the purpose of bringing to bay any deer badly wounded, and are never slipped upon other occasions. The marplot above alluded to is an old dog, and very good for the purpose: he had winded without seeing the deer—hence his mistake."

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ART. XVI.—*China*. By PROFESSOR KIDD. London: Taylor and Walton.

"CHINA; or, Illustrations of the Symbols, Philosophy, Antiquities, Customs, Superstitions, Laws, Government, Education, and Literature of the Chinese," by the Professor of the Chinese Language and Literature, University College—the only chair of the kind in this country—is a work that will be chiefly interesting to scholars or students who have an eye not only to the character of the language in question, but who wish to obtain a knowledge of the people that speak it through such a medium. Professor Kidd, we understand, resided for a number of years at Malacca, a place that was wont to be resorted to by many of the Chinese of the

better sort of merchants, and where there is still a population of several thousands of that peculiar race. There, a Chinese College has been established by the English, in which Mr. Kidd for a time acted as principal, and until he returned to England on account of ill-health, where he has been appointed to the chair mentioned; and being considered not merely the first Chinese scholar in this country, but having at his command the noble library of about 10,000 Chinese volumes now possessed by his College, which belonged to Dr. Morrison, he has the advantage over almost every other European with regard to the performance of such an undertaking as the title of the present works indicates.

Professor Kidd vigorously opposes the theory of Ponceau, who contends that the Chinese language is alphabetical. Our author, on the other hand, upholds the symbolical or ideagraphic doctrine. He also compares the symbols of the Chinese with the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, and discovers between them some remarkable relations, coincidences, and analogies; just as there are in respect of customs. Take an instance of the latter with regard to the lessons sought to be enforced by having the image of death always before the eyes:—

“The constant anticipation of death would seem to be present with the Chinese in the practice adopted at Malacca, of always having a coffin placed outside the door to receive the adult inhabitant who may first require it. There is, however, but little if any additional seriousness on the great moral question. I have seen an aged individual seated on a coffin which he would perhaps soon occupy, reading not one of their ethical or religious works, but a popular novel, highly esteemed, indeed, for the ability with which it is written, though its immediate influence on the heart must be to increase its disinclination for the solemn ordeal of the judgment-seat. The appearance to a Christian stranger of so many peculiarly formed receptacles for the dead, consentaneously placed at the doors of human dwellings, is calculated to awaken his sympathies, and create a tender interest on behalf of their owners. The motive for this singular act is ascribed to the requirements of filial piety, which cannot be satisfied without coffins of prescribed thickness, sufficiently seasoned to resist premature decay.”

In fulfilment of Mr. Kidd's design, and of the scope of his subject, he places before us the early ages of China, as given by its fabulous historians, and according to the successive dynasties; also the great steps made in the arts of civilization and in science, together with the supposed inventors. For example, one is named as the inventor of nets, another of grain, &c. In the reign of Yaou, a tortoise was brought to court bearing historical records from the creation. The Chinese sects are next noticed; as are also a variety of superstitious observances. Ancestral worship is common; and formerly it had amongst its solemnities the immolation of human victims. So attached are the Chinese to funeral rites, and so highly do they prize the sympathies supposed to exist between the inhabitants of the grave and the breathing relatives who tread the earth, that the grave is preferred to utter separation in life, as our author had personal means of ascertaining. While he resided at Malacca, he says,—

“ A Chinese, convicted of a cruel murder, had been sentenced to transportation for life. His friends, who sought to procure a mitigation of his punishment, solicited my supposed influence as an Englishman with the Governor on their behalf. I urged the aggravated nature of the offence as a reason why I could not even conscientiously ask such a thing, if I were sure of success; and suggested that it ought to be a matter of thankfulness he was not hanged. He immediately replied, that he considered this a much severer punishment than death; for in that case his parents, who were living, might have performed his funeral rites, and the usual offices at the tomb of which he was now deprived, while they would also be totally cut off from all intercourse with their son after death as well as in life.”

The philosophical principles of Chinese morals—their civil, educational, as well as military systems, as illustrated in the institution and workings of the numerous official boards—their belief in, and use of, amulets, &c.—their laws, &c.—are subjects which, each in its due turn, engages the Professor; so that the work cannot be worthy of careful study at the present hour but at all times. Its grand feature is this—distinguishing it from all the numerous publications that a temporary quarrel with the Celestials have drawn forth—that it describes them as their mind and manners are read in their own language and literature, and not as observed and depicted by mere visitors.

ART. XVII.—*Regulus the Noblest Roman of them all.* A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By JACOB JONES, Esq. London: Miller.

MR. JONES is the most persevering tragedy writer of the age, considering the disappointments and neglects he has encountered. The proposed and, we believe, resolved phalanx of dramatists, whose creations have been rejected, or have not found audience, at the patent theatres, to have their works brought to an independent test at the English Opera House, will, we presume, afford to Mr. Jones a welcome and desired opportunity of representation.

ART. XVIII.—*The Visitor's Guide to the Sights of London.*  
London: Strange.

A COMPACT, useful, lively, little volume; the most sensible guide we have yet seen to London and the environs.

ART. XIX.—*The Powers of the Greek Tenses, and other Papers.* By F. W. HARPER, M.A. London: Bell.

SCHOLARLY and philosophic; intelligible and practically applicable.

# THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1841.

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**ART. I.**—1. *Letter from Sir Frederick Trench to the Viscount Duncannon, First Commissioner of Woods and Forests.* London: Olivier.

2. *Report from the Select Committee on Fine Arts; together with the Minutes of Evidence, &c. ordered by the House of Commons to be printed.*

SIR Frederick Trench's Letter to the late First Commissioner of Woods and Forests, propounds a plan that is likely to find favour, at least in the City. The various objects contemplated by that plan will, in the course of our pages, be particularly mentioned. In the meanwhile it may be stated, that healthful recreation, facilities offered for travelling and trade, and a profitable investment of capital, are all held out as certain results, in the document before us. We do not for a moment despair of seeing the banks of the Thames thrown open, at least for a footpath; believing that such an alteration might not only beneficially affect the river itself, but be conducted in a way that would not be injurious to private interests. That beauty might be attained, and that deformity would be removed, by some such embankment, need not be urged.

By all the great openings and clearances that have been judiciously made in the heart of the crowded precincts of the City of London, or by all the new alterations of the kind which have been skilfully planned, and are now the subject of very considerable discussion and anxiety, both within and beyond the walls of Parliament, health, beauty, and profit, may be conjointly contemplated and secured. Take, for example, the scheme of the Royal Victoria Park, in the Tower Hamlets,—that important and popular improvement, which is to be thrown open to the public of the eastern quarters of the metropolis,—and think what amount of innocent enjoyment will result, and also how the lungs of the millions in the vicinity of this ornamented lawn, hitherto crowded into narrow dirty lanes, and everyway cruelly girt round, will be affected! The Park will contain somewhere about 200 acres; and of course the planting, the laying out into tasteful walks, and the adornment of such a stretch of land, not to speak of the purchase of the soil, must

require a very large sum of money. But without at all considering the £100,000 of that money which is to be raised by the sale of York House, or the sums that may be obtained by the appropriation of one-fourth part to sites for villas and ornamental buildings, we contend that the improvement will be advantageous, not merely as regards health and innocent recreation, but even in any secular view that may be contemplated. Wealth and dignity, as well as body and mind, come under the influence of such a measure as that of which we now particularly speak.

Why, how can we disunite the promotion of bodily health and the fresh moral feelings that must more or less be nurtured and cherished, by frequent exercise in a splendid park, from profit in a pecuniary sense,—profit far and wide beyond the sphere of those who may daily traverse and enjoy the rural and sylvan scene? Is it not a fact attested by medical authorities, and by the experience of multitudes in the Spitalfields and other densely inhabited districts of the metropolis, where the poor and the labouring branches of the community are huddled together in miserable houses, and where the bright sun and pure air scarcely reach, that typhus fever is never completely eradicated, and that these dens of poverty and filth are the constant nurseries of a variety of dreadful diseases which frequently seek for and find victims beyond the locality where they had their birth? In a sanatory point of view the entire people of the metropolis, not particular districts alone, have a deep interest in the bodily health, not to name the social enjoyments and the moral recreation of the poorest of the inhabitants.

Any one great metropolitan improvement concerns not only the immediate district where it takes place, and also every street and locality of the entire capital and the suburbs, but the kingdom and the empire at large. Patriotism and a generous national pride are inseparable from the beauty and the embellishments, still more from the comforts and the prosperity that may be witnessed in the capital. Examples are given out, homage and imitation are returned,—a variety of enviable and valuable reciprocities find exercise amid the relations to which we refer. Elevation of sentiment and the pleasures of refined taste can no more be disjoined, than can bodily health from national prowess and enrichment. What Scotchman is not boastful of his Edinburgh; and has that city not transmitted throughout the admiring land her tone and her characteristic tastes? While, in return, has she not received an ample recompense in the spirits, that yearly and continually replenish her with new life and awakened impulses, bred in the valleys and among the mountains of the provinces?

In the history of metropolitan, just as of national improvements, and of the numerous influences that may salutarily affect civilization, few means are of such mighty import and service as the facilities of

communication, social and mercantile. In a great city, especially in the mighty capital of the British empire, the commercial metropolis of the world, covering as it does a province, there can be no over estimate of the value of easy, safe, and rapid interchange of office and correspondence, no profitable dispensing with the most perfect system of travelling and trafficking that is attainable. Throughout the length and breadth of the Babylon of modern times, there ought to be many straight, spacious, and far-reaching streets, leading to every main point,—intersecting and intercommunicating like the wonderfully ramified arteries of the human frame; acting as avenues to the country all around, and absorbing, as do the lungs, the health and the wealth which heaven has so plenteously showered down upon the land and the wide world. Wealth and health in the case of the improvements of London must go hand in hand; for it is perfectly clear that the drainage of the metropolis can never economically or completely be achieved unless that imperative and pressing improvement be conducted simultaneously with the openings of new and grand thoroughfares, and the erection of the substantial houses and rebuildings that will line both sides of every great stretch of street that is with judgment planned and carried out within the circuit of London.

There is reason, however, to fear that the plans which have been recommended by a number of parliamentary committees, and also that those which appear to have been finally adopted by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, are defective in several respects. Unfortunately, but naturally enough, there are two sorts of obstacles which greatly interfere with anything like a progressive and complete system of metropolitan improvement. The one arises from timidity with regard to pecuniary means, and from a limited comprehension as to the benefits economical and positive that would result; the other, from the selfishness of individuals, the preposterous demands of private or incorporated interests, and the partizanship commercial and political that thence arises, reaching on all occasions hitherto the members of parliamentary committees, so that their reports either end in paltry recommendations, or incompatible and impracticable views.

With respect to pecuniary means for the completion of a grand, extensive, and systematic plan of metropolitan improvement in the case of London, the duties upon coal and wine, amounting annually to about £100,000, have been hitherto regarded as almost exclusively available; so that when some of the estimates of large alterations have presented to the eyes of committees and commissioners a long array of figures, they have become alarmed, and have not unfrequently proposed some modification by which a third or fourth might, as they fancied, be saved. Now, the following are some of the consequences of such timid and short-sighted measures:—the dis-



content of many enlightened persons, or, it may be, interested parties, is awakened, so that new surveys, new committees, and a large sum of renewed parliamentary expenses take place, probably to result in a similar waste of deliberation, time, and money. But even suppose the timid plan to be carried out, the result in all cases where such mighty elements are at work as enter into the constitution, or belong to the bearings of everything that is metropolitan, is this, that the remuneration is seen at length to be marred by the paltry or half-measures which have been adopted, and the pecuniary sacrifice not less provoking than the offence which the eye of taste may experience.

Take, for example, some of the new lines which it is intended to carry out under the sanction of the legislature and the superintendence of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. We find that, for the sake of avoiding the expense which the purchase of some valuable premises might impose, that certain of the new streets are to be subjected to inconvenient and unseemly curvatures. Again, some of the lines are to follow for certain distances the track of old, narrow, and mean streets; but, in order to save an immediate outlay, these same lines are only to require that, for the sake of width, one side of the old wretched thoroughfare be extended, opening space for a row on that side of handsome houses, if any one will build and inhabit them in an adequate manner,—very problematical circumstances so long as the wretched line on the opposite side, with its squalid and wretched inmates, is ever in view, and ever coming in contact with you. Let it not be said that the proprietors of those mean and disfiguring tenements will find it their interest to demolish and to rebuild without loss of time; for the fact is, that in many instances, as in the rookery of St. Giles, there are leases which have many years to run, in the immediate vicinity, too, of the spacious street that is to cut in twain that notorious locality, leases which nothing but an act of Parliament can control.

Now, who does not see that timid and half-measures may, in a very short period, be discovered to be by far the most expensive and the least remunerative; and that they for ages may stand in the way of all complete and thorough reformation?

With regard to the pecuniary expenditure and the immediate outlay which any great or systematic plan of metropolitan improvement would involve, we think there are some strange mistakes cherished by committees and commissioners, as well as by persons who have not had their attention drawn to the subject. It surely is a great error to think that coal, which yields at least £76,000 of the annual sum of duty above mentioned, is the only or best source of revenue for metropolitan improvement. In the first place, it is an indirect and not easily appreciated tax, and therefore objection-

able. In the second place, it falls heavily upon the poor, and raises to an exorbitant price a necessary of life. In short, it might be entirely dispensed with.

Can it be seriously for a moment supposed that London, the great mercantile emporium of the world, the residence of the richest citizens which history can name, the greatest concentration of wealth and enterprize which the nations can point to,—a metropolis whose inhabitants expend annually, “upon local objects, such as watching, paving, lighting, the relief of the poor, and public hospitals, a revenue larger than that of many European States,” is incapable of supplying, without feeling the demand to have any weight, a few hundred thousand pounds, were it merely for embellishment and the contentment of the people? Can any one entertain the idea that such round sums, derived from an infinity of small payments, would not be with alacrity paid and readily collected, when the obvious result would be general profit and remunerative gain? We have seen a feasible scheme for raising the requisite funds in the Westminster Review, from which we have taken the passage above quoted between inverted commas, the principle of which is to levy a small rate upon the rental of the metropolis, payable not by the occupier, but by the leaseholders and freeholders having a permanent interest in the property rated. By this means a large sum might be annually obtained, without any perceptible increase of the public burdens; such an increase being suitable, by its regular continuance, to the progressive accomplishment of a grand system of improvement.

There are grounds for fearing, however, that there would be hostility shown to any mode of levying as well as to any principle of a tax that might directly affect any class of individuals. It has also hitherto been always experienced that when a new street is to be opened, and so as to be cut through or to widen old ones, the proprietors whose premises are touched set an exorbitant value upon their ground and old houses, and thus interpose most serious difficulties to the execution of the design. Nothing short of an act of Parliament can suffice, and the highest price for the property, that is in all probability to have its value enhanced by the general improvement, to allow of the work being accomplished. At the same time there is a prevailing narrow-mindedness on the part of the rest of the inhabitants of the town with regard to the extent to which even they shall be benefited by the local alteration. Legislation itself is too often a partaker in these selfish and confined efforts. At any rate it is only by a piecemeal or bit and bit process that Parliament orders the most desirable street improvements.

Such being the facts, the necessity becomes obvious that a well digested and a large, a comprehensive, an adequate plan of metropolitan improvement should be formed and steadily carried out. For

this purpose the legislature ought to institute a general and minute survey of overgrown London ; maps and plans upon a scale and with a distinctness that all might at a glance understand them in detail, ought to be executed ; and an act, or acts, of Parliament ought then to decide with a bold and independent voice upon a systematic scheme and a complete sweep of measures and works, allowing such time for progression as might be deemed reasonable. In this way, and by such other arrangements as might open the mind of that great authority, *the Public*, to perceive its own special interest in the whole, a far cheaper and speedier, a far more satisfactory and magnificent good would be achieved, as regards thoroughfares and sewers—trafficking, travelling, and health—than the bit and bit, the constantly contested method of procedure can accomplish. But we must now pay some particular attention to the Letter before us.

Sir Frederick sets out with stating that fifteen years have elapsed since he proposed the formation of a quay along the north bank of the river Thames, and that he then stated that “ it would improve the navigation of the river, and be highly beneficial to commerce ;” that “ it would unite the two extremities of the Metropolis, and relieve the Strand, and Fleet-street, and Cheapside, from some portion of that crowd which often renders that important thoroughfare dangerous—sometimes impassable ;” and that “ it would afford accommodation and recreation to all classes of the community, but especially to those operatives who reside in close and unwholesome quarters of this crowded city, while its beauty and magnificence would eminently contribute to the embellishment of the metropolis.”

It appears that at the period of the proposal mentioned, opposition was encountered from several quarters, and upon a variety of grounds ; but that those very persons who then most keenly objected to the scheme, are now eager for its adoption. Says the author of the Letter,—

“ The removal of the Old London Bridge and the erection of the New one produced the effects that were anticipated. Shoals increased to impede the navigation, mud banks accumulated, and ‘ a larger surface of the bank of the river at low water being exposed, therefore, the injurious or unpleasant effects from a discharge of the sewers is greater than before !’ But the erection of the terrace on which the Houses of Parliament are to stand, has very much aggravated those evils ; the irregular efforts at dredging the river have created banks on which the backs of barges are frequently broken, and on the 14th of June, 1840, eight boats with passengers were seen aground upon these new shoals at one moment. ‘ The banks of mud have increased in size and consistence ; and near Westminster, where we used to have five feet water before the Embankment took place, it is now all filled up with mud ;’ lower down the banks are covered

with vegetation, which, being manured by the sluggish filth from the sewers, present the strange spectacle of a rich green crop, and make the air absolutely pestilential. These evils will all be remedied by the proposed Embankment; 'the lightermen can then go to all the wharfs up and down the river at all times of tide, instead of stopping till the tide turns, or running aground and losing a tide;' and in addition to these advantages, the majestic Thames will flow in a well-directed even current; and instead of fetid banks of mud will afford *deep water and a clean shore* (as at Millbank); and the filth of the sewers being brought at once into a strong current, will speedily be swept away. Questions 191 and 192 point out the cause of that nuisance which is 'now both seen and smelt,' and show how it will be effectually removed!

"Upon these grounds it is that I now anticipate zealous co-operation where in 1826 I found strong opposition. Every one can understand the difference between the freshness of the air which passes over '*deep water and a clean shore*' and the heaviness of that vapour which hangs over the mud banks of the river, disagreeable even at high water, offensive at half-tide, and at low water (with a hot sun) sickening and disgusting.

"The Emperor of Russia lamented that the finest river in Europe should be condemned to be a *Cloaca Maxima*, and complained that, after a fortnight's residence in London, he had not obtained a sight of the Thames of which he had heard so much. The plan I propose will bring its grandeur and beauty into daily and hourly observation, and no one will deny that a railroad running from London Bridge to Hungerford Market (which may be passed over in four minutes) will be a great accommodation to the public, and I think it will be admitted that such a colonnade as I now propose to you, affording a walk of one mile and three quarters in length, and sheltered from sun and rain, will be a feature of utility and magnificence not to be equalled in any capital in Europe. Your Lordship has already expressed your conviction of the great importance of the plan I submitted to your consideration when it first occurred to me—and if I can prove that it will not only pay its own expenses, but the expense of erecting the whole of the Embankment suggested by Mr. Walker, as well as the railroad, and promenade, and carriage road which I now propose, and leave a very large surplus for its embellishment and for other objects of improvement; I am confident that such a plan will receive all the assistance and protection which your official situation enables you to give it!"

The passages quoted in the above extract are taken from the Report of the Thames Embankment Committee, dated July 29, 1840. Sir Frederick thus proceeds:—

"I have taken great pains to ascertain the accuracy of the data which I am now about to submit to your consideration; I consulted Mr. Walker as you suggested; I also consulted my old friend Sir Frederick Smith, (who deservedly enjoys your confidence,) and they both agreed in opinion that the plan I propose is not only practicable, but if carried to London Bridge, must be very profitable. Mr. Walker declined entering into details of ways and means, but his evidence before the Thames Embankment

Committee affords most important data ; and Sir Frederick Smith's opinion was verified by notes made of the work actually executed and paid for at the Blackwall Railway. I have had the advantage of having my figures checked by Mr. Bidder, a very able and intelligent engineer, one of the superintendents of the works carried on at the station in the Minories. Supported by such authorities, I hope to convince you and the public, that a railroad from London Bridge to Hungerford Market will not only pay for its own formation and the Embankment proposed by Mr. Walker, but will produce an immense surplus, which I should like to see employed,—First, in completing an embankment on the south side of the river, and giving every possible accommodation to the occupants of its banks ;—and next, in opening to the river that beautiful portico and front of St. Paul's, opposite to Paul's Chain, and forming a Street from thence to the river, terminated by a fountain and jet d'eau, with a double flight of steps to the water, as copied from a lithograph of mine in your possession :—the effect of this you will see in the annexed sketch, from B to C. I have also sketched a small portion of the Temple Gardens, showing the chapel and a few trees, to give a faint idea of the effect which may be produced, as from A to B."

Mr. Walker's plan was to extend the Embankment from Vauxhall Bridge to Dowgate Dock, which is one thousand feet from London Bridge ; while at the other extremity the addition would be vast. In the mean time, however, the author of the Letter before us would not even recommend an extension of a carriage road and a promenade to take place from Hungerford Market to Westminster Bridge ; and for this among other reasons, that the removal of the general current of communication with Westminster Hall and the Houses of Parliament from the present beautiful line is not desirable ; whereas a *terminus* at Hungerford Market will enable all the passengers from the city to arrive with the utmost expedition and comfort at a great connecting point of traffic for all the Western and Southern quarters of the metropolis. But "if at a future day it should be deemed advisable to continue a railroad from Hungerford Market to Westminster Bridge, it would be perfectly practicable to construct it in such a manner as not to be the slightest annoyance to those who reside on the banks of the river." We need not at present extract the mode which the Letter points out for the accomplishment of this practical result between Hungerford Market and Westminster Bridge ; but shall only mention that such an extension of his present and main scheme would give, according to his calculations, between 180 and 250 feet more over the existing mud banks to the gardens.

The lithograph sketches which accompany the Letter distinctly enough illustrate Sir Frederick's plan, viz., of a colonnade, affording a "walk of one mile and three quarters in length, and sheltered from sun and rain," with a railroad, &c., above. We quote further from the Letter :—

“I propose to begin the Embankment and railroad at Hungerford Market—to continue both to London Bridge, and I would face the whole with stone, or with plates of cast iron to imitate stone. The breadth of the railroad should be thirty feet, supported on columns thirteen or fourteen feet high. I calculate the whole of the Embankment at four feet above high water of the Trinity standard. In my sketch I have made the arches from two to four feet wider than the widest barge, but they may be constructed of any width that may be deemed better, either for convenience or beauty, and each pier will occupy the space of a certain number of dwarf piles. In passing through the arches at the very top of high water the barges will have three feet of head room, and every minute after will give greater facility of access; and any amount of air and light can be obtained by gratings in the promenade.

“I tried various modes of finishing the walls of the Embankment to the river, First, by throwing them into panels—and again by making blank arches to correspond with the open ones. You will see two of these in the annexed sketch; but, on the whole, I incline to prefer the simple, solid rustic wall. The colonnade would be just the height of the portico at the Pantheon, and the entablature and balustrade should be of the most chaste and simple description. Calculating upon so large a fund, as I confidently anticipate, I would propose that all the ground reclaimed from the muddy banks of the river (except so much as is necessary to form a carriage road along the side of the promenade) should be disposed of and arranged on *terms the most advantageous, and in the manner most agreeable* to the owners of the property on its banks. The Government can well afford to conciliate them all, and of every class, by the most liberal treatment. We may expect to see wharfs, warehouses, and dwelling houses, erected hereafter, and they ought to be built according to such handsome architectural designs as the Government may approve. I think the alternation of arches, with a rustic solid wall, will produce a pleasing variety. I have made my sketch at half-tide, slightly indicating the lower half of the Embankment and piers of the arches as if seen through the water. The ornaments in the spandrels of the arches (the crown, the rose, the portcullis, or any others) may be of cast iron, (which is cheaper than stone,) and the columns, entablature, and balustrades, the cross beams, and frame of the railroad terrace, should all be of the same material. The carriages must be made as low as is consistent with convenience, and should be moved (as on the Blackwall Railway) by a stationary power, and be arranged so that each carriage starts from its station at the same moment and all arrive in due succession. The mode of stopping a carriage, or discharging it from the rope while in full action, is safe, simple, and effective. The electrical telegraph, employed to give signals along the line, may be made available to carry orders from the Admiralty, or the Treasury, or the Board of Trade, literally *with the speed of light*. I saw a message transmitted from the Minories to Blackwall, and an answer (containing several words) returned in less than one minute.

“I propose the rails for the trains to be of wood, so that there will be no more noise than when a carriage passes over the wooden pavement! and those who have walked under the galleries in the Quadrant, in Regent-



street, may form an idea of what the proposed Promenade will be by imagining the two trottoirs of the Quadrant brought together, supported on four columns, and continued for one mile and three quarters, protecting those who walk under it from sun or rain, but with the option of walking in the open air if preferred."

As the whole must pass through Waterloo, Blackfriars, and Southwark Bridges, the height of the railroad must be regulated by the height of the lowest arch under which it will have to go.

The Letter promises that as soon as Parliament meets Sir Frederick shall move for a Committee to inquire into the subject regarding which he feels so sanguine. We are not aware what steps he may have already taken, during the present session, for the purpose contemplated. But it may be satisfactory to have some details, pecuniary and otherwise, as indicated by him to Lord Duncannon. He says,—

"According to my view the Embankment and Railroad might be completed in one year, and its formation will immediately effect many of the advantages contemplated !

"The moment the line is marked out, a well-organized, systematic dredging of the river may be commenced, and the stuff taken from existing shoals as well as that from the foundations of the new Houses of Parliament may be deposited in places to be fixed on by the Engineer, even before the Embankment itself is begun.

"The improvement of the sewerage may be carried on with greater facility and better effect *before* the filling in at the back of the proposed Embankment is completed ; and we may include among the advantages to be derived from the immediate construction of the Embankment,—the removal of the stench and malaria from the mud banks, and the relieving the trading streets from a portion of that omnibus nuisance, which, in a recent trial, is well described 'as creeping along the edge of the trottoirs, in an uninterrupted string, at the rate of one mile an hour ;' and I think that any measure which will give freer access to the shops in the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and Cheapside, ought to meet with the cordial support of all the shopkeepers on that line.

"In the Appendix you will find a Report of Sir John Rennie and Mr. Mylne, dated Oct. 28, 1831, which affords ample confirmation of the advantages of the Embankment ; and shows that the land to be gained from the river, if sold at two-pence per superficial foot, would pay the whole expense of the work, and leave a surplus of £12,000 per annum.

"Again, you will see a Report of Messrs. Scott and Frith, dated Jan. 30, 1832, showing the efforts that have been made at different periods to improve the Navigation of the Thames ; and there you will find the opinion of these scientific gentlemen, as well as Mr. Jessop's, of the great importance of an embankment for that great object, as well as to remove the crying nuisance of unwholesome effluvia which now taints the atmosphere, and seriously injures the health of those who live in the vicinity of the river !

“As to the time required for the execution of this work, I reason thus:—If it would take one hundred men ten years to complete any given work, one thousand men would do the same thing in one year. However, my censors say, that though this may be logic, yet it is not reasonable in practice. But they, and all parties, admit that after allowing ample time for forming contracts, burning bricks, quarrying stone, and casting iron, the work may be completed within two years; and I have very good authority for stating, that if the Government be *unwilling*, or *unable*, to advance the money as it is required for the completion of the undertaking, there are capitalists, in the City of London, ready to purchase on speculation, (a plan I strongly deprecate,) or to lend the money, as it is wanted, at five per cent., upon the security of the work itself.

“It is now my pleasing duty to lay before your lordship and the public a statement of the expense requisite for the completion of the proposed work, and of the ways and means by which I expect that money will be produced for its accomplishment.

“As to the expense there can be no doubt, for our calculations are founded upon recent experience of similar works. As to the ways and means, they must depend upon an income to be derived from passengers to and from London Bridge and Hungerford Market. The calculations I made myself were founded upon unquestionable data. But I am bound to state that Sir F. Smith and Mr. Bidder thought the data which they assume would be more satisfactory, and I willingly submit to their superior knowledge and experience; at the same time I think it right to lay before you both modes of calculation. It would be perfectly absurd and ridiculous to attempt to mislead your lordship or the public, but I think there is an advantage in provoking criticism, and investigation and inquiry. In both cases the expenditure is the same.”

That same is £435,500. On a calculation of ways and means, Sir Frederick expects that there will be the enormous surplus, if taken at 25 years' purchase, of £2,225,000; but, according to the estimate sanctioned by Sir F. Smith and Mr. Bidder, it will be £1,116,312 10s. There are remarkable numbers to be met with in these estimates. For example, it is stated that *twelve hundred* omnibuses pass by Northumberland House every day. The annual gross receipt, according to Sir Frederick, is expected to be £131,400,—deduct twenty-five thousand for expenses; according to the other gentlemen named, the annual profit will be £62,052 10s. One extract more:—

“In these estimates of expense, every item is intentionally put at the highest price, and the rate of payment is taken very low. There are very few persons who would not prefer a railroad in less than four minutes, to an omnibus in half an hour or an hour; or to water conveyance, tedious, and liable to interruption from frost and ice; but I confess it appears to me that the number is very much underrated; and my advisers (anxious to be within bounds) do not take at all into their consideration the pedestrians who would be tempted, by rapidity and cheapness, to expend

4½d. ; or those who now make use of cabs and hackney coaches ; or the *probable* flow of passengers from the railways, which do, or soon will, terminate at or near London Bridge ; or the *certain* increase of traffic which always attends greater facility and greater rapidity of communication.

“ As to the number of years’ purchase at which such an income should be rated, these gentlemen think it safer to take 20 years ! But Mr. Higgins, a surveyor of long standing and great experience in these matters, says, ‘ a ground rent well secured has sold for 30 or 31 years’ purchase, and I take 25 years’ purchase as a fair medium.’ You, my Lord, may discuss this point with Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I think both you and he will admit that I have made out the case I stated in the House of Commons on the 10th of June last : and that this great work may be effected without imposing one farthing of tax upon the people, and without any reference to the amount that may be produced from the sale of the land to be gained from the river, and which, at two-pence per superficial foot, would produce £310,000.

“ I do also most anxiously hope that this great national work will be undertaken by the Government, and not permitted to pass into the hands of any Company. Under the direction of the Woods and Forests, and the skilful superintendence of their engineers and architects, the work will be done handsomely, substantially, and speedily ; and I should be very sorry that such profits as I anticipate should pass into the pockets of speculators, instead of being applied, as it would be by a fair Government, to the improvement of the river and the embellishment of its banks.

“ Petersburg, Stockholm, Dresden, Naples, Messina, Catania, and every town upon the Continent, great or small, that commands a tolerable reach of water, has its terraces or quays. Paris has ornamented the banks of its narrow Seine ; and the still more insignificant Liffy has quays of singular beauty, extending on one side from the Phoenix Park to the Custom House, and on the other, from the Old Man’s Hospital to the Light House, a distance of something like three English miles ; while the wide and majestic Thames has been condemned to what *Civis* calls ‘ *its proper uses, to carry merchandise and coals, and the canal trade ; and to take off the streams of the great sewers !*’ But the plan I now propose will make this noble river a great feature of beauty as well as a great source of wealth ; and (if adopted) the hitherto neglected Thames will become the pride of England and the admiration of the world.”

Since writing thus far we have observed in the newspapers that Sir Frederick Trench has given notice of a motion in the House of Commons, for a Committee on the improvement of the Thames navigation, which, we presume, will embrace the consideration of his Embankment scheme. In the meanwhile we shall merely observe generally relative to the practicability and the results of that scheme, as contemplated in the Letter, that the *data* of the sanguine improver appear to be rather loosely given, and that the effect upon the river itself by narrowing and deepening may not give all the happy returns anticipated. We are not in a condition to declare

positively with regard to the consequences of the proposed alterations upon the *rapidity* of the ebbs and flows, which even now are the subject of frequent remark and the cause of much destruction.

Coming now to the Fine Arts—the “promotion of the Fine Arts in this country, in connexion with the rebuilding of the New Houses of Parliament,” we wish to regard the matter not merely as one entering deeply into the history of metropolitan improvement but of national advancement and renown. In fact the contemplated decorations warrant lively hopes of glory to Great Britain in a department that cannot but be identified with the refinement of the people and their moral good. In short, artists will receive a mighty stimulus, and the country will reap the enduring benefits inseparable from the cultivation, the study, and the observation of the highest walks in which sentiment and imagination can luxuriate.

True, we may be expressing ourselves in a tone that is too hopeful, seeing that it was an act of a defunct Parliament by which the Report in question was ordered; and it must also be stated that in consequence of the dissolution, “many witnesses of high reputation and authority” were not examined. In the mean time, however, abundance of evidence has been elicited to authorize the Committee warmly to recommend advantage to be seized of one of the grandest opportunities that can ever occur of promoting the Fine Arts, and the civilization of the British people, of giving an impulse to genius and taste in the noblest direction.

The Committee had instructions “to take into consideration the promotion of the Fine Arts of this country, in connexion with the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament,” and they recommend that “measures should be taken, without delay, to encourage not only the higher but every subordinate branch of fine art, by employing them in the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament.” The Committee further say, that in the present stage of the inquiry they “are not prepared to suggest the details of a plan; but they think that a commission might most usefully be appointed to assist, both with information and advice, some department of the government, which, after mature deliberation, should be solely responsible for the execution of the plan best calculated to realize the objects of your committee.”

One of the most important points considered was, the nature of the decorations required; and those recommended were, fresco paintings of historical subjects on the walls; stone statues of eminent persons; bronze ornaments for the metal fittings; wood carvings to adorn the panellings, seats, &c.; colours and gilding to enliven the mouldings and bosses of the ceilings; heraldic blazonry to enrich the windows, with painted glass; and porcelain tiles of various patterns to inlay the floors. The ornamental details are to

be subservient to the general effect of the entire building as parts of one grand design; so that, as Mr. W. J. Banks expressed himself, "nothing should seem as if it were brought from elsewhere, or could be taken away." To produce this result, the pictures, to quote Mr. Barry's opinion, "should have a similar effect to tapestry." The statues should partake of the architectonic character, (we adopt the words of the "Spectator" newspaper,) and form component parts of the building, like the figures in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. The decorations throughout should be in the severe style of art, where all is simplicity, dignity, and repose; the object being to avoid distracting the attention from the whole to individual parts, and to impress the sense and elevate the mind by a magnificent and harmonious *ensemble*.

Before proceeding further with the opinions expressed by the Committee, or with the observations that do occur to us, it may be satisfactory to quote a paper which Mr. Eastlake gave in on the subject of fresco painting,—that gentleman being one of the best informed persons in this country on the particular branch, as well as upon the entire department of pictorial art. He thus writes:—

"The present German School of Fresco Painters has been formed within the last twenty-five years. Its first essays, to which I have alluded, were in a great measure the result of a general spirit of imitation which willingly adopted all that was associated with the habits of the latter middle ages. It may be as well to review the origin and progress of this state of feeling in the present century. The historians of modern German art have indeed traced its rise to earlier influences, but all agree that the circumstances to which we are about to refer greatly promoted the introduction of a new taste in Painting.

"The efforts to create a new style of art, in Germany, in the beginning of the present century, were intimately connected with the struggle for political independence. The cathedrals and churches on the Rhine had been more or less desecrated and plundered, and the pictures by the early German masters dispersed and sold. The gradual recovery of these ended in the formation of collections of such works; this led to a higher appreciation of their merits, indulgently seen as they were by patriots anxious to restore and maintain all that especially characterized the German nation. With men thus inspired, the connexion of such feelings with the religion of their forefathers was obvious. German artists and writers again, who visited Italy, dwelt on the relation that had subsisted between Germany and Italy before and since the revival of letters, not only in politics but in the arts. The Tower at Pisa, the church of St. Francis at Assisi, and other buildings, had been erected by Germans, and it was remembered with pride, that the new life of Italy had been kindled chiefly by the genius of the northern nations. The spirit of the Middle Ages was thus in a manner revived, and the Germans looked with complacency on that period when the Teutonic nations, unassisted (as they assume) by classic examples, produced a characteristic style of architecture, and developed their native

feeling in the arts of design and in poetry. In those ages, Architecture, the most necessary of the arts, and therefore the first in date, had time to develope itself fully, especially in the north; but before Painting could unfold itself in an equal degree, the thirst for the revival of classic learning and the imitation of classic models prevented the free formation of a Christian and national style.' The early specimens of art which were most free from this classic influence were thus regarded with higher veneration, and the Germans of the 19th century boldly proposed to throw aside all classic prejudices, however imposing, and follow up the imperfect beginnings of the latter middle ages in a kindred spirit. This general aim connected the early efforts of Italian art still more with those of Germany, and the German painters who visited Italy recognized the feeling that inspired them in all works which were supposed to be independent of a classic influence.

"The degrees in which this spirit has prevailed have naturally varied. With many, the imitation of the earlier masters soon gave place to a juster estimate of the general character of the art. The antique has even, to a certain extent, reassumed its empire; but, on the other hand, some of the best German artists have unflinchingly maintained the general principles above described, even to the present day; indeed not a few had at first returned to the old faith, and had imbibed with it a still deeper attachment to the spirit of the early painters.

"It is necessary to bear these facts in mind, in order to understand the particular aim which many (perhaps the best) of the German artists have in view. The veneration for the general spirit which prevailed at the revival of art was accompanied by an imitation of the characteristics and even the technical methods of the early painters; the habits and the productions of mediæval Italy were, as we have seen, easily associated with German feelings, and to this general imitation the adoption of fresco painting is partly to be attributed, though that art was never before practised by the Germans. Fresco painting was, in short, only one of many circumstances which had acquired interest and importance in the eyes of German painters from the above causes. The predilection for the early examples of Christian art did not exclude the study of better specimens created in the same spirit, but the indications of a classic influence were sufficient to condemn the finest works, and hence the later productions of Raphael were not considered fit models for study.

"Let us now consider how far we, as Englishmen, can share these feelings and aims. If the national ardour of the Germans is to be our example, we should dwell on the fact that the arts in England under Henry the Third, in the 13th century, were as much advanced as in Italy itself; that our Architecture was even more characteristic and freer from classic influence; that Sculpture, to judge from Wells Cathedral, bid fair to rival the contemporary efforts in Tuscany, and that our Painting of the same period might fairly compete with that of Siena and Florence. Specimens of early English painting were lately to be seen,—some very important relics still exist on the walls of the edifices at Westminster. The undertaking now proposed might be the more interesting, since, after a lapse of six centuries, it would renew the same style of decoration on the same spot. The painters employed in the time of Henry the Third



were English; their names are preserved. Thus in doing justice to the patriotism of the Germans, the first conviction that would press upon us would be that our own country and our own English feelings are sufficient to produce and foster a characteristic style of art; that although we might share much of the spirit of the Germanic nations, this spirit would be modified, perhaps refined, by our peculiar habits; above all, we should entirely agree with the Germans in concluding that we are as little in want of foreign artists to represent our history and express our feelings, as of foreign soldiers to defend our liberties. Even the question of ability (although that ability is not to be doubted for a moment) is unimportant; for, to trust to our own resources should be, under any circumstances, the only course. Ability, if wanting, would of necessity follow. Many may remember the time, before the British army had opportunities to distinguish itself, when continental scoffers affected to despise our pretensions to military skill. In the arts, as in arms, discipline, practice, and opportunity are necessary to the acquisition of skill and confidence: in both a beginning is to be made, and want of experience may occasion failure at first; but nothing could lead to failure in both more effectually than the absence of sympathy and moral support on the part of the country. Other nations, it may be observed, think their artists, whatever may be their real claims, the first in the world, and this partiality is unquestionably one of the chief causes of whatever excellence they attain. It is sometimes mortifying to find that foreigners are more just to English artists than the English themselves are. Many of our artists who have settled or occasionally painted in Italy, Germany, Russia, and even in France, have been highly esteemed and employed. The Germans especially are great admirers of English art, and a picture by Wilkie has long graced the Gallery of Munich.

“If, however, we are to look to the Germans, the first quality which invites our imitation is their patriotism. It may or may not follow, that the mode of encouraging native art which is now attracting attention at Munich is fit to be adopted here. We have seen that a considerable degree of imitation of early precedents is mixed up with the German efforts: this of itself is hardly to be defended, but the imitation of that imitation, without sharing its inspiring feeling, would be utterly useless as well as humiliating. The question of fresco painting is in like manner to be considered on its own merits, without reference to what the Germans have done, except as an experiment with regard to climate. The fresco painters of Munich generally work on the walls from May to September only; the greater part of the year is thus devoted to the preparation of the cartoons. Five months in the year would probably be the longest period in which it would be possible to paint in fresco in London. But assuming the new Houses of Parliament to be thus decorated, and that the works could not be completed before the rooms would be wanted, the paintings could be continued annually in the autumn without inconvenience. The climate of England and Germany might in some respects be more favourable to the practice of fresco than Italy. The surface of the wall is in the fittest state to receive the colours when it will barely receive the impression of the finger (when more moist, the ultimate effect of the

painting is faint); this supposes the necessity of a very rapid execution in a warm climate, where the plaster would dry more quickly.

“Fresco painting, as a durable and immovable decoration, can only be fitly applied to buildings of a permanent character. Not only capricious alterations, but even repairs cannot be attempted without destroying the paintings. There can be no doubt that the general introduction of such decorations would lead to a more solid style of architecture; at the same time the impossibility of change would be considered by many as an objection. This objection would not, however, apply to public buildings. In case of fire, frescos would no doubt be more or less injured or ruined, but they might not be so utterly effaced and destroyed as oil pictures in the same circumstances would be. On the whole, the smoke of London might be found less prejudicial than that of the candles in Italian churches. The Last Judgment of Michael Angelo could hardly have suffered more in three centuries from coal fires than from the church ceremonies which have hastened its ruin. The superior brilliancy (looking at this quality alone) of frescos which adorn the galleries of private houses, where they have not been exposed to such injurious influences, is very remarkable; as, for example, in the Farnese ceiling. The occasional unsound state of some walls, even in buildings of the most solid construction in Rome, is to be attributed to slight but frequent shocks of earthquake. A ceiling, painted by one of the scholars of the Carracci in the Costaguti Palace in Rome, fell from this cause. Such disadvantages might fairly be set against any that are to be apprehended in London. With regard to the modes of cleaning fresco, the description of the method adopted by Carlo Maratti in cleaning Raphael’s frescos when blackened by smoke happens to be preserved; but no doubt modern chemistry could suggest the best possible means.

“The general qualities in art which fresco demands, as well as those which are less compatible with it, have been already considered. It may be assumed that it is fittest for public and extensive works. Public works, whether connected with religion or patriotism, are the most calculated to advance the character of the art, for as they are addressed to the mass of mankind, or at least to the mass of a nation, they must be dignified. Existing works of the kind may be more or less interesting, but there are scarcely any that are trivial or burlesque. This moral dignity is soon associated in the mind of the artist with a corresponding grandeur of appearance, and his attention is thus involuntarily directed to the higher principles of his art. In my evidence, I expressed the opinion that although a given series of frescos must be under the control of one artist, it would be quite possible to combine this very necessary condition with the employment of a sufficient number of competent artists by subdividing the general theme. Thus, if we suppose the general subject to be Legislation, it might combine the symbolic and dramatic styles, and even subjects of animated action. It might be subdivided, for example, into the history and progress of legislation, founded on religion and morals, and producing its effects in peace and war; exemplified in the one by industry and commercial enterprise, in the other by instances of the courage which results from a due appreciation of national benefits, and the feelings of loyalty and patriotism.

Any subject of great and universal human or national interest might be made equally comprehensive. It has been assumed that the practice of fresco would be beneficial to English artists technically ; we proceed to consider how it would affect them in other respects.

“ The painters employed on an extensive series of frescos would have to devote a considerable portion of their lives to the object. Such an undertaking would require great perseverance on their part. It is needless to say that they ought not to encounter any impatience or want of confidence on the part of their employers : the trial should be a fair one. It would hardly be possible for the artists to undertake any oil-pictures while so employed, and I confess I have some fears that, when debarred from the exercise of oil-painting, and confined to a severer and drier occupation, they might find their task irksome. One of the first artists at Munich, in writing to me not long since, said he sighed to return to oil-painting. If the German fresco painters can feel this regret at giving up their first occupation, for so many years, it may be supposed that the English artists would experience such a feeling in a greater degree. When the King of Bavaria honoured me with a visit in Rome, he told me he had made an arrangement with Schnorr, and had given him employment in fresco for ten years ; that excellent artist has now been occupied at Munich in public works for a much longer period. No hopes could be held out to the principal painters that they would find time for oil-painting as well, for their designs and cartoons would take up all their spare time. After a few years, when assistants were well-formed, more leisure might be gained, and it was under these circumstances that Raphael painted in oil when employed by Julius the Second in Rome ; but for the first three years after he began the frescos in the Vatican, he confined himself entirely to those labours ; and Michael Angelo, as is well known, painted the ceiling of the Cappella Sistina alone.

“ The more general practice was, however, to employ assistants, and this is one of the serious considerations connected with the present inquiry. Owing to the self-educating system of painters in this country, the younger artists are more independent than they are elsewhere, and they might have some reluctance to co-operate in works in which their best efforts would only contribute to the fame of the artist under whom they worked. In Italy, and in recent times in Germany, this subordination was, however, not felt to be irksome, and the best scholars were naturally soon intrusted with independent works. It is possible the talents thus created would be employed to decorate private houses, but the Government would incur a sort of obligation not to leave a school thus formed unemployed, especially as the artists, from want of practice, might be less able to cope with those who had been exclusively employed in oil-painting. The result, however, might be that the school would gain in design, at some sacrifice of the more refined technical processes in colouring, in which the English painters now excel their Continental rivals. It is true some Italian painters, for example, Andrea del Sarto, the Carracci and their scholars, were equally skilful in oil and in fresco. The earlier masters were, however, generally stronger in the latter ; and Sir Joshua Reynolds observes that Raphael was a better painter in fresco than in oil.”

The great feature in these recommendations and proposed metropolitan, national improvements, is *fresco painting*. And a leading question occurs, Is there ability, character, and nationality, equal to the opportunity, so as to make the most, the best of it? Several things unite to mar our hopes; and yet we see some grounds for a strong anchoring. First of all, let it be borne in mind that we have our Eastlakes, our Haydons, and Martins—men who have capacity, in every view that can be taken, for immortalizing the history of British art, and planting the British name on as high a pinnacle in the temple of artistic fame as her arms have won. There is no deficiency of native artists,—masters, in every department that can be desiderated. Then, with regard to the mode and opportunities of discovering and proving the merits of the artists, we have only to look to the obvious and simple mode of having their designs and models,—let them be upon paper or in clay,—submitted to a competent tribunal. But, alas! we have this fear before us, Englishmen,—the British public, have not soared higher in their aspirations than portrait admirers; there is no appreciation of the style or the execution of works of high art on a grand scale. And another unfortunate fact is, that our painters, as a class or body, have not had the means and occasions of instruction necessary to the achievement of the high designs under consideration.

But to return to broader views,—some kind of colouring and of painting, is essential, according to Mr. Barry's authority, and the taste of all eminent artists, to every style of architecture, whether it be classic or any other different mode of art. This is illustrated and demonstrated by the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Byzantines, the Romans, the Moors, and, above all, the Goths. And not only was this the case in sacred edifices, but in the domiciles of our barons and gentry, down to the era of the Reformation, when blank walls and dingy cold stone began to characterize the notable edifices of the land, instead of the sculptures and the tapestries of the middle ages.

Fresco painting, as we have said, is the great feature in the decorations recommended,—the most durable and the chastest, the most expressive, and dignified of all sorts of pictures. It is done with water-colours on fresh or wet plaster, requiring neither glass nor any choice of light or time to be seen to the fullest or best preserved advantage. But then the very fact that water-colours are to be substituted for oil opposes the prejudices of English painters, so perverted and opinionative is the school of this country in regard to design and effect.

Great skill is required to the accomplishment of fresco painting; for not more decided are its capabilities and powerful results, than are the requisitions which it imposes. For instance, it does not admit of retouching; therefore it must be done at once, grandeur and broad effects being studied in preference to nice details. There

is also this difference in regard to it as compared with oil-painting, that it must be executed bit by bit, requiring not only a sure and decisive hand, but a previous study and arrangement of composition and colouring in a cartoon. The artist, besides, has to calculate upon the different tints that will arise in the course of drying.

One great advantage to which we have already alluded, in the nature of fresco painting is, that its full effects can be appreciated and felt, in all lights, even such as are artificial, and from all points of view. The objections to it are that the wall may crack in the progress of *settling*; that dampness may destroy the colours; and that in the case of fire removal is impossible. Mr. Barry stated that some years ago the wall at the back of the altar of the Roman Catholic chapel in Moorfields, was painted in fresco by an Italian of the name of Aglio, but that for some reason with which he was unacquainted, the fresco had suffered very materially; so much so indeed as in many parts to be entirely defaced. It should however be borne in mind that the frescos in Italy and other continental countries, which have been injuriously affected in the course of time, have either been, for the most part, much exposed to the action of climate, or have been painted in oil. Draining and warming are operations next to unknown in Italy.

But two important points remain to be noticed, after considering the expediency of decorating the Parliament houses internally, and fixing upon the modes and kinds of decoration,—viz., Is there talent in England sufficient for the achievement? and, What are the means by which such talent can be best secured?

With regard to the first of these inquiries, it does not appear to us that there can be much doubt. Indeed we understand that some of our most distinguished artists have not only set themselves zealously to work as fresco painters, but that, although with trembling diffidence and anxiety, their first efforts have astonished themselves, and elicited the admiration of connoisseurs. But then what are we to say of the plan by which the best talent may be secured? Is that of competition the most promising? We shall not stop to offer any remarks relative to Mr. Eastlake's opinions. These in their connected and completed form, as already quoted, will be best understood and tested. We must observe, however, that Sir Martin Shee, although with singular inconclusiveness, endeavoured to persuade the committee that fresco was objectionable, not merely because it was "not consistent with the taste of the country," but that the system of competition would deter artists of established reputation from coming forward. "My general impression," he said, "with respect to the promotion of the fine arts was, that competition was the best means of forwarding their improvement; but experience has proved that the means of obtaining a competent tribunal to decide upon the merits of the competitors are not easily to



be found in this country; so many difficulties stand in the way, so many obstructions, so many interests to be considered, and so many persons are to be consulted, that I think it is hardly possible to obtain a competent tribunal under any circumstances." Again, "Competition will not succeed in this country, because artists of established reputation will not risk that reputation by coming before a tribunal which they do not think competent to decide upon their merits, and which may very materially injure the reputation which they have obtained, by selecting persons of inferior capacity and incompetent to the object required."

But Sir Martin Shee does suppose and admit, in the course of his examination, that a competent tribunal may be obtained and may take place; although it was after he had been closely pressed by members of the committee. When Sir Robert Inglis asked, "Does it not follow that competition cannot be applied to painting in fresco?" The reply was, "I should think so." Yet immediately, to a question put by Mr. Ewart, "You think competition cannot take place in the case of fresco painting?" the response now was, "That does not follow." And when Mr. Blake pushed the inquiry still further home, "Do you not state it as an objection to the plan of competition, that it would be difficult to obtain a tribunal that could judge competently? and would not that objection apply equally if the tribunal is appointed to select one artist, or a few artists out of the whole number?" Answer,—“If any work is to be executed, it follows that some one must be appointed for that purpose; and if somebody is to be appointed, some one must choose: the difficulty is unavoidable.” Now surely this is confusing the matter. Altogether the evidence of the President of the Royal Academy is unsatisfactory,—like that of an unwilling, if not a jealous witness. Our painters must betake themselves to the study of fresco, and if the old and the highly reputed deem that competition will injure their reputation, why then they must stand still and behold the younger members of the craft, among whom neither zeal, talent, nor generous rivalry is extinct, outstripping the timid and the suspicious.

The proposal is, that Westminster Hall be appropriated for the first attempts at fresco by artists who are considered most competent for the important task; and several were mentioned as having given high promise of superiority in that department of art. The Germans have taught themselves, and why may not the English, doubly stimulated by that success? Mr. Barry recommends as absolutely necessary that the roof of the Hall should be "pierced" in various places, so as to admit of an increased quantity of light; the paintings to be either in fresco or oil, as in the houses of Parliament, and the designs also to be taken from the most prominent features in British history.



The superficies of the buildings available for painting are thus estimated by Mr. Barry.

	FEET.
Westminster Hall . . . . .	6,160
St. Stephen's Hall . . . . .	3,000
The Royal Gallery . . . . .	2,140
The Queen's Robing Room . . . . .	1,168
Lower Corridors towards the River . . . . .	5,072
House of Lords . . . . .	1,800
House of Commons . . . . .	1,260
Corridors from the Central Saloon . . . . .	1,325
Conference Hall . . . . .	1,340
Lobbies of the House of Lords . . . . .	1,036
Lobbies of the House of Commons . . . . .	1,260
Committee Rooms . . . . .	25,350
Upper Corridors towards the River . . . . .	5,072

Besides, the Speaker's house, and a variety of minor portions of the new Houses, it is proposed, shall afford scope for native talent. What need, after the table of figures just given, and a consideration of the nature of the buildings, to expatiate upon the grandeur or the importance of the scale? But there is one fortunate circumstance which must also be kept in mind,—the walls will not be in a fit condition to be painted for three or four years. Now here is a space of time that affords ample room for the eager and the able to study and practise a branch of such acknowledged eminence and dignity, but hitherto so little prized in this country. The length of time, too, which the whole scheme of decoration will require suggests hopes that maturely and systematically will be the arrangements both of Commissioners, who may be appointed to superintend the choice of artists, and of the Committees of artists themselves, towards the adequate achievement of the national triumph.

In conclusion, we cannot but express our hope that the new Parliament will not be less earnest than the last to seize an opportunity, such as may perhaps never occur again, of reaping national glory, stimulating art, and elevating the taste of the country. Nor can we entertain any doubt of Sir Robert Peel's hearty efforts and glad countenance towards this metropolitan, this British improvement. The premier's patriotism and his patronage of the fine arts, forbid a question on the subject.

ART. II.—*The Canadas in 1841.* By Sir R. H. BONNYCASTLE. 2 vols.  
London: Colburn.

WERE it for nothing else than the moderate tone which Sir R. H. Bonnycastle maintains in these volumes, we should hold them to be worthy of especial attention at the present moment. But when we add, that the "Lieutenant-Colonel, Royal Engineers, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the militia of Upper Canada," has given us a book devoted to colonies which are deserving of much consideration, not only in respect of themselves as settlements, but of their relations and prospects; and that the book is crammed with information and a diversity of sketches, which are as lively and pleasant as the subject is broad and various, our readers may expect more that is useful as well as entertaining than has been written relative to our North American possessions of late years. In short, this shall be our book upon the Canadas, not only for the coming winter nights, but as a judiciously popular work concerning a period and a country that must stand prominently out in the history of colonization and of Great Britain. Good sense and right feeling have in these volumes rendered a hackneyed, and, as generally of recent years treated, a repulsive subject,—fresh, agreeable, and instructive. Unaffected, charged with healthy sympathies, and bearing the impress of many and minute observations, with a sufficiency of professional evidences, "*The Canadas in 1841*" will be oft and long hence read with satisfaction and profit.

Sir Richard has for many years been personally acquainted with Canada; not merely in consequence of an extended residence, but of travels, journeys, and tours, numerous and ramified,—sometimes for the sake of pleasure and adventure, and often in the capacity of an officer of engineers, or of one high in military command. He may be said to have traversed every part from Labrador to Lake Huron, and was also busily engaged in the late civil war, when not only Canadians, but citizens of the American states threatened to subvert British authority in Upper and Lower Canada. Professional-like, his notices of canals and roads, and other engineering capabilities of the country described, are manifold and suggestive. His sketches of scenery, and his anecdotes, though light and easy, are excellent; only to be surpassed where his sympathies for the Red Indians, his notices and descriptions of them, prevail.

We know only of one way of reviewing a work of the present kind, viz., by first indicating generally its character, and next by exhibiting its spirit and matter as discoverable in a few selected and varied passages. We begin with some of the graver subjects, although, as already hinted, Sir Richard does not lose himself in political squabbles, but avoids all strongly expressed one-sided

opinions. For instance, it appears clear to us that Lord Sydenham's discreet and sensible government of the Canadas meets with our author's approbation. Again, although not insensible to the unprincipled and piratical character of the invasion of the upper province by American citizens of the United States, in 1837, he yet entertains a liberal and generally extenuating sentiment towards the people of that young nation. In one passage we find these observations: "Nations, like individuals, have their peculiarities; and, as it happens that most of the peculiarities of America are derived from England, Englishmen should be 'to their faults a little blind, and to their virtues very kind.' We ourselves are sore enough when our national characteristics are made the subject of foreign animadversion, and we unmercifully criticise the author; and it is but fair, after all, to forgive a young nation for a little extra vanity and love of country." He also says, "I have travelled a good deal in the great state of New York, the most populous and wealthy of the union, and have seen a good deal of the intelligent people of New England, the land of steady habits; and I must say that, excepting in taverns and bar rooms, where one only stops to rest in travelling, because one is obliged to do it, I have seen very little of the genius which Mrs. Trollope so wittily makes a book upon."

To be sure Sir Richard administers a little wholesome and caustic advice when he says, that instead of an insatiable desire for aggrandizement and name, America "must steadily pursue the peaceful arts, which alone will raise her to that rank amid the nations of the earth, which, from her position, and the intelligence and industry of her people, she may thus speedily attain, without any absurd dream about the empires of the old world tottering, the planting of the standard of stars on its shores, and such like puerilities, unworthy of a thinking nation."

With regard to Canada, and the social as well as political condition of the provinces, we have also moderate and sensible observations, together with important suggestions. For example, we learn that Canada, although the country has not advanced so rapidly as have some other British colonies, that yet the progress has been gradual, steady, solid, and promising. Toronto and its vicinity, which at no great distance of time presented a waste and a wild, are now flourishing spots. We are told that about six or seven years ago, the buildings in the town were mostly of wood, stone not being found in sufficient quantity in the neighbourhood. Fires consequently were then frequent: now, however, brick is chiefly employed; for the soil is so good a clay, that the foundation and cellars of a house often yield the necessary material for the superstructure. Some of the streets promise to be very handsome: and indeed the value of property is here incredible. "On the military

reserve, now forming into the new Western portion of the city, acre-lots sold by Government fetched five and six hundred pounds, at some distance from the parts of the city built upon. Building-ground in most of the populous streets is worth from ten to twenty pounds a foot, and will no doubt be much higher; and thus many persons who were formerly very needy, and who obtained the land as grants when it was of little value, are now amongst the richest."

Yet the wealth or annual income of the richest people in Upper Canada is not extremely large. The highest official salary is that of the Chief Justice, which may be about £2000, while the income of the first rank seldom reaches £1000. Several of the wealthiest are persons originally belonging to the civil branches of the army, or who held office under the first governors; "and those who were fortunate enough to obtain grants of land, or get them at the rates they first sold for when York was a paltry village, are now the magnates of Toronto. Land which then would scarcely fetch a dollar, or five shillings an acre, is now worth, in some situations, almost as many thousand pounds."

House rent in Toronto, from what has been said, must be high. So also are the wages of mechanics. A good mason or carpenter may stipulate for 6*s.* or 7*s.* 6*d.* a day; while a labourer gets constant employment at from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 9*d.*, according to the nature of his work. Many of the latter, by keeping a horse and cart and a cow, double that amount. Servants, however, are not in general of the best kind; for females coming out usually get married after a short service; and men or boys obtain so much wages as mechanics or labourers, that it is their interest to seek such employment. But here, as in regard to the United States, Sir Richard volunteers a well-timed and no doubt important suggestion. He says, "I have great respect personally for many of the members of the aristocracy of Upper Canada; but that respect must not prevent me, as a writer willing to inform the public, and to do my best for the interests of the colony, from stating the truth; and I firmly believe, from an observation of several years, that Toronto will never be a flourishing city, nor Upper Canada a thriving country, until offices and honours are alike open to all classes of the British people in it, as they are in England, where the poorest man from Upper Canada, if he be a man of high talent, may become Lord Chancellor, without any question as to where he was born, or who educated him."

But the lighter and sketchy portions of these volumes will have most attractions for the general reader, and furnish us with the more extractable morsels. In respect of scenery, the oft-described Falls of Niagara afforded Sir Richard a fruitful subject, both as an engineer and a landscape painter; for he looked with the eyes of

each, and from all the most commanding, even perilous points. For example,—

“ You must descend to the very edge of the trembling rocky-brink of the cauldron on the British side, immediately under the stairs, and sixty or seventy feet below the narrow platform of the rock on which you have stood when you have reached the last of these stairs. This is not to be effected without some trouble, risk, and fatigue; but it repays all your exertion; for when you have reached the edge, close to the rainbow or split rock, you are, as it were, at once in a new world: Chaos seems there to have never been disturbed by the regularity of Nature, but reigns solemn and supreme.

“ Place your back against the projecting, blackened, and slime-covered rocks, and look towards the mighty mass of vapour and water before you, around you, beneath you, and above you. Hearing, sight, feeling, become as it were blended and confounded. You are sensible that you exist, perhaps; but in what state of existence, has, for a few minutes, vanished from your imagination. The rocks vibrate under your feet; the milk-white boiling and mountain surge advances, swells up, subsides, recoils, lashes, and mingles with the thick vapour. An indescribable and terrific, dull, yet deafening sound shakes the air; your nerves feel the concussion; and the words of surprise which at length escape from your lips are inaudible even to yourself, so awfully stern is the uproar of the contending air and water in their conflict for mastery.

“ The ideas which first struck me when I had recovered from this stupor of astonishment, were those of being swept away by the foaming mountains, bubbling, seething in the huge cauldron at my feet; of being on the point of losing the sense of hearing, for my temerity in venturing to pry so nearly into the unattainable mysteries of Nature; and of instant annihilation from the mass of overhanging black and beetling rock above my head, at an absolute height of nearly two hundred feet. In fact, I experienced the same sensations so beautifully described by Shakspeare in *Lear*, but from a reverse cause; so true is it, that extremes meet. I became giddy and confounded by looking at and upon the dizzy scene, instead of from glancing the eye down towards an unfathomable abyss of air and water below.

“ There are few visitors who venture to the ‘imminent deadly breach’ of the edge of the cauldron, and of the Split Rainbow Rock. These form a huge mass, buried cables deep in the gulf, fallen headlong from above, rent by the fall in twain nearly to its base, wedged into the lip of the cauldron, and towering twenty or thirty feet above the mounting surge. How it became so transfixed baffles conjecture, for it was evidently hurled from the table-rock above.

“ This rainbow rock, as it is called, or Iris’ throne, from the extremity of the arc appearing to rest upon it when you view the great fall from the rocky table above, cannot now be approached so easily. The ladder by which, at much personal hazard, its flat and slippery surface was gained, has been swept away by the raging flood; and it is, perhaps, fortunate that it is so, for the experiment of gaining and standing on the surface was attended with great risk.

"I saw one person, whilst I was sketching the scene, actually lying down at full length upon the edge of it, with his head projected over, to look into the very cauldron. I shuddered at the hardihood displayed, for a false movement would be inevitable and instant destruction on that slippery platform. When he descended the ladder, I told him what I had felt: and he was fully aware of his danger, but said, that from his childhood he had been a ranger in the Alps.

"To add to the difficulties of your situation on the edge of the cauldron, the descending and ascending spray is so great, that you are wet through very soon; whilst the clouds of arrowy sleet driving in your eyes render sketching not very pleasant; whilst, to add to your stock of ideas, you behold a truly Freischütz display—for, crawling at your feet, amidst a mass of ground and splinted timber, bones, and shivered rock, are the loathsome and large black toad, the hideously-deformed black lizard, eels of a most equivocal appearance, and even that prototype of the eel the fierce black water-serpent."

At some considerable distance below the falls a tremendous whirlpool is to be beheld, with other magnificent features.

"After crossing a field or two, you enter into a beautiful wood; and, going through it for a quarter of a mile, begin to descend, by a narrow, obscure, and winding path, cut out of the mountain, which is covered with the primeval forest. The descent is not very difficult, perfectly safe, and with a little expense would be pleasant. It leads to the centre of the bay-coast of the whirlpool, where there are but few rocks, and a narrow shingle beach. Here you see the vastness of the scene, the great expanse of the circular basin, the mass of mountain which encloses it almost to its very edge, and the overhanging Table Rock, nearly like that at the Falls, and probably produced by a similar cause, the disintegration of the slate beds under the more unyielding limestone.

"So extensive, however, is the surface of water, that the huge trunks of trees floating in the concentric circles of the whirling waters, when they reach their ultimate doom in the actual vortex, appear still not larger than small logs. They revolve for a great length of time, touching the shores in their extreme gyrations, and then, as the circles narrow, are tossed about with increasing rapidity, until in the middle, the largest giants of the forest are lifted perpendicularly, and appear to be sucked under, after a time, altogether.

"A singular part of the view is the very sharp angle of the precipice, and its bank of débris on the American side. You also just catch a view of the foaming rapid on the right; and an attentive observer will perceive that in the centre of the vast basin of the whirlpool the water is several feet higher than at the edges, appearing to boil up from the bottom. It varies, I should think, in the degrees of its agitation, depending perhaps on the increase or diminution of the quantity of supplied water; for there have been instances of persons who have attempted to save the timber floating round it, having, by their want of caution, allowed themselves to be engulfed, and yet escaping at last. A soldier a few years ago, I think of the Sixty-eighth Regiment, got thus drawn from the edge, and was whirled



round and round for several hours, but saved at last by the exertions of the neighbouring farmers, who came with ropes to his rescue.' I have heard naval men say, that they thought a stout boat might cross ; but I confess, from the manner in which the largest trees are treated, notwithstanding their buoyancy, I should be very unwilling to try the experiment, and it is known that persons have been destroyed."

Nothing in the present two volumes has pleased or interested us more than the notices which they contain of the Red Indians ; portions of various races of that rapidly declining people having sought a resting place in the Canadas, enticed by the good faith and kind treatment of the British, as contrasted with the usurpations and the oppressions exercised towards them by the United States. Still, a change to something like a settled life, or from their ancient hunting usages, appears to accord ill with most of these tribes. They even seem to degenerate the moment they intermix with the whites ; the temptations offered in the form of intoxicating drinks being a principal cause of their declension and worse than savage degradation. The following are some of the touching particulars given by our author :—

"Owing to the system pursued by the neighbouring states, of ejecting the Indians altogether, a section of the *Pou-tah-wah-tamies* left the upper regions of the Mississippi, where they had been an equestrian tribe, and lived chiefly on the buffalo, to throw themselves on the protection of their great father, the King of England. I was fortunately at Penetangueshene, a distant frontier post, when the nation arrived there ; and shall, in my account of that post, state what I saw when they first trod the British soil in all their warrior glory.

"I would that they had been able to live in their native wild woods and prairies. I was delighted with the fresh display of untaught and uncivilized nature ; for with all the barbarous and blood-thirsty warlike deeds which they there performed, there was something so noble, simple, and chaste in the manners, bearing, and demeanour of these sons of the soil, that it won golden opinions from all beholders.

"But a few short months afterwards, and I again saw my friends, the *Pou-tah-wah-tamies*, or, as they are vulgarly called, the *Pottawattamis*, on the greensward in front of the parliament buildings at Toronto, haggard, clothed in rags and filthy blankets, bearing the evidence of starvation in their intelligent features. Want had driven them to do that which an Indian recoils from with horror—to rob the friends who had protected them. Whiskey, the accursed 'fire-water,' as their eloquent language styles it, had swept away reason from the wise man, and strength from the youthful warrior. Their stock of ornamental and requisite personal appendages had been bartered for it, and the very provisions and blankets, which their great Father had so liberally bestowed for the support and comfort of his wandering red children, had been converted by it to profit a lawless and vile race of traders, who batten on the spoils of these unsuspecting sons of the soil, and whose unholy thirst for gold has swept from its surface almost the very name of its ancient possessors."

According to Sir Richard the Mohawks appear to offer the most hopeful symptoms of improvement and aptitude for civilization of any of the tribes, specimens of which came under his observation. He waxes enthusiastic in behalf of the remnant of the celebrated and warlike tribe named.

"How different the Mohawks of the midland district, near Kingston, on the Napanee road! Here a chaplain is appointed to administer the rites and services of the English Church. The people are happy and contented; many of them possess property of value; and it is not an uncommon thing to see a Mohawk driving along in his little wagon, with every appearance of comfort.

"I have reasons of a powerful nature to speak well of the Mohawks of the Indian woods. No sooner did the alarm of invasion from the United States, in 1837, sound through the province, than these moral and well-conducted people collected all their wagons, arms and ammunition, and drove to Kingston. They marched in with the Union-jack flying, and offered me their services to go into barracks and guard the approaches to the fortress and town.

"I kept them for some time, determined, however, not to employ them against the few misled people of the province who took up arms, and only to oppose them to the robbers and plunderers from the opposite shores, who were no better than so many pirates, without a shadow of excuse for the villanous breach of the law of nations. I well knew that the name of Indian was a terror to these vagabonds; and therefore retained the faithful Mohawks till Van Ransellaez, Wells, Bill Jonson, and the Lady of the Lake, the Trulla of French Creek, were frightened out of their temporary hold of Hickory Island. The Indians, they knew, would have shown them no mercy; and I verily believe that they thought twice before they acted once, as long as the Mohawks were in the neighbourhood.

"Even at the risk of being charged with egotism, I cannot help, when the militia of Upper Canada come across my mind, dwelling upon the reminiscences of them. These Indians were part of that militia, being regularly organized under a captain-leader and three chiefs; but they served, excepting the captain, who was a militia officer, without pay, scorning to receive it in the defence of their Great Mother and their beloved country. A fowling-piece or two, a few yards of ribbon, some silk handkerchiefs for their squaws, who were left at home, and a trifling quantity of tobacco, powder, and shot, sent them back to their woods as happy as possible.

"We held a parting council; and after many curious ceremonies, they enrolled me as a chief by the euphonous cognomen of *Anadahesa*, or *he who summons the town*. The first three syllables of this appellation are so very like Canada, that I begin to have some faith in the theory of those writers who assert that the country is so named from the Indians having always pointed to their villages, exclaiming, *Canada!* which may have meant *the town par excellence*."

Still it seems to be a matter of doubt with our author whether the Red men, either as individuals or tribes, are susceptible of com-

plete or speedy regeneration. The probability seems to be that, like whatever else is wild, they are doomed to be exterminated by the advancing steps of the White race. Here is a remarkable example of inborn sympathies overcoming all superinduced influences :—

“ I have seen the Red man in all his relative situations of warrior, hunter, tiller of the ground, and preacher of the word. I have seen him wholly wild, but never wholly civilized ; for the best specimen of an Indian missionary I am acquainted with, in Upper Canada, forgot all his instruction, all his acquired feelings and habits, when he witnessed with me the war-dance of heathen and perfectly savage warriors. He had been carefully educated from a boy, spoke English perfectly, was modest, intelligent, and well-bred ; guided his young family excellently, and did not intrude his professional habits and opinions when in society, nor seemed to be in the least elevated by his superior acquisitions ; yet he grinned with savage delight at this exhibition of untutored nature. And when I asked him if it was not a blessing that the Indian had listened to the mild spirit of the White man's religion, and having proved himself capable of appreciating it, that he might be the means of imparting its doctrines to the savage natures before us, who displayed human frailty in the lowest state of degradation, he calmly replied, ‘ What you say, my friend, is true ; but I never before saw my Red brother in the condition of an absolute and acknowledged warrior. Ah ! he is very brave ! My father was as brave and as wild as he is ; and often have I hid from his frown in the depths of the woods. Listen, the warrior is telling of his battles ! I will interpret the brave man's speech to you.’ And excited beyond the power of control by his native feelings, he went on translating the mighty deeds of a second Walk-in-the-water, or Young Wolf, or Snapping Turtle, or some other chief of equally euphonious and terrible cognomen. He staid out a second edition of the war-story, and even of the pipe-dance, which latter exhibition a European missionary would consider himself justly degraded by being present at ; and I left him involved in rapid discourse with the heathen warriors.”

These extracts convey an idea of the agreeable volumes before us ; although, owing to the very discursive manner and the multitudinous matter of the author, it is not easy to give, in anything like a connected and naturally consecutive narrative, a complete notion of the work. The variety of places visited by him, the number of his excursions professional as well as for pleasure, the extent of his Canadian experience, the recentness of the information which he communicates, and the liberal enlightened spirit with which every thing is told, combine to put us in the best humour possible with the book. Whether ascending the St. Lawrence, visiting Quebec and Montreal, or the Thousand Isles, or describing the immense lakes of Ontario, Huron, &c., we have a happy blending of economical information, natural history, antiquities, scenic painting, and engineering statis-

tics or speculation. Observe what the Lieut.-Colonel says with regard to the Welland canal:—

“We must now,” he says, “travel to the mouth of the river Welland, one of the openings into the canal of that name, which canal has, until now, been a mere job. The government have, however, observed with a quiet eye the proceedings of this job, and at last, under Lord Sydenham’s administration, seem disposed to do something about it; and if it is ever made a good navigable steam-boat or ship canal, Canada will increase in wealth and population from the hour which opens its gates to the first vessel from Erie or Huron. The Americans are so sensible of this, that for years they have been planning and projecting a magnificent ship navigation, to connect Erie, Ontario, and the Erie canal. The plans of their topographical engineers for this stupendous work are beautifully executed, and would have been followed up, but that the monied concerns of the republic have been in rather a ticklish state of late years, and the defalcations of their public servants of such alarming extent, as to cause the executive to pause ere it enter upon so splendid a national undertaking. If the Welland canal be now seriously set about, and competent military engineers employed in its construction, the trade of the Far West must centre in Canada; and of its extent, what statistics can afford even a glimpse? For the Americans well know that even if their grand ship-canal were opened round the Falls, they have still a most serious disadvantage to contend against, in the ice of Lake Erie and that coming from Niagara; whereas the mouth of the Welland will always be open on the Canada shore, for weeks earlier than the mouth of any canal on the New York side of the river; and, as its exitus on Lake Ontario will be at a great distance from the exitus of the Niagara, it will never be embarrassed there by the spring ice. Travellers cross over the Welland river by a long wooden bridge in the village of Chippewa, famous for a battle in the last American war, and still more famous in 1837, as the head-quarters of the brave Canadian militia, who took up arms in the gloomy depth of that winter, to resist the friendly intentions of their opposite neighbours. If you proceed out of Welland in a Canadian steam-boat, you will pass into the river Niagara at rather a nervous place, where the river widens to an immense expanse, before it suddenly contracts again to form the rapids and cataract of Niagara. The first idea, to a stranger, on reaching this spot is—supposing the engine should get out of order, is the vessel to go down the Fall, which is boiling up at about two miles below? There is, however, I believe, very little real danger, as it is the site of the traject, or common ferry between Chippewa and the New York shore at Fort Schlosser, at that celebrated spot where Captain Drew and his dauntless militia-sailors cut out the *Caroline* in the darkness of the night, and sent the pirate-vessel flaming down into the abyss below.”

Sir Richard thinks that, should the Welland canal ever be completed by the government, the province of Upper Canada may become the seat of a future nation, with such internal resources, as that the neighbouring northern states of the American Union would

sink into comparative insignificance. "Surrounded and crossed by canals, lakes, rivers, her industry will command the West and its unfolded wealth. Imagining a belt embraced by the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, containing a population of millions, derived principally from Britain, the statist can easily divine the position they might maintain, and how prudent it must be to hold the dominion of England over this fertile empire as long as possible, closing the links of connexion by every act of kindness, and securing in the new world a future British power, unlike that which is advancing to completion in the United States." But leaving these speculations, let us close with the results of certain surveys of the Canadian lakes:—

"They have the following mean depths, elevations above the Atlantic, length and breadth and circumference:—

	Length.	Breadth.	Circum- ference.	Mean Depth.	Elevation.
	Miles.	Miles.	Miles.	Feet.	Feet.
Superior .	450	200	1525	900	596
Huron .	250	190	1100	1000	578
Michigan .	260	90	1000	1000	578
Erie .	275	50	700	84	565
Ontario .	180	80	500	500	232
St. Clair .	35	30	100	20	570
Simcoe .	40	30	120	—	712, or 480 above Lake Ontario.

"It has been computed that the Canadian lakes contain 14,000 cubic miles of water, or more than half that on the whole earth. These deductions have been drawn from careful surveys; but the mean depths of the large lakes are assumed, as some of them have been sounded in places near their centre without finding bottom; and it is conjectured that Ontario has a bed of salt in its deepest part—which is very probable, as the surrounding country is of the salt-formation."

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ART. III.—*Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs and Condition of the North American Indians.* By GEORGE CATLIN. 2 vols. Published by the Author.

MR. CATLIN is a native of Wyoming, his parents having settled in the "fair" valley, after the Indian massacre; its horrors, chiefly as pictured by the poet, having also made such a deep impression on his mind, and awakened such an interest concerning the Red

people, that he never left off cherishing a desire to visit them. "The sad tale," he says, "of my native 'valley' has been beautifully sung; and from the flight of 'Gertrude's' soul my young imagination closely traced the savage to his deep retreats, and gazed upon him in dreadful horror, until pity pleaded, and admiration worked a charm." Accordingly, though educated for the bar, the rod and the gun, the pencil and the brush, the rivers and forests, were far more enticing than your Justinians and Blackstones. He took to the painter's profession, and practised in Philadelphia, where a visit of certain Indian chiefs served to strengthen and rekindle his early enthusiasm with regard to that doomed race; for doomed undoubtedly it is to a speedy extinction. Take at once an eloquent general account of the author and the artist's feelings and experience with regard to the untamed Far West, and the tribes that roam over its prairies and dwell in its forests. It is, he tells us, "a vast country of green fields, where the *men* are all *red*—where *meat* is the staff of life—where no *laws* but those of *honour* are known—where the oak and the pine give way to the cotton-wood and peccan—where range the buffalo, the elk, mountain-sheep, and the fleet-bounding antelope—where the magpie and chattering paroquettes supply the place of the red-breast and the blue-bird—where wolves are white and bears grizzly—where pheasants are hens of the prairie, and frogs have horns—where the rivers are yellow, and white men are turned savages in looks. Through the whole of this strange land the dogs are all wolves—women all slaves—men all lords; where the *sun* and *rats* alone (of all the list of old acquaintances) could be recognized in this country of strange metamorphose."

Hear again the traveller and artist in this really *new* country. "I have," says Mr. Catlin, "for a long time been of opinion that the wilderness of our country afforded models equal to those from which the Grecian sculptors transferred to the marble such inimitable grace and beauty; and I am now more confirmed in this opinion since I have immersed myself in the midst of thousands and tens of thousands of these knights of the forests, whose whole lives are lives of chivalry, and whose daily feats, with their naked limbs, might vie with those of the Grecian youths in the beautiful rivalry of the Olympian games. No man's imagination, with all the aids of description that can be given to it, can ever picture the beauty and wildness of scenes that may be daily visited in this romantic country; of hundreds of these graceful youths, without a care to wrinkle, or a fear to disturb the full expression of pleasure and enjoyment that beams upon their faces—their long black hair mingling with their horses' tails floating in the wind, while they are flying over the carpeted prairie, and dealing death with their spears and arrows to a band of infuriated buffaloes; or their splendid procession in a war-parade, arrayed in all their gorgeous colours



and trappings, moving with such exquisite grace and manly beauty, added to that bold defiance which man carries on his front, who acknowledges no superior on earth, and who is amenable to no laws except the laws of God and honour." In this enthusiastic and hearty tone does Mr. Catlin describe and paint the heroes, the native dress, and the wigwams of the red man. Three hundred of these portraits in oil he brought home safe with him; also "two hundred other paintings in oil, containing views of their villages, their wigwams, their games and religious ceremonies, their dances, their ball-plays, their buffalo-hunting, and other amusements (containing in all over 3000 full-length figures), and the landscapes of the country they live in, as well as a very extensive and curious collection of their costumes, and all their other manufactures, from the size of a wigwam down to the size of a quill or a rattle."

These facts, these pictures,—as the splendid and unique collection exhibited at the Egyptian Hall has demonstrated to multitudes,—and this style of description, show how earnest and enthusiastic Mr. Catlin's heart is towards the aboriginal Americans. And not more earnest and enthusiastic is he than his manner is truthful and faithful. Truth is stamped on everything he says, verisimilitude is in every one of his pictures. We indeed wonder how he could execute such works with his pencil, and describe so fully with his pen, considering the opportunities he could snatch while living thousands of miles from the confines of civilization. But his heart was in the subjects, he had higher aims than merely to travel in strange lands, and paint savage scenes; and hence the graphic and vivid character of his sketches as an author and as an artist. He says, "In addition to the knowledge of human nature and of my art, which I hope to acquire by this toilsome and expensive undertaking, I have another in view, which, if it should not be of equal service to me, will be of no less interest and value to posterity. I have, for many years past, contemplated the noble races of red men who are now spread over the trackless forests and boundless prairies, melting away at the approach of civilization—their rights invaded, their morals corrupted, their lands wrested from them, their customs changed, and therefore lost to the world; and they at last sunk into the earth, and the ploughshare turning the sod over their graves,—and I have flown to their rescue—not of their lives or of their race (for they are 'doomed,' and must perish)—but to the rescue of their looks and their modes, at which the acquisitive world may hurl their poison and every besom of destruction, and trample them down and crush them to death; yet, phoenix-like, they may rise from the 'stain' of a painter's 'palette,' and live again upon canvass, and stand forth for centuries yet to come the living monuments of a noble race."

It was for the purpose, therefore, not only of advancement in his

art, but to preserve the memory and the likeness of a doomed people, that Mr. Catlin cherished the purpose of visiting every tribe of Indians on the American continent; a bold and hazardous undertaking. Accordingly he devoted eight years to his enterprise, actually visiting forty-eight tribes, the greater portion speaking different languages, and the whole amounting to about *four hundred thousand* souls. This multitude again recalls the melancholy idea of the entire race speedily disappearing from the face of the earth. What a dreary and sad look it is to glance into such a future! What a painful and dreadful retrospect does the modern and recent history of the red people present! A few centuries ago white men set foot for the first time in the country of the doomed race, when the numbers of the aboriginal Americans are supposed to have exceeded *sixteen millions*. But, alas! now it is believed that not *two* remain; entire tribes having wholly disappeared; while of these, perhaps, not a fourth part remain untainted and undemoralized by the *civilized* invaders. Such, indeed, has been the desolation wrought by the contaminating vices and diseases of white men,—such the poison of whiskey, and the death by small-pox,—that the natives of the forests and the prairies have been cut off at a rate unknown in the history of war and of the human family. In 1837, “the gentle and courteous” Mandans numbered *two thousand*, and now not a single soul of them remains; only between thirty and forty having escaped the pestilence of the small-pox, and these a hostile tribe butchered,

We must now, with few breaks, present a variety of Mr. Catlin's life-looking, curious, and arresting sketches and records. The whole has such an authentic appearance that it is impossible to doubt his good faith; every picture speaks with such an earnest enthusiasm that it is impossible not to be carried along and away with the author.

Our first extract will serve to convey some ideas of the vast extent of the untamed regions of America, and also of the immense distance to which our traveller penetrated:—

“In the commencement of my tour, several of my travelling companions from the city of New York, found themselves at a frightful distance from the West, when we arrived at Niagara Falls; and hastened back to amuse their friends with tales and scenes of the West. At Buffalo a steamboat was landing with 400 passengers, and twelve days out—‘Where from?’—‘From the West.’ In the rich state of Ohio, hundreds were selling their farms and going to the West. In the beautiful city of Cincinnati, people said to me, ‘Our town has passed the days of its most rapid growth, it is not far enough West.’ In St. Louis, 1,400 miles west of New York, my landlady assured me that I would be pleased with her boarders, for they were nearly all merchants from the ‘West.’ I there asked whence came those steamboats, laden with pork, honey, hides, &c. ?—‘From the West.’—

Whence those ponderous bars of silver, which those men have been for hours shouldering and putting on board that boat? 'They come from Santa Fé, from the West.' "

After a number of similar inquiries and answers in the course of large strides, we find the traveller starting in the Yellow-Stone, saying "I'll go to the West."

"Two thousand miles on her, and we were at the mouth of Yellow-Stone river at the West. What! invoices, bills of lading, &c., a wholesale establishment so far to the West? And those strange looking, long-haired gentlemen, who have just arrived, and are relating the adventures of their long and tedious journey. Who are they?—Oh! they are some of our merchants just arrived from the West. And that keel-boat, the Mackinaw-boat richly laden with goods?—These, Sir, are outfits starting for the *West*. Going to the *West*, ha? 'Then,' said I, 'I'll try it again, I will try and see if I can go to the West.' "

At a fort, a dauntless and semi-barbarous-looking, jolly fellow, dashed forth in advance of his party on his wild horse to meet Mr. Catlin, and the following is part of the dialogue that ensued:—

"Ne parlez vous l'Anglais?—Non, Monsr. I speaks de French and de Americaine; mais je ne parle pas l'Anglais.—Well then, my good fellow, I will speak English, and you may speak Americaine.—Val, sare, je suis bien content, pour for I see dat you speaks putty coot Americaine.—You live here, I suppose?—Non, Monsieur, I comes fair from de West.—What, from the West! Where under the heavens is that?—Wat, diable! de West? well, you shall see, Monsieur, he is putty fair off, suppose.—Do you see anything of the 'Flatheads' in your country?—Non, Monsieur, ils demeurent very, *very* fair to de West."

We must now extract some more minute and particular picturing of regions which presented objects and nature in strange and novel shapes and colours. Having from the junction of the Missouri with the Mississippi ascended the former 2000 miles, to the Yellow-stone River, Mr. Catlin here fixed his first station; the fort of the American Fur Company offering a resting and secure place. A description of the Missouri furnishes a specimen of the artist's style when he handles the pen, and also of extraordinary features in the world of nature. That river, he tell us, is perhaps different in appearance and character from all other rivers in the world; "there is a terror in its manner which is sensibly felt, the moment we enter its muddy waters from the Mississippi." "Its boiling, turbid waters, sweep off, in one unceasing current." It is always turbid and opaque, owing to the continual falling in of its rich alluvial banks; having "the colour of a cup of chocolate or coffee, with sugar and cream stirred into it." The following are other singular conditions:—

"For the distance of 1000 miles above St. Louis, the shores of this

river (and in many places the whole bed of the stream) are filled with snags and raft, formed of trees of the largest size, which have been undermined by the falling banks and cast into the stream; their roots becoming fastened in the bottom of the river, with their tops floating on the surface of the water, and pointing down the stream, forming the most frightful and discouraging prospect for the adventurous voyageur. Almost every island and sand-bar is covered with huge piles of these floating trees; and when the river is flooded, its surface is almost literally covered with floating raft and drift-wood; which bids positive defiance to keel-boats and steamers on their way up the river."

The scene is not, however, all so dreary, nor such as has been reported.

"It has been heretofore very erroneously represented to the world, that the scenery on this river was monotonous, and wanting in picturesque beauty. This intelligence is surely incorrect, and that because it has been brought, perhaps, by men who are not the best judges in the world of nature's beautiful works! and if they were, they always pass them by, in pain or desperate distress, in toil and trembling fear for the safety of their furs and peltries, or for their lives, which are at the mercy of the yelling savages who inhabit this delightful country. One thousand miles or more of the upper part of the river was, to my eye, like fairy-land; and during our transit through that part of our voyage, I was most of the time riveted to the deck of the boat, indulging my eyes in the boundless and tireless pleasure of roaming over the thousand hills, and bluffs, and dales, and ravines; where the astonished herds of buffaloes, of elks, and antelopes, and sneaking wolves, and mountain-goats, were to be seen bounding up and down and over the green fields; each one and each tribe, band, and gang, taking their own way, and using their own means to the greatest advantage possible, to leave the sight and sound of the puffing of our boat, which was for the first time saluting the green and wild shores of the Missouri with the din of mighty steam. From St. Louis to the falls of the Missouri, a distance of 2600 miles, is one continued prairie; with the exception of a few of the bottoms formed along the bank of the river, and the streams which are falling into it, which are often covered with the most luxuriant growth of forest-timber. The summit level of the great prairies stretching off to the west and the east from the river, to an almost boundless extent, is from two to three hundred feet above the level of the river; which has formed a bed or valley for its course, varying in width from two to twenty miles. This channel or valley has been evidently produced by the force of the current, which has gradually excavated, in its floods and gorges, this immense space, and sent its débris into the ocean. By the continual overflowing of the river, its deposits have been lodged and left with a horizontal surface, spreading the deepest and richest alluvion over the surface of its meadows on either side; through which the river winds its serpentine course, alternately running from one bluff to the other; which present themselves to its shores in all the most picturesque and beautiful shapes and colours imaginable—some with their green sides gracefully sloped down in the most lovely groups to the water's edge, whilst others, divested of their

verdure, present themselves in immense masses of clay of different colours, which arrest the eye of the traveller, with the most curious views in the world. These strange and picturesque appearances have been produced by the rains and frosts, which are continually changing the dimensions, and varying the thousand shapes of these denuded hills, by washing down their sides and carrying them into the river. Amongst these groups may be seen tens and hundreds of thousands of different forms and figures, of the sublime and the picturesque; in many places for miles together, as the boat glides along, there is one continued appearance, before and behind us, of some ancient and boundless city in ruins—ramparts, terraces, domes, towers, citadels and castles may be seen,—cupolas, and magnificent porticoes, and here and there a solitary column and crumbling pedestal, and even spires of clay which stand alone—and glistening in the distance, as the sun's rays are refracted back by the thousand crystals of gypsum which are imbedded in the clay of which they are formed. Over and through these groups of domes and battlements (as one is compelled to imagine them), the sun sends his long and gilding rays, at morn or in the evening; giving life and light, by aid of shadows cast to the different glowing colours of these clay-built ruins; shedding a glory over the solitude of this wild and pictured country, which no one can realize unless he travels here and looks upon it."

It is amidst such wild and primeval haunts that the mountain-sheep and the antelope live in herds, secure by the sides and slopes of the bluffs, which are nearly inaccessible, from their natural enemies. It was among and through river-scenes and scenery for 2000 miles that the steamer in which Mr. Catlin was proceeding to the West, "tugged, and puffed, and blowed, and toiled for three months." But what of the native on the adjacent banks?—

"If anything did ever literally and completely 'astonish (and astound) the natives,' it was the appearance of our steamer, puffing and blowing, and paddling, and rushing by their villages which were on the banks of the river. These poor and ignorant people, for the distance of 2000 miles, had never before seen or heard of a steamboat, and in some places they seemed at a loss to know what to do, or how to act; they could not, as the Dutch did at Newburgh, on the Hudson river, take it to be a floating saw-mill—and they had no name for it,—so it was, like every thing else (with them) which is mysterious and unaccountable, called *medicine* (mystery). We had on board one twelve-pound cannon and three or four eight-pound swivels, which we were taking up to arm the Fur Company's fort at the mouth of Yellow Stone; and at the approach to every village they were all discharged several times in rapid succession, which threw the inhabitants into utter confusion and amazement—some of them threw their faces to the ground, and cried to the Great Spirit—some shot their horses and dogs, and sacrificed them to appease the Great Spirit, whom they conceived was offended—some deserted their villages, and ran to the tops of the bluffs some miles distant; and others, in some places, as the boat landed in front of their villages, came with great caution, and peeped over the bank of the

river to see the fate of their chiefs; whose duty it was (from the nature of their office) to approach us, whether friends or foes, and to go on board. Sometimes, in this plight, they were instantly thrown neck and heels over each other's heads and shoulders—men, women and children, and dogs—sage, sachem, old and young—all in a mass, at the frightful discharge of the steam from the escape-pipe, which the captain of the boat let loose upon them for his own fun and amusement. There were many curious conjectures amongst their wise men with regard to the nature and powers of the steamboat. Amongst the Mandans, some called it the 'big thunder canoe;' for, when in distance below the village, they saw the lightning flash from its sides, and heard the thunder come from it: others called it the 'big medicine canoe with eyes'—it was *medicine* (mystery) because they could not understand it: and it must have eyes—for, said they, 'it sees its own way, and takes the deep water in the middle of the channel.'"

We have also this specimen of sentiment respecting the scenes described,—“What man in the world ever ascended the pinnacle of one of the Missouri's green-carpeted bluffs, a thousand miles severed from his own familiar land, and giddily gazed over the interminable and boundless ocean of grass-covered hills and valleys which lie beneath him, where the gloom of silence is complete—where not even the voice of the sparrow or cricket is heard—without feeling a sweet melancholy come over him, which seemed to drown his sense of everything beneath and on a level with him?”

At the Fur Company's fort Mr. C. began to have experience of the table fare of the inhabitants and the hunters of the prairies,—buffalo meat and tongue, beaver's tails, and marrow fat, but neither bread nor butter. “The abundance is often great, but sometimes there is a scarcity, when a party is mustered to go for meat,” instead of “to hunt,” as home-abiding people in old countries would call it. We quote a spirited account of our traveller's early experience in one of these parties. The preparation, the chase, and the artist, all appear to the life:—

“Mons. Chardon ‘tossed the feather’ (a custom always observed, to try the course of the wind), and we commenced ‘stripping’ as it is termed (*i. e.* every man strips himself and his horse of every extraneous and unnecessary appendage of dress, &c. that might be an incumbrance in running): hats are laid off, and coats—and bullet pouches; sleeves are rolled up, a handkerchief tied lightly around the head, and another around the waist—cartridges are prepared and placed in the waistcoat pocket, or a half dozen bullets ‘throwed into the mouth,’ &c. &c., all of which takes up some ten or fifteen minutes, and is not, in appearance or in effect, unlike a council of war. Our leader lays the whole plan of the chase, and preliminaries all fixed, guns charged and ramrods in our hands, we mount and start for the onset. The horses are all trained for this business, and seem to enter into it with as much enthusiasm, and with as restless a spirit as their riders themselves.”



In the rear, and on the trail of such a party, carts follow to bring back the spoil. And now suppose rivers to be forded, and bluffs to have been ascended, and a herd in sight:—

“The herd, discovering us, wheeled and laid their course in a mass. At this instant we started (and all must start, for no one could check the fury of those steeds at that moment of excitement,) and away all sailed, and over the prairie flew, in a cloud of dust which was raised by their trampling hoofs. M'Kenzie was foremost in the throng, and soon dashed off amidst the dust and was out of sight—he was after the fattest and the fastest. I had discovered a huge bull whose shoulders towered above the whole band, and I picked my way through the crowd to get alongside of him. I went not for ‘meat,’ but for a trophy; I wanted his head and horns. I dashed along through the thundering mass, as they swept away over the plain, scarcely able to tell whether I was on a buffalo's back or my horse—hit, and hooked, and jostled about, till at length I found myself alongside of my game, when I gave him a shot, as I passed him.”

What a scene follows for a Landseer:—

“I turned my eyes in the direction where the herd had gone, and our companions in pursuit, and nothing could be seen of them, nor indication except the cloud of dust which they left behind them. At a little distance on the right, however, I beheld my huge victim endeavouring to make as much headway as he possibly could, from this dangerous ground, upon three legs. I galloped off to him, and at my approach he wheeled around—and bristled up for battle; he seemed to know perfectly well that he could not escape from me, and resolved to meet his enemy and death as bravely as possible. I found that my shot had entered him a little too far forward, breaking one of his shoulders, and lodging in his breast, and from his very great weight it was impossible for him to make much advance upon me. As I rode up within a few paces of him, he would bristle up with fury enough in his *looks* alone, almost to annihilate me; and making one lunge at me, would fall upon his neck and nose, so that I found the sagacity of my horse alone enough to keep me out of reach of danger; and I drew from my pocket my sketch-book, laid my gun across my lap, and commenced taking his likeness. He stood stiffened up, and swelling with awful vengeance, which was sublime for a picture, but which he could not vent upon me. I rode around him and sketched him in numerous attitudes; sometimes he would lie down, and I would then sketch him; then throw my cap at him, and rousing him on his legs, rally a new expression, and sketch him again.”

Our readers must often have read of the medicine bag which the Red Indians carry, and of the religious and superstitious regard shown towards it. As will have been observed already in one of our extracts, *medicine* is merely synonymous with mystery. It is often viewed as a charm, and is at times worshipped. We quote particulars:—

“The ‘medicine-bag,’ then, is a mystery-bag; and its meaning and importance necessary to be understood, as it may be said to be the key of Indian life and Indian character. These bags are constructed of the skins of animals, of birds, or of reptiles, and ornamented and preserved in a thousand different ways, as suits the taste or freak of the person who constructs them. These skins are generally attached to some part of the clothing of the Indian, or carried in his hand; they are oftentimes decorated in such a manner as to be exceedingly ornamental to his person, and always are stuffed with grass, or moss, or something of the kind; and generally without drugs or medicines within them, as they are religiously closed and sealed, and seldom, if ever, to be opened. I find that every Indian in his primitive state carries his medicine-bag in some form or other, to which he pays the greatest homage, and to which he looks for safety and protection through life,—and, in fact, it might almost be called a species of idolatry; for it would seem, in some instances, as if he actually worshipped it. Feasts are often made, and dogs and horses sacrificed to a man’s medicine; and days, and even weeks, of fasting and penance of various kinds are often suffered, to appease his medicine, which he imagines he has in some way offended. This curious custom has principally been done away with along the frontier, where white men laugh at the Indian for the observance of so ridiculous and useless a form: but in this country it is in full force, and every male in the tribe carries this his supernatural charm or guardian, to which he looks for the preservation of his life, in battle or in other danger: at which times it would be considered ominous of bad luck and an ill fate to be without it. The manner in which this curious and important article is instituted is this: a boy, at the age of fourteen or fifteen years, is said to be making or ‘forming his medicine,’ when he wanders away from his father’s lodge, and absents himself for the space of two or three, and sometimes even four or five, days; lying on the ground in some remote or secluded spot, crying to the Great Spirit, and fasting the whole time. During this period of peril and abstinence, when he falls asleep, the first animal, bird, or reptile, of which he dreams (or pretends to have dreamed, perhaps,) he considers the Great Spirit has designated for his mysterious protector through life. He then returns home to his father’s lodge, and relates his success: and after allaying his thirst, and satiating his appetite, he sallies forth with weapons or traps, until he can procure the animal or bird, the skin of which he preserves entire, and ornaments it according to his own fancy, and carries it with him through life, for ‘good luck’ (as he calls it;) as his strength in battle—and in death his guardian-spirit, that is buried with him, and which is to conduct him safe to the beautiful hunting-grounds which he contemplates in the world to come. The value of the medicine-bag to the Indian is above all price; for to sell it, or give it away, would subject him to such signal disgrace in his tribe, that he could never rise above it; and again, his superstition would stand in the way of any such disposition of it, for he considers it the gift of the Great Spirit. An Indian carries his medicine-bag into battle, and trusts to it for his protection; and if he loses it thus, when fighting ever so bravely for his country, he suffers a disgrace scarcely less than that which occurs in case he sells or gives it away; his enemy carries it off, and displays it to his own

people as a trophy ; whilst the loser is cut short of the respect that is due to other young men of his tribe, and for ever subjected to the degrading epithet of ' a man without medicine,' or ' he who has lost his medicine ;' until he can replace it again, which can only be done by rushing into battle and plundering one from an enemy whom he slays with his own hand. This done, his medicine is restored, and he is reinstated again in the estimation of his tribe ; and even higher than before, for such is called the best of medicine, or ' medicine honourable.' It is a singular fact, that a man can institute his mystery or medicine but once in his life ; and equally singular, that he can reinstate himself by the adoption of the medicine of his enemy ; both of which regulations are strong and violent inducements for him to fight in battle : the first, that he may protect and preserve his medicine ; and the second, in case he has been so unlucky as to lose it, that he may restore it, and his reputation also, while he is desperately contending for the protection of his community."

Medicine-men attend on solemn occasions. An instance is described when a mortally wounded warrior was the circumstance.

" His *entrée* and his garb were somewhat thus :—he approached the ring with his body in a crouching position with a slow and tilting step : his body and head were entirely covered with the skin of a yellow bear, the head of which (his own head being inside of it) served as a mask ; the huge claws of which also were dangling on his wrists and ancles ; in one hand he shook a frightful rattle, and in the other brandished his medicine-spear or magic wand ; to the rattling din and discord of all of which he added the wild and startling jumps and yelps of the Indian, and the horrid and appalling grunts, and snarls, and growls of the grizzly bear, in ejaculatory and guttural incantations to the good and bad spirits, in behalf of his patient, who was rolling and groaning in the agonies of death, whilst he was dancing around him, jumping over him, and pawing him about, and rolling him in every direction. In this wise this strange operation proceeded for half an hour, to the surprise of a numerous and death-like silent audience, until the man died ; and the medicine-man danced off to his quarters, and packed up, and tied and secured from the sight of the world his mystery-dress and equipments. This dress, in all its parts, is one of the greatest curiosities in the whole collection of Indian manufactures which I have yet obtained in the Indian country. It is the strangest medley and mixture, perhaps, of the mysteries of the animal and vegetable kingdoms that ever was seen. Besides the skin of the yellow bear (which, being almost an anomaly in that country, is out of the regular order of nature, and, of course, great medicine, and converted to a medicine use), there are attached to it the skins of many animals which are also anomalies or deformities, which render them, in their estimation, medicine ; and there are also the skins of snakes, and frogs, and bats,—beaks and toes and tails of birds,—hoofs of deer, goats, and antelopes ; and, in fact, the ' odds and ends,' and sag ends, and tails, and tips of almost every thing that swims, flies, or runs, in this part of the wide world. Such is a medicine-man, or a physician, and such is one of his wild and ridiculous manœuvres, which I have just witnessed in this strange country. These men are considered

as dignitaries in the tribe, and the greatest respect is paid to them by the whole community; not only for their skill in their *materia medica*, but more especially for their tact in magic and mysteries, in which they all deal to a very great extent. I shall have much more to say of these characters and their doings in future epistles, and barely observe in the present place, that no tribe is without them;—that in all tribes their doctors are conjurors—are magicians—are soothsayers, and, I had like to have said, high-priests, inasmuch as they superintend and conduct all their religious ceremonies;—they are looked upon by all as oracles of the nation. In all councils of war and peace they have a seat with the chiefs—are regularly consulted before any public step is taken, and the greatest deference and respect is paid to their opinions.”

Mr. Catlin opposes the doctrine which many learned persons have maintained with regard to the identity of the Indian languages of North America, viz., that they can all be traced to two or three roots. He thinks that the radical differences are much more numerous. But it appears that not only the language but some of the physical features of certain tribes are extraordinarily anomalous, and quite peculiar. For example, nature is said by him to have bestowed upon the Crows alone an extraordinary length of hair:—

“I have just been painting a number of the Crows, fine-looking and noble gentlemen. They are really a handsome and well-formed set of men as can be seen in any part of the world: there is a sort of ease and grace added to their dignity of manners which gives them the air of gentlemen at once. I observed the other day that most of them were over six feet high; and very many of these have cultivated their natural hair to such an almost incredible length that it sweeps the ground as they walk. There are frequent instances of this kind amongst them; and, in some cases, a foot or more of it will drag on the grass as they walk, giving exceeding grace and beauty to their movements. They usually oil their hair with a profusion of bear's grease every morning, which is no doubt one cause of the unusual length to which their hair extends; though it cannot be the sole cause of it, for the other tribes throughout this country use the bear's grease in equal profusion without producing the same results. The Mandans, however, and the Sioux, of whom I shall speak in future epistles, have cultivated a very great growth of the hair, as many of them are seen whose hair reaches near to the ground. This extraordinary length of hair amongst the Crows is confined to the men alone; for the women, though all of them with glossy and beautiful hair, and a great profusion of it, are unable to cultivate it to so great a length, or else they are not allowed to compete with their lords in a fashion so ornamental (and on which the men so highly pride themselves), and are obliged to cut it short off. The fashion of long hair amongst the men prevails throughout all the western and north-western tribes, after passing the Sacs and Foxes, and the Pawnees of the Platte, who, with two or three other tribes only, are in the habit of shaving nearly the whole head. The present chief of the Crows, who is called 'Long-hair,' and has received

his name as well as his office from the circumstance of having the longest hair of any man in the nation, I have not yet seen ; but I hope I yet may ere I leave this part of the country. This extraordinary man is known to several gentlemen with whom I am acquainted, and particularly to Messrs. Sublette and Campbell, of whom I have before spoken, who told me they had lived in his hospitable lodge with him for months together, and assured me that they had measured his hair by a correct means, and found it to be ten feet and seven inches in length, closely inspecting every part of it at the same time, and satisfying themselves that it was the natural growth. On ordinary occasions it is wound with a broad leather strap from his head to its extreme end, and then folded up into a budget or block, of some ten or twelve inches in length, and of some pounds weight, which when he walks is carried under his arm, or placed in his bosom, within the folds of his robe ; but on any great parade or similar occasion, his pride is to unfold it, oil it with bear's grease, and let it drag behind him ; some three or four feet of it spread out upon the grass, and black and shining like a raven's wing. It is a common custom amongst most of these upper tribes to splice or add on several lengths of hair by fastening them with glue ; probably for the purpose of imitating the Crows, upon whom alone nature has bestowed this conspicuous and signal ornament."

Mr. Catlin himself, with his portrait-painting, was set down as a *medicine* :—

"Perhaps nothing ever more completely astonished these people than the operations of my *brush*. The art of portrait-painting was a subject entirely new to them, and of course, unthought of ; and my appearance here has commenced a new era in the arcana of *medicine* or mystery. Soon after arriving here, I commenced and finished the portraits of the two principal chiefs. This was done without having awakened the curiosity of the villagers, as they had heard nothing of what was going on, and even the chiefs themselves seemed to be ignorant of my designs, until the pictures were completed. No one else was admitted into my lodge during the operation ; and when finished, it was exceedingly amusing to see them mutually recognizing each other's likeness, and assuring each other of the striking resemblance which they bore to the originals. Both of these pressed their hand over their mouths awhile in dead silence (a custom amongst most tribes, when anything surprises them very much) ; looking attentively upon the portraits and myself, and upon the palette and colours with which these unaccountable effects had been produced. They then walked up to me in the most gentle manner, taking me in turn by the hand, with a firm grip ; with head and eyes inclined downwards and in a tone a little above a whisper—pronounced the words 'te-ho-pe-nee Wash-ee !' and walked off. That moment conferred an honour on me, which you as yet do not understand. I took the degree (not of Doctor of Laws, nor Bachelor of Arts) of Master of Arts—of mysteries—of magic, and of hocus-pocus. I was recognized in that short sentence as a '*great medicine white man* ;' and since that time, have been regularly installed *medicine* or mystery, which is the most honourable degree that could be



conferred upon me here; and I now hold a place amongst the most eminent and envied personages, the doctors and conjurati of this titled community. \* \* After I had finished the portraits of the two chiefs, and they had returned to their wigwams, and deliberately seated themselves by their respective fire-sides, and silently smoked a pipe or two (according to an universal custom), they gradually began to tell what had taken place; and at length crowds of gaping listeners, with mouths wide open, thronged their lodges; and a throng of women and girls were about my house, and through every crack and crevice I could see their glistening eyes, which were piercing my hut in a hundred places, from a natural and restless propensity, a curiosity to see what was going on within. An hour or more passed in this way, and the soft and silken throng continually increased, until some hundreds of them were clung, and piled about my wigwam like a swarm of bees hanging on the front and sides of their hive. During this time, not a man made his appearance about the premises—after a while, however, they could be seen, folded in their robes, gradually *siding* up towards the lodge, with a silly look upon their faces, which confessed at once that curiosity was leading them reluctantly, where their pride checked and forbade them to go. The rush soon after became general, and the chiefs and medicine men took possession of my room, placing *soldiers* (braves with spears in their hands) at the door, admitting no one, but such as were allowed by the chiefs, to come in. Monsr. Kipp (the agent of the Fur Company, who has lived here eight years, and to whom, for his politeness and hospitality, I am much indebted), at this time took a seat with the chiefs, and, speaking their language fluently, he explained to them my views and the objects for which I was painting these portraits; and also expounded to them the manner in which they were made,—at which they seemed all to be very much pleased. The necessity at this time of exposing the portraits to the view of the crowds who were assembled around the house, became imperative, and they were held up together over the door, so that the whole village had a chance to see and recognize their chiefs. The effect upon so mixed a multitude, who as yet had heard no way of accounting for them, was novel and really laughable. The likenesses were instantly recognized, and many of the gaping multitude commenced yelping; some were stamping off in the jarring dance—others were singing, and others again were crying—hundreds covered their mouths with their hands and were mute; others, indignant, drove their spears frightfully into the ground, and some threw a reddened arrow at the sun, and went home to their wigwams. \* \* The squaws generally agreed, that they had discovered life enough in them to render my *medicine* too great for the Mandans; saying that such an operation could not be performed without taking away from the original something of his existence, which I put in the picture, and they could see it move, could see it stir. This curtailing of the natural existence, for the purpose of instilling life into the secondary one, they decided to be a useless and destructive operation, and one which was calculated to do great mischief in their happy community; and they commenced a mournful and doleful chaunt against me, crying and weeping bitterly through the village, proclaiming me a most 'dangerous man; one who could make living persons by looking at them; and at the same time, could, as a matter of



course, destroy life in the same way, if I chose. That my medicine was dangerous to their lives, and that I must leave the village immediately. That bad luck would happen to those whom I painted—that I was to take a part of the existence of those whom I painted, and carry it home with me amongst the white people, and that when they died they would never sleep quiet in their graves.' ”

The excitement and alarm were at length satisfactorily allayed by the artist's explanations at a council held for taking the subject into consideration. He was even promoted :—

“ I was waited upon in due form and ceremony by the *medicine-men*, who received me upon the old adage, ‘ *Similis simili gaudet.* ’ I was invited to a feast, and they presented me a *she-shee-quoi*, or a doctor's rattle, and also a magical wand, or a doctor's staff, strung with claws of the grizzly bear, with hoofs of the antelope, with ermine, with wild sage and bat's wings, and perfumed withal with the *choice* and *savoury* odour of the polecat ; a dog was sacrificed and hung by the legs over my wigwam, and I was therefore and thereby initiated into (and countenanced in the practice of) the arcana of medicine or mystery, and considered a Fellow of the Extraordinary Society of *conjurati.* ”

The red people strike and remove their tents in a curious and expert manner :—

“ While ascending the river to this place, I saw an encampment of Sioux, consisting of six hundred of these lodges, struck, and all things packed and on the move in a few minutes. The chief sends his runners or criers (for such all chiefs keep in their employment) through the village a few hours before they are to start, announcing his determination to move, and the hour fixed upon, and the necessary preparations are in the meantime making ; and at the time announced the lodge of the chief is seen flapping in the wind, a part of the poles having been taken out from under it ; this is the signal, and in one minute six hundred of them (on a level and beautiful prairie), which before had been strained tight and fixed, were seen waving and flapping in the wind, and in one minute more all were flat upon the ground. Their horses and dogs, of which they had a vast number, had all been secured upon the spot in readiness ; and each one was speedily loaded with the burden allotted to it, and ready to fall into the grand procession. For this strange cavalcade, preparation is made in the following manner : the poles of a lodge are divided into two bunches, and the little ends of each bunch fastened upon the shoulders or withers of a horse, leaving the butt-ends to drag behind on the ground on either side ; just behind the horse a brace or pole is tied across, which keeps the poles in their respective places ; and then upon that, and the poles behind the horse, is placed the lodge or tent which is rolled up, and also numerous other articles of household and domestic furniture, and on the top of all, two, three, and even (sometimes) four women and children. Each one of these horses has a conductress, who sometimes walks before and leads him, with a tremendous pack upon her back ; and at others she sits astride of

his back, with a child, perhaps, at her breast, and another astride of the horse's back behind her, clinging to her waist with one arm, while it affectionately embraces a sneaking dog-pup in the other. In this way five or six hundred wigwams, with all their furniture, may be seen drawn out for miles, creeping over the grass-covered plains of this country; and three times that number of men, on good horses, strolling along in front or on the flank, and in some tribes, in the rear of this heterogeneous caravan, at least five times that number of dogs, which fall into the rank, and follow in the train and company of the women; and every cur of them, who is large enough, and not too cunning to be enslaved, is encumbered with a car or sled (or whatever it may be better called) on which he patiently drags his load,—a part of the household goods and furniture of the lodge to which he belongs. Two poles, about fifteen feet long, are placed upon the dog's shoulder, in the same manner as the long poles are attached to the horses, leaving the larger ends to drag upon the ground behind him; on which is placed a bundle or wallet which is allotted to him to carry, and with which he trots off amid the throng of dogs and squaws; faithfully and cheerfully dragging his load till night."

There appears to be about as much misapprehension on the part of the whites with regard to the Indians, as on the part of these ignorant savages relative to the civilized Americans:—

"An Indian is a beggar in Washington City, and a white man is almost equally so in the Mandan village. An Indian in Washington is mute, is dumb and embarrassed; and so is a white man (and for the very same reasons) in this place,—he has nobody to talk to. A wild Indian, to reach the civilized world, must needs travel some thousands of miles in vehicles of conveyance to which he is unaccustomed—through latitudes and longitudes which are new to him—living on food that he is unused to—stared and gazed at by the thousands and tens of thousands whom he cannot talk to—his heart grieving and his body sickening at the exhibition of white men's wealth and luxuries, which are enjoyed on the land, and over the bones of his ancestors. And at the end of his journey he stands (like a caged animal) to be scanned—to be criticised—to be pitied—and heralded to the world as a mute—as a brute, and a beggar. A white man, to reach this village, must travel by steamboat—by canoes—on horseback and on foot; swim rivers—wade quagmires—fight mosquitoes—patch his moccasins, and patch them again and again, and his breeches; live on meat alone—sleep on the ground the whole way, and think and dream of his friends he has left behind; and when he gets here, half-starved and half-naked, and more than half sick, he finds himself a beggar for a place to sleep, and for something to eat; a mute amongst thousands who flock about him, to look and to criticise, and to laugh at him for his jaded appearance, and to speak of him as they do of all white men (without distinction) as liars. These people are in the habit of seeing no white men in their country but traders, and know of no other; deeming us all alike, and receiving us all under the presumption that we come to trade or barter; applying to us all indiscriminately, the epithet of 'liars,' or traders."

And hear what serious consequences may arise to the travelled Indian who returns with his budget of wonders. But first learn the stoical reception which even the son of a chief, Wi-jan-jon (the Pigeon's egg-head), met with who had been on a visit to Washington :—

“ On his way home from St. Louis to this place, a distance of 2,000 miles, I travelled with this gentleman, on the steamer Yellow-stone, and saw him step ashore (on a beautiful prairie, where several thousands of his people were encamped), with a complete suit *en militaire*, a colonel's uniform of blue, presented to him by the President of the United States, with a beaver and feather, with epaulettes of gold—with sash, and belt, and broadsword ; with high-heeled boots—with a keg of whiskey under his arm, and a blue umbrella in his hand. In this plight and metamorphose, he took his position on the bank amongst his friends,—his wife and other relations ; not one of whom exhibited, for an hour or more, the least symptoms of recognition, although they knew well who was before them. He also gazed upon them—upon his wife and parents, and little children, who were about—as if they were foreign to him, and he had not a thought or feeling to interchange with them. Thus the mutual gazings upon and from this would-be stranger lasted for full half an hour ; when a gradual, but cold and exceedingly formal recognition began to take place, and an acquaintance ensued which ultimately and smoothly resolved itself, without the least apparent emotion, into its former state ; and the mutual kindred intercourse seemed to flow on exactly where it had been broken off, as if it had been but for a moment, and nothing had transpired in the interim to check or change its character or expression. Such is one of the stoic instances of a custom which belongs to all the North American Indians, forming one of the most striking features in their character ; valued, cherished, and practised, like many others of their strange notions, for reasons which are difficult to be learned or understood.”

By and bye this travelled Indian gentleman was listened to by crowds who daily and nightly gathered round him with intensest curiosity and marvel. But they began to set him down as a liar and impostor, a most disgraceful and rare character amongst these savages. He was therefore despised and hated. But this was not all. He was even cruelly persecuted, and at last put to death on account of his supposed obdurate falsehoods.

We next select some particulars concerning the interesting Mandans, whose melancholy fate has already been stated :—

“ One has but to walk or ride about this little town and its environs for a few hours in a pleasant day, and overlook the numerous games and gambols, where their notes and yelps of exultation are unceasingly vibrating in the atmosphere ; or peep into their wigwams (and watch the glistening fun that's beaming from the noses, cheeks, and chins, of the crouching, cross-legged, and prostrate groups around the fire ; where the pipe is passed, and jokes and anecdote and laughter are excessive) to become convinced

that it is natural to laugh and be merry. Indeed it would be strange if a race of people like these, who have little else to do or relish in life, should be curtailed in that source of pleasure and amusement ; and it would be also strange, if a lifetime of indulgence and practice in so innocent and productive a mode of amusement, free from the cares and anxieties of business or professions, should not advance them in their modes, and enable them to draw far greater pleasure from such sources, than we in the civilized and business world can possibly feel. If the uncultivated condition of their minds curtails the number of their enjoyments, yet they are free from, and independent of, a thousand cares and jealousies, which arise from mercenary motives in the civilized world ; and are yet far a-head of us (in my opinion) in the real and uninterrupted enjoyment of their simple natural faculties. They live in a country and communities, where it is not customary to look forward into the future with concern, for they live without incurring the expenses of life, which are absolutely necessary and unavoidable in the enlightened world ; and of course their inclinations and faculties are solely directed to the enjoyment of the present day, without the sober reflections on the past or apprehensions of the future. With minds thus unexpanded and uninfluenced by the thousand passions and ambitions of civilized life, it is easy and natural to concentrate their thoughts and their conversation upon the little and trifling occurrences of their lives. They are fond of fun and good cheer, and can laugh easily and heartily at a slight joke, of which their peculiar modes of life furnish them an inexhaustible fund, and enable them to cheer their little circle about the wigwam fire-side with endless laughter and garrulity."

We might go on at this rate quoting, so as to fill an entire number of the *Monthly Review*, without exhausting half of the wonderful novel things which Mr. Catlin has to communicate. His pages are literally crammed with character, adventure, incident, customs of strangest cast, and pictures of scenery ; and so spirited is the author's manner, so unaffected and genuine his feelings, and so close and minute his descriptions, so picturesque his sketches with the pen, that persons who have never been fortunate enough to visit his exhibition may almost form an adequate estimate of that unique collection by merely perusing the written work. It is altogether an extraordinary performance, whether subject or treatment be considered ; nor can we recommend it too warmly. Indeed we hesitate not to pronounce Mr. Catlin to be a man of genius,—to be a person of that stamp whom Mr. Carlyle would call a true man, a hero. His first promptings in behalf of the red people look like inspirations of an original nature. His longings not only to advance in his art, but to strike upon a new path, are proofs of enterprize worthy to be noted ; while his eagerness not only to study humanity in remarkable conditions, but to rescue a doomed race, was noble and magnanimous. But above all, perhaps, the unwearied perseverance with which he pursued his objects, and the ever-accruing enthusiasm which he experienced and exemplifies,

are the evidences of that earnestness, good faith, and sincerity which Mr. Carlyle would first set down as the tests of a true hero—an original man.

We had intended here to close, at least for the present, and without further extract, our review of Mr. Catlin's work; but we find that this could not be done in justice to him or to our readers; and therefore we devote a little more space to that most extraordinary tribe of the extraordinary Indians,—the Mandans; the particulars concerning them being singularly interesting and exciting, and fraught also with a solemn melancholy.

The Mandans not only exhibited further advancement in civilization by locating themselves in a permanent village, substantially built, comparatively speaking, and strongly fortified, but by comforts and even luxuries of life than did any one of the other tribes. But this is not all; for, as a natural result or concomitant of the peculiar circumstances mentioned, they were ahead of the Indians generally in respect of manners and refinement, so as to receive from traders and others the distinction of being “the polite and friendly Mandans.” We here quote more closely:—

“There is certainly great justice in the remark; and so forcibly have I been struck with the peculiar ease and elegance of these people, together with the diversity of complexions, the various colours of their hair and eyes—the singularity of their language, and their peculiar and unaccountable customs,—that I am fully convinced that they have sprung from some other origin than that of the other North American tribes, or that they are an amalgam of natives with some civilized race. Here arises a question of very great interest and importance for discussion; and, after further familiarity with their character, customs, and traditions, if I forget it not, I will eventually give it further consideration. Suffice it, then, for the present, that their personal appearance alone, independent of their modes and customs, pronounces them at once as more or less than savage. A stranger in the Mandan village is first struck with the different shades of complexion and various colours of hair which he sees in a crowd about him; and is at once almost disposed to exclaim that ‘these are not Indians.’ There are a great many of these people whose complexions appear as light as half-breds; and amongst the women particularly there are many whose skins are almost white, with the most pleasing symmetry and proportion of features; with hazel, with grey, and with blue eyes,—with mildness and sweetness of expression, and excessive modesty of demeanour, which render them exceedingly pleasing and beautiful. Why this diversity of complexion I cannot tell, nor can they themselves account for it. Their traditions, so far as I have yet learned them, affords us no information of their having had any knowledge of white men before the visit of Lewis and Clarke, made to their village thirty-three years ago. Since that time there have been but very few visits from white men to this place, and surely not enough to have changed the complexions and the customs of a nation. \* \* \* I have ascertained, on a careful inquiry, that about one in ten or twelve of the whole tribe are what the French call *cheveux gris*, or grey

hairs ; and that this strange and unaccountable phenomenon is not the result of disease or habit, but that it is unquestionably an hereditary character which runs in families, and indicates no inequality in disposition or intellect. And by passing this hair through my hands, as I often have, I have found it uniformly to be as coarse and harsh as a horse's mane ; differing materially from the hair of other colours, which amongst the Mandans is generally as fine and as soft as silk. The reader will at once see by the above facts, that there is enough upon the faces and heads of these people to stamp them peculiar—when he meets them in the heart of this almost boundless wilderness—presenting such diversities of colour in the complexion and hair,—when he knows, from what he has seen and what he has read, that all other primitive tribes known in America are dark copper-coloured, with jet-black hair."

Mr. Catlin joins in the surmise about a Welsh immigration :—

"The host of their peculiarities which stare a traveller in the face, lead the mind back in search of some more remote and national cause for such striking singularities ; and in this dilemma, I have been almost disposed (not to advance it as a theory, but) to inquire whether here may not be found yet existing the remains of the Welsh colony—the followers of Madoc ; who, history tells us, if I recollect right, started with ten ships, to colonise a country which he had discovered in the Western Ocean ; whose expedition I think has been pretty clearly traced to the mouth of the Mississippi, or the coast of Florida, and whose fate further than this seems sealed in unsearchable mystery."

Stranger than romance were many of the customs and ceremonies of this now extinct, exterminated tribe. For instance, they never buried their dead ; but placed them on scaffolds out of the reach of wolves and dogs, where the bodies were left to moulder. The place where these scaffolds stood was at the back of the village, on a level prairie. Mr. Catlin continues,—

"With all its appearances, its history, forms, ceremonies, &c., it is one of the strangest and most interesting objects to be described in the vicinity of this peculiar race. Whenever a person dies in the Mandan village, and the customary honours and condolence are paid to his remains, and the body dressed in its best attire, painted, oiled, feasted, and supplied with bow and quiver, shield, pipe and tobacco, knife, flint and steel, and provisions enough to last him a few days on the journey which he is to perform ; a fresh buffalo's skin, just taken from the animal's back, is wrapped around the body, and tightly bound, and wound with thongs of raw hide from head to foot. Then other robes are soaked in water till they are quite soft and elastic, which are also bandaged around the body in the same manner, and tied fast with thongs, which are wound with great care and exactness, so as to exclude the action of the air from all parts of the body. There is then a separate scaffold erected for it, constructed of four upright posts, a little higher than human hands can reach ; and on the tops of these are small poles passing around from one post to the others ; across which a



number of willow-rods just strong enough to support the body, which is laid upon them on its back, with its feet carefully presented towards the rising sun. There are a great number of these bodies resting exactly in a similar way; excepting in some instances where a chief, or medicine-man, may be seen with a few yards of scarlet or blue cloth spread over his remains, as a mark of public respect and esteem. Some hundreds of these bodies may be seen reposing in this manner in this curious place, which the Indians call, 'the village of the dead;' and the traveller who visits this country to study and learn, will not only be struck with the novel appearance of the scene, but if he will give attention to the respect and devotions that are paid to this sacred place, he will draw many a moral deduction that will last him through life: he will learn, at least, that filial, conjugal, and paternal affection are not necessarily the results of civilization; but that the Great Spirit has given them to man in his native state; and that the spices and improvements of the enlightened world have never refined upon them. There is not a day in the year in which one may not see in this place evidences of this fact, that will wring tears from his eyes, and kindle in his bosom a spark of respect and sympathy for the poor Indian, if he never felt it before. Fathers, mothers, wives, and children, may be seen lying under these scaffolds, prostrated upon the ground, with their faces in the dirt, howling forth incessantly the most piteous and heart-broken cries and lamentations for the misfortunes of their kindred: tearing their hair, cutting their flesh with their knives, and doing other penance to appease the spirits of the dead, whose misfortunes they attribute to some sin or omission of their own, for which they sometimes inflict the most excruciating self-torture. When the scaffolds on which the bodies rest decay and fall to the ground, the nearest relations, having buried the rest of the bones, take the skulls, which are perfectly bleached and purified, and place them in circles of a hundred or more on the prairie—placed at equal distances apart (some eight or nine inches from each other), with the faces all looking to the centre; where they are religiously protected and preserved in their precise positions from year to year, as objects of religious and affectionate veneration. There are several of these 'Golgothas,' or circles of twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and in the centre of each ring or circle is a little mound of three feet high, on which uniformly rest two buffalo-skulls (a male and female): and in the centre of the little mound is erected a 'medicine-pole,' about twenty feet high, supporting many curious articles of mystery and superstition, which they suppose have the power of guarding and protecting this sacred arrangement. Here, then, to this strange place, do these people again resort, to evince their further affections for the dead—not in groans and lamentations, however; for several years have cured the anguish; but fond affections and endearments are here renewed, and conversations are here held and cherished with the dead. Every one of these skulls is placed upon a bunch of wild sage, which has been pulled and placed under it. The wife knows (by some mark or resemblance) the skull of her husband or her child, which lies in this group; and there seldom passes a day that she does not visit it, with a dish of the best cooked food that her wigwam affords, which she sets before the skull at night, and returns for the dish in the morning. As soon as it is discovered that the

sage on which the skull rests is beginning to decay, the woman cuts a fresh bunch, and places the skull carefully upon it, removing that which was under it. Independent of the above-named duties, which draw the women to this spot, they visit it from inclination, and linger upon it to hold converse and company with the dead. There is scarcely an hour in a pleasant day, but more or less of these women may be seen sitting or lying by the skull of their child or husband—talking to it in the most pleasant and endearing language that they can use (as they were wont to do in former days), and seemingly getting an answer back. It is not unfrequently the case, that the woman brings her needle-work with her, spending the greater part of the day sitting by the side of the skull of her child, chatting incessantly with it, while she is embroidering or garnishing a pair of moccasins; and perhaps, overcome with fatigue, falls asleep, with her arms encircled around it, forgetting herself for hours: after which she gathers up her things and returns to the village. There is something exceedingly interesting and impressive in these scenes, which are so strikingly dissimilar, and yet within a few rods of each other; the one is the place where they pour forth the frantic anguish of their souls, and afterwards pay their visits to the other, to jest and gossip with the dead."

The poor Mandans! the living shall know them no more for ever; although the engravings which illustrate Mr. Catlin's letter-press, as well as does his far-famed exhibition, will serve to embalm their memory. For the present we close with a few tragic words:—

" 'Look!' (said a Mandan, pointing to a little ravine to the right, and at the foot of the hill, from which suddenly broke some forty or fifty furious Sioux, on fleet horses and under full whip, who were rushing upon them); they wheeled, and in front of them came another band more furious from the other side of the hill! they started for home (poor fellows), and strained every nerve; but the Sioux were too fleet for them; and every now and then, the whizzing arrow and the lance were heard to rip the flesh of their naked back, and a grunt and a groan, as they tumbled from their horses. Several miles were run in this desperate race; and Frénié got home, and several of the Mandans, though eight of them were killed and scalped by the way. So ended that day and the hunt."

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ART. IV.—*Illustrations of Arts and Manufactures.* By ARTHUR AIKIN, F. L. S., &c. London: Van Voorst.

MR. AIKIN was late Secretary to the "Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce." In 1828 it was arranged that a few evenings should be appropriated to the illustration of the two former of these branches. All the papers read during the first two years were furnished by the author of the present neat volume. He supplied in all forty essays, those before us being a selection from the series. Other members have been prevailed on "to give illustrations of those arts and manufactures

with which they were personally conversant, and the plan has been kept up with spirit to the present time." The specimens of material articles which our author had for his use were contributed partly by individual members, and partly by the liberality of other societies and public bodies. Engravings are given in the volume to supply the place of the specimens.

The subjects handled by Mr. Aikin are eleven in number, viz., Pottery; Limestone, and Calcareous Cements; Gypsum and its Uses; Furs and the Fur Trade; Felting and Hat-making; Bone; Horn, Tortoiseshell, and Whalebone; The Antiquarian History of Iron; The Metallurgical History of Iron; Engraving and Etching; and Paper. "If the present volume should prove acceptable to the public, it is the Author's intention to add to it a second, containing Illustrations on the following subjects:—Coals; Fuel and Fireplaces; Artificial Light from the combustion of solids, liquids, and gases; Silk and Weaving; Timber and Ornamental Woods; Detergent Substances; Common Salt; Vegetable Fibre; Saccharine Substances; Tanning and Leather-dressing; and the Cerialia and Corn-mills."

Mr. Aikin had better lose no time in putting the manuscript for the second volume into the hands of the printer; for there need be no doubt of the one before us proving acceptable to many readers. It is a very attractive work as well as designed to be useful. It contains a great deal of knowledge conveyed in a pleasing and an earnest style. It exhibits the results of extensive reading and very considerable learning, antiquarian and also scientific. A great multitude of curious economical facts are brought together in a clear and cogent order; and be the reader a humble mechanic, or a person who has leisure to cultivate his mind within the domain of either the arts or manufactures, he will derive benefit from the book. It is suggestive even much beyond the branches or subjects handled; lending a scientific dignity to the most ordinary crafts, and directing the mind to philosophical principles that may be applied in every trade and to the humblest kinds of business.

It will be seen from the mere enumeration of the subjects selected by Mr. Aikin that, however commonplace they may at first appear, there has been a judicious attention to variety. In some, chemical processes change the entire shape and consistency of natural productions; in others, these productions retain their original nature, but have to submit to operations which change their form; while others, again, are either pure arts or pure manufactures. In all, the history of civilization is more or less illustrated; while the progress of commerce is very distinctly indicated in several.

We have intimated that the manner of our author's treatment, the rich facts which he has collected, and the science or philosophical principles which his illustrations teach, lend to every one of his

topics dignity and attraction. We do not well know to which of the papers we should repair with the view of most deeply interesting the reader or exemplifying Mr. Aikin's manner and matter. But seeing that to the popular inquirer there must be a good deal that is novel as well as at all times striking in each of the essays, there is the less occasion for anxious selection.

Pottery, for example, opens a wide field. It presents an ancient as well as a modern history. The manufacture of clay into bricks, and into urns and domestic utensils, involves physical and chemical principles that are worthy of much consideration. The manipulations and machinery employed in the different manufactures of earthenware are obviously important features. And then what is to be said of the connexion of the fine arts and correct taste with pottery? But to attend for a moment to what may be deemed the humblest branch, as respects skill, of the manufactures from clay: This is historical,—

“In England, from the time of the Romans to the eleventh century, there is no evidence of the use of bricks as a material for building. But about that time the abbey of St. Albans was erected, and bricks were employed in its construction; the probability however is, that these materials were obtained from the ruins of the adjacent Roman town of Verulam. St. Botolph's Priory, at Colchester, was founded thirty years after the abbey of St. Albans, and of this building brick is the principal material. The form of these bricks might justify a suspicion that these likewise were taken from some Roman building; but it is just as likely that the Roman bricks would furnish the model for the earliest made English bricks, and an additional reason for this may be derived from the name *wall tile* having long preceded that of brick. King's Hall, Cambridge, was built of bricks in the reign of Edward the Third, at which time it appears that the price of them was from 6s. to 6s. 1d. a thousand. The use of this material seems, however, to have been for some centuries almost wholly confined to public buildings and large mansions, for Holinshead, in the introduction of his ‘History of Queen Elizabeth,’ enumerating the materials employed at that time for building houses, omits all mention of brick.

“Till lately, bricks appear to have been made in this country in a very rude manner. The clay was dug in the autumn, and exposed to the winter frosts to mellow; it was then mixed, or not, with coal ashes, and tempered by being trodden by horses or men, and was afterwards moulded, without it being considered necessary to take out the stones. The bricks were burnt in kilns or in clamps: the former was the original mode, the latter having been resorted to from motives of economy. When clamps began to be employed I do not know; but they are mentioned in an act of parliament passed in 1726, and therefore were in use prior to that date.”

A raw brick, we are told, “weighs between 6 and 7 lbs.; when ready for the clamp it has lost about 1 lb. of water by evaporation.

A first-rate moulder has been known to deliver from 10,000 to 11,000 bricks in the course of a long summer's day, but the average produce is not much more than half this number." We shall here quote a paragraph from the last essay in the volume, viz., on Paper, another pure manufacture. "If," says Mr. Aikin, "we take any of the white, smooth, soft papers, whether used for writing on, such as the so called Bath Post, or for printing on, and burn a slip of it, we shall find that the black coal which it leaves, on being heated just on the outer edge of the flame of a candle, assumes a mealy white appearance, and on being laid on the tongue has exactly the flavour of an earthy alkaline sulphuret. It is therefore highly probable that such papers contain gypsum or sulphate of barytes, added both for the purpose of increasing their weight and their compactness. The consequence of this adulteration is great brittleness of the paper and a peculiar creaking noise in writing on it, arising from the friction of the earthy particles, which soon wear out the point of the pen."

The essay on Furs and the Fur-trade gives us a very able and well-investigated account of the uses of furs in ancient times, of the great sources of supply, then and now, and of the English commerce and manufactures in these sorts of skins. We open almost at random to find a few short passages in the paper under consideration:—

"The ermine is a small animal, and therefore the number of such skins employed to line the full robes and mantles of princes and nobles, when furs were in their highest fashion and esteem, may readily be conceived, as well as the enormous expense attached to the indulgence of this taste. In the account of Stephen de la Fontaine, silversmith and master of the robes to Louis IX. of France in 1251, is the following entry: 'For three pieces and a half of velvet in grain, to make a surcoat, a dress-mantle and a hat lined with ermines for the king against the feast of the star. For the said surcoat a fur lining of 346 ermines, for the sleeves and wristbands 60, for the frock 336.' In all, 742 ermines for a single dress.

"The four noble furs of those ages were the sable, the ermine, the vair, and the gris. The three former of these represented the three fur colours admitted into their armorial bearings. Every one at all acquainted with heraldry knows that ermine is represented by a white ground with black somewhat lengthened spots. These were intended to designate the black-tipped tails of the animals, the skins being sewn together either with the tails on, or the tails were first cut off and afterwards sewn in rows upon the skins, sometimes alone, sometimes with a little wad of black lambskin on each side of the tail. This arrangement is so obvious, I may say so natural, that it would not have been worth a remark in this place, except for its connexion with the science of heraldry."

England does not appear ever to have produced, unless it has been in the most barbarous times, furs sufficient for its own consumption. But in consequence of the discovery, in 1553, of the

passage by sea to the northern coast of European Russia, and again of discoveries in North America, and of Hudson's Bay, London became one of the centres of the fur-trade. Our country, however, furnishes but a small amount of skins, and hardly any that are peculiar :—

“ One fur, and one only, is peculiar to England, namely, the silver-tipped rabbit of Lincolnshire. This fur is a dark or lighter gray, mixed with longer hairs tipped with white. It is little used in this country, but is readily purchased abroad, especially in Russia and China. In assorting it for these markets, it is, however, necessary to be careful with respect to the colour, for while the Russian will eagerly purchase the dark-coloured skins he makes no account of the gray ones. The Chinese are equally fastidious, but their taste happens to be the reverse of the Russians. Thus the fur-merchant, to dispose of his commodities to the best advantage, must be familiar with the caprices of fashion on the other side of the globe ; I say the caprices, because a few years ago none but dark skins were saleable in China.”

The day has been when the use of furs was forbidden in this country, unless by persons whose income was at least £100 a year. American furs come in their raw state, that is, merely dried. “ They are dressed here by treading them with refuse butter, which makes the skin supple, and not liable to break or tear ; but as this cannot be done without also greasing the hairs, it is necessary after treading to turn them for some time in a revolving barrel set on the inside with spikes, and containing chalk, gypsum, or saw-dust, which absorbs the superfluous grease.” When the whole earth has become inhabited, and subject to a settled population, furs must grow scarcer ; unless, indeed, as the Anglo-Saxons did, people be content to make use of the skins of cats and lambs in the list of their robes and ornaments.

The paper on Felting and Hat-making thus opens :—

“ The use of hats, that is of caps with brims to them, is of very ancient date. Among the Greeks, the Dorian tribes, probably as early as the age of Homer, were characterised by the broad-brimmed hats which they wore when on a journey. The same custom prevailed among the Athenians, as is evident from some of the equestrian figures in the Elgin marbles. The Romans appear in general to have used no covering for the head except a corner of the toga or upper garment ; but at sacrifices and festivals they wore a bonnet or cap, and, this being permitted only to free men, part of the ceremony of manumitting a slave consisted in putting one of these caps on his head. But on a journey, the Romans were accustomed to wear a hat called *petasus*, with a margin wide enough to shade their faces from the sun.

“ In the middle ages the bonnet, or cap with a narrow margin in front, appears to have been in use among the laity while ecclesiastics wore hoods or cowls : but Pope Innocent IV. in the thirteenth century allowed to the



cardinals the use of scarlet hats. About the year 1440 the use of hats by persons on a journey appears to have been introduced in France, and soon became common in that country, whence probably it spread to the other European states.

"The cap of the ancients was certainly made of wool, and this, as well as the hat, was probably knit. I do not know when felt was introduced as a material for hats, but it is stated that the hat worn by Charles VII. of France, on occasion of his triumphant entry into Rouen in 1440, was of felt."

The origin of felt does not afford any clear or decided records; but the following facts are consistent with our school-age experiments and marvel:—

"If we take a common hair of the head and, holding it fast by the root end, draw it gently between the finger and thumb, it passes through smoothly and with hardly any sensible resistance or interruption; whereas if we reverse the motion, holding the hair by the point and drawing it from point to root, a very sensible tremulous resistance will be experienced, accompanied by a creaking kind of sound. Again, if we place a hair loose, lengthways between the finger and thumb, and then by alternately bending and extending them give them a backward and forward movement, the hair will be put in motion; and this motion will be always from root to point whether the root be in one or the opposite position with respect to the two rubbing surfaces. A fibre of wool likewise in similar circumstances always moves in one direction. Every schoolboy knows that an ear of barley if put within his sleeve at the wrist soon travels upward to his armpit, and that a single awn of barley when rubbed in the direction of its length between the finger and thumb will move only one way, that is from root to point. The awn of barley is visibly jagged at the edges like a saw, the teeth pointing obliquely upwards, and this particular conformation is manifestly the reason why it is capable of motion in one direction but not in the contrary. A similar structure might be expected in hair and wool; and although this is but imperfectly shown by common microscopes, yet the greatly improved instruments of the present day render this structure quite obvious, as is evident from the accompanying figures, for which I am indebted to the graphic skill and accuracy of Mr. C. Varley."

We cannot conveniently insert the illustrative figures mentioned; but we may add a few clearly-stated particulars relative to the formation of felt:—

"Wool in the yolk, that is, with the natural grease of the sheep adhering to it, will not felt; because in this state the asperities of the fibre are filled and smoothed over, just in the same manner as oil diminishes and almost destroys the action of the finest files. But fine wool that has been properly scoured has so strong a tendency to mat or intertwist or felt—for all these words only imply various degrees of the same thing—that it cannot be spun into an even thread without being previously oiled sufficiently to

suspend this tendency. Another example of the facility with which wool felts, is the common flock mattress, which is made of carded wool sewn up in ticking: the warmth and slight motion which it gets by being slept upon are sufficient to cause the fibres to accumulate round certain points, whence result those knobs and lumps of imperfect felt which render it necessary after a time to empty the bag and recard its contents.

“A piece of woollen cloth that has undergone no process after that of weaving, may without difficulty be unravelled; but after it has passed through the fulling mill it is no longer subject to this action, the filaments of which each adjacent thread is composed being entangled together by a species of felting. The result of this is that the cloth shrinks in length and breadth, but becomes proportionally thicker and more dense. The higher the heat is to which the cloth is exposed, and the longer it is continued, the more compact does the felting become; on which account it is that the modern practice of giving a gloss to woollen cloths by rolling them up very tight and then boiling or steaming them for some hours, gives them a compactness and leathery consistence in which all the advantages both of felt and of woven cloth appear to be united.

“But the mere structure of wool and of hair, as I have now described it, is not of itself sufficient to account for the formation of felt: on the contrary, it might be expected that the filaments being, when put in motion, free to move only in one direction, should continually diverge more and more from one another. This would actually happen in an attempt to make dense felt of unprepared hair of any kind, because all hairs are straight, or rather have only one gentle curve from point to root, and likewise possess a considerable degree of stiffness or elasticity. The fibre of wool, on the contrary, is naturally crinkled or of a zig-zag figure, which it retains with great pertinacity; for if drawn out till straight it immediately contracts again to its former figure on being let go. Now this figure, besides opposing a great resistance to the progressive motion of the filament, must have a continual tendency to change the direction of such motion. The result of this would be the formation of a ball if the pressure were equal on all sides, or a plate or layer if the chief pressure were only in two opposite directions.”

A word of economical import concerning English hats:—

“Hats are worn in this country by people in every rank of society, and till within the last thirty or forty years the only essential difference between them was in quality, and consequently in price: the most costly being made of the finest materials and by the best workmen, while the cheaper ones were of inferior materials and by inferior workmen. Of late, however, the increased price of beaver has led to the substitution of silk for the roughing or nap of felt hats; and a diminution of weight has still more recently been obtained by the substitution of silk or hemp as the material of the body of the hat. We may therefore distinguish five kinds of hat: the beaver hat, of which the body is felt and the nap of beaver; the plate hat, with a body of felt and a nap generally of musk-rat, neuter, or some other inferior fur; the felt hat, with a body of felt and without any nap; the

silk hat, with a body of felt and a nap of silk plush; and, lastly, a hat with a body of hemp or waste silk, and a nap of silk plush."

The paper which has chiefly interested us is that on Bone, and from it we take our remaining extracts. It furnishes striking illustrations of the philosophical truth that there is no substance which science cannot turn to profitable account; even articles which people in their ignorance regard as nuisances or utterly worthless for any practical purpose, are often valuable, and may be made the source of beautiful and precious productions. Nay, although bones have always been used as one of the ingredients of a dunghill, it has only of late years been ascertained that they possess extraordinary value as manure. We quote an anecdote here:—

"About forty years ago an acquaintance of mine was cultivating a small estate of his own, and from not having been originally brought up to farming was the more ready to try novel experiments. A pack of hounds was kept in his neighbourhood; and this furnished him with an opportunity of obtaining at small cost the bones of the old horses and other animals that were slaughtered for food to the dogs. He invented or got made for him, a machine for crushing the bones; and then spread them as a topdressing on a grass field, the soil of which was a sour red clay that produced nothing but dyers'-broom and the other weeds that usually grow on such soil along with the coarsest grasses. The effect produced by the bones was strikingly evident in the next spring; the dyers'-broom and other weeds had mostly disappeared, and were succeeded by a close undergrowth of clover and fine grasses. The animal matter of the bones no doubt contributed much to this striking amelioration; but the earth of the bones, especially the phosphate of lime, also bore its share in it."

With regard to the chemical qualities of bone we thus read:—

"Decomposition in close vessels of the single substance, bone, produces five new substances; namely animal charcoal, carbonate of ammonia, animal oil, water, and an inflammable gas. A low red heat volatilises all these substances except the first; which therefore when the process is performed on a large scale in iron vessels remains in the retort separated from the other four compounds. The water, the carbonate of ammonia, and part of the oil are condensed and remain in the receiver; the inflammable gas, holding in solution another part of the oil from which it derives an inconceivably nauseous odour, passes off through a pipe and is either conveyed into the ash-pit of the furnace whence it is drawn up among the burning fuel and is consumed, or is set fire to as it issues from the mouth of the pipe; by either of which methods its noisome smell is for the most part avoided. The ammoniacal liquor likewise combines with a little of the oil, from which it may for the most part be separated by redistillation; enough however of the oil remains united with it to produce that particular modification of odour by which spirit of hartshorn (for so this substance is commonly called) is distinguished from pure ammonia; or, by other pro-

cesses unnecessary here to mention, the ammonia is obtained entirely free from the oil.

“ I now return to the animal charcoal which I have already briefly mentioned. When obtained from bone it is called bone-black ; when from ivory, ivory-black ; the difference between these two being merely that of texture and some slight tint of colour, for they both are an intimate mixture of carbonate and phosphate of lime with charcoal resulting from the decomposition of animal matter. Till of late, the only use to which this substance was put was as the basis of black pigments, ivory-black having been first so applied by the celebrated Greek painter Apelles.

“ Some years ago, a German chemist of the name of Lowitz settled at Petersburg, discovered that common charcoal when fresh burnt and in fine powder has the property of taking away the colour of common vinegar and of several other liquids, and likewise of removing the odour proceeding from vegetable and animal substances in a state of spontaneous decomposition. This interesting and valuable fact was soon applied to the clarification of various liquors in pharmacy, and as an auxiliary in the art of refining sugar. About the year 1811, M. Figuier of Montpellier, ascertained that charcoal from animal substances not only is equally efficacious when used in considerably smaller proportion than vegetable charcoal, but that it is capable of decolouring many liquors on which the latter has no sensible effect whatever. This discovery created immediately a demand for bone-black in this country and in all the other manufacturing countries of Europe, those especially in which refined sugar is obtained either from brown cane-sugar or from the juice of the beet.”

But even delicate and highly nutritious food may be obtained from bones ; for they are charged with vital matter :—

“ With regard to bone itself, there is no doubt that it is as truly organised and vital as any other part of the body. As soon as the rudiments of a young animal can be distinguished before its birth, the place of the future bone is indicated by a soft or semi-fluid matter inclosed in a delicate membrane : by degrees both the membrane and the matter which it incloses become more dense and cartilaginous ; opaque white spots then appear which soon after are penetrated by vessels carrying red blood : the deposition of bone then begins and at the same time the cartilage seems to be gradually replaced by membrane. The rudimental bone which at first was solid, now begins, at least in the long bones, to exhibit an internal cavity or hollow axis ; thus showing that, while fresh matter is continually depositing to supply the growth of the bone, that which had been already deposited is removed, and that this latter process takes place in the interior of the bone at a greater rate than the other does. The activity of the two vital processes of deposition and removal, or, to speak in technical language, of secretion and absorption, is of course proportioned to the rapidity of growth ; so that during the early periods of life the bones participate with the soft parts of the body in the continual change and flux that is taking place within them. When the full stature of the animal is attained these two actions probably diminish in rapidity, but still are kept up sufficiently to preserve the life of the part. As old age approaches, the removal of the

earthy ingredient of bone seems to become more difficult; its proportion therefore to the membranous ingredient increases, and hence the bones of old animals are harder, of greater specific gravity, and more brittle than those of younger ones."

All animals that eat flesh will eat bones, and they spontaneously decompose much more slowly than the soft parts of organised creatures do. Bearing these things in mind our concluding extracts will be read with additional interest:—

"When very hard pressed indeed he can stave off famine for a while, as Captain Franklin and his party did more than once in their exploratory arctic expedition, by taking bones which even the wolves had left, and scorching them so as in some degree to subdue their hardness and thus render it possible to gnaw and masticate them as a succedaneum for food, or, at least, as some alleviation of the agonies of famine.

"But the animal matter of bones is best extracted by hot water. Every housekeeper knows that the nutritive quality of meat soups is much increased by boiling the bones together with the meat. In this way however only a small proportion of the food contained in the bones is made available; for part of the gelatine is with difficulty, and the membranous part is not at all soluble in common boiling water: much even of the fat is locked up in cells of the bone from which it cannot escape except these cells are broken into.

"The solid part of the long bones contains very little soluble matter; it would therefore in most cases be a matter of economy to exclude them; the advantage to be derived from them by ordinary treatment not being equal to the value of the fuel which they would require. It is from the enlarged extremities of the long bones and their articulating surfaces that the principal supply of nutritive matter is to be derived: these parts therefore should be sawed off from the rest and broken into pieces. From the bones of young animals thus treated boiling water will, in two or three hours, extract the whole or nearly the whole of the soluble matter; but, in the bones of older animals, the gelatine seems to be in a state of condensation approaching to that in which it exists in skin, and therefore requires the long-continued action of boiling water for its separation. By way of experiment, I had the leg-bone of an ox sawed longitudinally and boiled for three or four hours. At the end of this time, the whole of the fat and mucus had been extracted with part of the jelly. On applying the finger to the cellular part of the bone when wiped dry I found the surface to be considerably sticky, and, on examining the cells, I found many of them completely filled with a transparent substance scarcely viscid, but much resembling pieces of glue that had been put to soak in cold water; by which, as every one knows, the glue swells exceedingly by absorption of the water, without however becoming viscid. A second boiling for three or four hours in fresh water dissolved out a considerable proportion of the gelatine; but still the surface of the bone remained sticky, many of the cells had a glazed surface, and even after a third repetition of the boiling only a few even of the superficial cells were quite empty. It is evident

therefore that we cannot avail ourselves, with any regard to economy of fuel, of the whole of the nutritive matter contained in bones by the action of boiling water applied in the common way. But by means of a digester—that is, a boiler with a steam-tight cover and a safety-valve—we can without hazard raise the temperature of water from  $212^{\circ}$  its boiling point in the open air, to  $270^{\circ}$  or  $280^{\circ}$ . At a less heat than even the former of these not only the condensed gelatine but also the membranous part of bones is dissolved, if the bones have previously been reduced to small pieces, and the undissolved residue will be found to be a friable crumbling mass with scarcely any remains of animal matter. It appears that bone soups are thus prepared at present at some of the hospitals and military headquarters in France, and memoirs have been published stating the advantage of making a collection of dry bones as part of the provisions of a garrison in case of siege, being a kind of food scarcely susceptible of decomposition or of destruction by rats or mice, and which would require no other magazine than simply making them into stacks and covering them with a roof of thatch or any other material.”

Again :—

“The scrapings, shavings, or sawdust of bone is an article that bears a good price in the market, being much used by pastrycooks and others as a material for jelly, which it readily gives out to boiling water. The jelly thus produced is probably quite as good as that from calf’s foot; and the shavings, when dry, have the advantage over calf’s foot of not suffering any change by keeping. Another use of considerable importance to which bone-shavings are applied, is in case-hardening small articles of steel.”

Throw not therefore an old dry bone away from you: it will at least make excellent manure, if not handles, and perhaps good soup or jelly.

ART. V.—1. *Eleven Years’ Residence in the Family of Murat, King of Naples.* By CATHERINE DAVIES. London: How and Parsons.

2. *Life and Times of Louis Philippe, King of the French.* Vol. I. London: Fisher.

POOR humanity! And how nearly equal are all men! Peasant and prince are in many ways on a perfect level. Not only do disease and death dispose of them alike, but fickle fortune tosses them backwards and forwards as if with a most wanton hand. What, although a king of Naples was of meanest origin, or Louis Philippe of royal blood, the former could act the monarch well, while the other was an exile, a wanderer with his scantily provided wallet upon his shoulder, and uncertain where to find a resting place, or how to appease the cravings of hunger? Yet the days were to come when their conditions were again to be quite reversed,



and the upstart sovereign was to be betrayed and massacred in cold blood; the other bending his eyes towards the summit of power which he was at length to attain, perhaps, however, suddenly to be cut by the assassin's blade,—to die by pistol, by dagger, or by sword! But it would be a vanity to deal out the thousands of trite sentiments that might be uttered about the vicissitudes of life, or concerning the wonderful transitions and frantic-looking fates which marked the French revolution. In the awful hurricanes of that period, king-making and king-deposing was a very common affair indeed, and might well have rendered such temporary events in the short and fleet lives of poor mortals unworthy of more than a slight passing notice. Who would care to be seated on a throne from which he may be hurled by an innkeeper's son, by an ignorant postillion, a servile ostler? Or who would be so ill-advised as to leave these honest occupations in order to wear a crown for a few years, and then perhaps to be shot like a dog, and denied in his last hours the solace which a wife and children ought to yield, were it merely by their presence, and in the prospect that a happy undistracted futurity awaited them? Vain title to be called at birth a prince, and to associate with the potentates of Europe for a brief space, when ere long one may be glad to find an asylum in a republican land, where the common-place appellation of *Mr.* is all the honour that will be prefixed to a name.

Eschewing all further sentimentalism on this subject, let us come to some of the contents of the publications before us, beginning with what pertains to the household and fortunes of the headstrong but jocular king of Naples.

Catherine Davies was born in Wales in 1773, and was one of an unusually numerous family. At the peace of Amiens she accompanied a party to France. The truce being soon at an end, she and many others were detained. Her mistress now was unable to support an establishment, and therefore she exerted herself to find a situation for her respected domestic; when she had the good luck to be taken into the service of Madame Murat, along with another Englishwoman, Mrs. Pulsford. The two were appointed to attend upon Murat's children, viz., Prince Achille, who was then about four years old; Princess Letitia, who was half of that age; and Lucien, only nine months. Louisa was afterwards added to the number of children.

Of course Catherine's opportunities of observation could not extend beyond the nursery, or other private and household spheres; nor does her narrative aspire to do more than to give a simple account of what she personally observed, or may have learned from the other domestics. Still, what she states shows that she was treated with kindness and considerable familiarity; and the impression which she conveys leaves a favourable impression of Murat and

his wife. Of the children she speaks with almost maternal affection ; and they seem to have been deserving of her love. Altogether, one cannot but perceive from the account of Eleven Years' Residence in the family of the King of Naples, that a far greater degree of amiability characterized the private life of these personages, whose fortunes were so romantic and vicissitudes so wonderful, than has been attributed to them by historians and political writers.

Catherine Davies had only one opportunity of seeing Napoleon ; but it afforded an occasion for the exhibition of characteristic traits. He was unwilling that his lovely and gifted sister should retain English servants, thinking that they might act as spies ; and ordered that they should be dismissed : but they were only concealed. As he was walking in the garden one day, the children addressed him from a window. He looked up and observed the Welsh woman. Entering the apartment, he questioned her quickly and briefly ; concluding the interview with a "bravo !" Her candour pleased him. We pick out some longer passages from the little book before us, which has been published for the benefit of the authoress, who, besides the weight of years has long suffered from an affection of the muscles of the neck, contracted during the exposure and distresses of the last few weeks preceding the downfall of the dynasty she served. Here are sketches and anecdotes,—

"The queen was in height about the middle size ; her complexion very fair, fine expressive eyes, a very handsome nose ; her cheek-bones might be deemed too high, but her mouth and teeth were very beautiful, her arms round and well-formed, her hands delicately white, and so small that those of the Princess Letitia, at seven years of age, were said to be equal to her mother's in size. She was universally considered a lovely woman. In character she resembled her brother Napoleon. She possessed a strong mind, had great penetration, and was somewhat fond of manœuvring. When Murat accompanied the emperor on his Russian expedition, she transacted with the ministers the business of the state with great facility. Indefatigable in her attention to the affairs of the kingdom, she was so entirely engrossed by them, that often, for a fortnight together, she neither saw nor inquired for her children."

The greatest delight, however, which Murat had was in the company of his children ; spending many hours playing with and amusing them. But farther, and with regard to the queen, &c.

"At seven in the morning her attendants were obliged to be in her room, as at eight she took her first breakfast, before she arose. She then went to the bath ; on her return a fresh bed was ready for her. In that she remained until twelve or one o'clock, during which time a lady, whose office it was, read to her. She then arose, dressed, and went to her second breakfast, which was a most sumptuous repast, almost resembling a dinner,

with tea, coffee, chocolate, and cocoa. The queen, unlike every other member of her family, was very fond of tea, and liked to have it in the true English style, with toast, muffins, and crumpets. This late breakfast was sometimes prepared in a spacious and magnificent dairy belonging to the palace. Everything in it was beautifully arranged, and kept in the nicest manner: water was conveyed by pipes around it, which, upon touching a spring, descended in a gentle shower, freshening the air, and keeping the milk and cream deliciously cool. Thither the king and queen, with some of their most intimate friends, would often repair; and the king not unfrequently ended the repast by secretly touching the spring, treating the guests with an artificial shower, and sending them, himself delighted with the frolic, to change their wetted and even drenched garments, in the palace. Portici is a town about four miles from Naples, in which stands a royal palace most beautifully situated. This place became a favourite residence of the queen, who, discarding the ancient and tawdry furniture, replaced it with all the elegant improvements of the present time: her own apartments exhibited a perfect model of feminine taste. In the park was a pavilion which Joseph Buonaparte had built during his short reign, to which he retired when he had any private business to transact: it consisted of two rooms only, one above and the other below. In the upper room was a large round table, capable of dining twelve persons: so contrived, through a curious piece of mechanism, that on touching a spring, each dish or plate descended through an opening in the table, and in their place a fresh supply was returned; and thus the attendance of servants was rendered unnecessary. The queen spent some time every year at Portici, and many magnificent entertainments were given there."

The king is said to have dearly loved a joke. One morning he—

"Surprised and amused his guests, among whom were some of the English nobility, by having a pair of dwarfs served up as the middle dish at the dessert. They came through the aperture in the table, resting quietly in their china car; and when safely landed, they rose up, and lightly tripping along the table, presented an offering of flowers to the royal pair. Their unexpected and ludicrous appearance drew peals of laughter from the light-hearted guests. In his latter campaigns, the king was attended by a black man, gorgeously attired in crimson and gold. This man had been brought home, when a boy, by Murat, upon his return from one of his earlier campaigns. As the black grew up, he became deeply in love with a beautiful Neapolitan girl, and begged the king to permit him to marry her. This request amused his master, who desired him to place himself, with the girl, before the queen and the ladies of her suite, as they were going an airing, to have her majesty's opinion. The man, secure of the affection of the girl he had chosen, undauntedly did so. The contrast was so great, that the queen at first refused to consent to the marriage, saying the girl was far too handsome for him. The king, however, soon overruled this objection; and on the morning of their wedding, the black was first baptized, and then received the sacrament."

The king and queen were the sponsors of the black man, naming him Othello. Murat had other faithful and attached servants :—

“ During the Russian campaign, whilst Murat was in Poland, he one morning rode out attended by Othello and his coachman,—another faithful attendant, who had lived with the king from the period of his marriage. Two Polanders, likewise on horseback, passed them : seeing it was Murat, they turned hastily round, and made an attack so unexpected, that he would have fallen a victim to their fury, had not Othello and the coachman, suspecting their intention, called out to the king to fly. The coachman at the same instant struck one of the Polanders a blow so severe, that he divided his arm from his body, whilst he was in the act of raising it to pierce Murat through the back with a lance. This fortunate act the king generously rewarded on his return to Naples. He first suspended the cross of honour around the neck of his coachman ; then dismissing him from his servile office, he gave him a house to live in, and a carriage for his daily use. Having received these honours, he was noticed by the first people in Naples, who, out of compliment to the king, even invited him to their tables,—an honour the brave man would gladly have declined, fearful of not acquitting himself with propriety amongst persons so much his superior. His faithfulness, however, deserved a rich reward.”

But how sudden and violent the reverses,—how tragic the end of one of the crowned creatures of the French Revolution ! Murat was in Corsica on the eve of his betrayal, the particulars of which are thus recorded by Mrs. Davies :—

“ He received from the Austrian government the offer of an honourable retreat, either in Austria or Bohemia. His acceptance of this proposal was to entitle him to the necessary passports to rejoin his wife and family. He was induced to refuse this offer, from the vain hopes he indulged of making a successful effort to regain his kingdom. Having collected a few desperate followers, and a small fleet, he wrote to his late chamberlain, the Duke St. Theodore, at Naples, requesting him to meet him in Calabria. This letter fell into the hands of King Ferdinand, who sent for the duke, and ordered him to inform Murat he would meet him there. The poor duke, sensible that this would be the ruin of his former sovereign, yet unable to inform him of his danger, went home, and, almost frantic with grief, immediately took to his bed. Murat, upon receiving the duke's answer, sailed for Calabria, early in October 1815. A violent storm dispersed his flotilla. The captain of Murat's vessel, bribed by Ferdinand, sailed immediately after landing him. Murat hastened to the village, expecting to meet the duke : but on the road he was attacked by the country-people, aided by an armed force ; and his followers were quickly dispersed. He retreated towards the coast, when the treachery of the captain was apparent. Resistance was useless : he was soon overpowered, and taken prisoner. They conducted him to the castle of Pizzo, near the place where he landed. A court-martial was instantly summoned, and his fate decided. No mercy was shown him ; and after the lapse of a few hours, he was led

out to be shot. His wonted courage supported him in this appalling hour. He met death undauntedly. Having fastened his wife's picture on his breast, and refusing to have his eyes bandaged, orders were given to the soldiers to fire. His death was instantaneous; six balls had pierced his heart. The treacherous captain, who thus left a most kind master to his fate, unwarned of his danger, had received from Murat many acts of generosity. He did not live to reap the reward of his base conduct, being murdered the first night he slept on shore, after his return to Corsica, by some persons who were attached to the prince he had betrayed. Madame Murat was at Vienna when this sad event took place. She received no intelligence of the death of him to whom she had brought the fatal gift of a crown. The melancholy history first appeared in the newspaper she generally read. For some time her attendants succeeded in keeping that paper from her, by substituting another. At last, as she insisted upon seeing the one to which she was always accustomed, they brought it to her at night, after she had retired to her chamber. Upon reading the account of her husband's melancholy death, she was attacked with violent fits, which lasted till morning. The dear children were asleep, and knew nothing of their mother's grief, nor of their own loss, till the following day, when seeing every one looking sad around them, Prince Lucien said to my late English companion, 'Mimie, what is the matter, that you all wear such sorrowful faces: is papa dead?' She replied she feared he was. At this answer, they all wept bitterly; for they were tenderly attached to their father, and he equally so to them. Time brought resignation on its healing wings."

Madame Murat became the wife of General Macdonald. She died only a few years ago. The fortunes of her children by the former marriage are thus agreeably and touchingly described by one of them:—

"London, March 12, 1831.

"My dear Davies,—I have this morning received, with a great deal of pleasure, your letter of March the 8th; and I am very happy to see that you are doing well, and have not forgotten me. I enjoy very good health, as well as my wife; for you must know that I am married since—more than four years. My mother is always in Trieste, doing very well. Letitia is married, in Bologna, to the Marquis Pepoli, and has three children. Louisa is likewise married, in Ravenna, to Count Rosponi, and has one son, after losing two. Lucien is in America, where I left him in very good health about two months ago. I have no children yet. I have been living these eight last years in the United States, where I have a sugar and cotton plantation, and where I have become a lawyer. I would be very glad to see you again before I leave England; but I am afraid that my short stay here will not permit it. Mrs. Murat, to whom I have shown your letter and told who you are, sends you her compliments; and I make you warm wishes for your happiness. Be happy, and believe me always your well-wisher and friend,

ACHILLE MURAT."

With the vicissitudes and fortunes of an existing dynasty more interest will now be felt than can attach to the family and reign of Murat; for even your Buonapartes—yea, the greatest of them all, the despotic king-maker—must give way to more modern and recent rulers, not one of whom presents a more exciting and important history than the politic and far-sighted monarch who occupies the throne of our Gallic neighbours, part of whose Life and Times is described in the second of the present volumes, and which contains several elegant illustrative engravings. Still, with the leading events of this king's reign most persons are tolerably well acquainted; especially, of course, with those which have occurred since the "Three Days." We may, however, without repeating what is perfectly stale, direct attention to some of the early passages of his career, and also to a fact or two connected with his predecessors of the Orleans family, drawn from the narrative before us, which is concocted in a style intended to be popular, but which does not promise to give much that will evince particular research, or uncommon political sagacity.

For a long series of years the dukedom of Orleans was united to the crown: Louis the Twelfth, who was surnamed "Father of the People," being the most distinguished of the monarchs who enjoyed the double honours. The present family is sprung from "Monsieur," by whose marriage with a descendant of James the First of England the house of Orleans would now have had a nearer claim to the British crown than the reigning family, had it not been that all the descendants of James were carefully excluded, who were or should become Catholics. The character and fate of the father of Louis Philippe are too closely connected with the French revolution at the close of the last century to require any details with regard to that convulsion; but his selection of Madame Genlis as the tutor of his sons was not only an instance of apparent caprice, but must have had such an influence on the character and history of the King of the French as must always call for remark. Louis Philippe did not, however, evince a very early love of study, and had frequently to be punished by confinement for his devotion to amusement. But all along he gave proofs of being possessed of sterling qualities, moral as well as intellectual. Every means were adopted to imbue his mind with all kinds and branches of knowledge, even that of practical gardening. At certain times he, as well as his brothers, had to converse in German, at others in Italian, and at others again in English. He soon displayed an ardent love of liberty. He was, when a youth, charitable and compassionate, brave and courageous. Altogether his upbringing and younger years were characterized in a manner that afforded the highest promise; while his vicissitudes, in consequence of the whirlwind revolution, furnished a school not more strange in a romantic sense than later times have shown the



great benefits which he reaped in the course of his exile and wanderings. We shall now merely quote some particulars and anecdotes belonging to his years of adversity; and which will serve to hand down his history to posterity as one of the most remarkable that has occurred at times unparalleled for mighty events and the development of genius and talent:—

“During one of his adventurous excursions in the Alps, attended by the faithful Baudoin, he presented himself at the hospitium of Saint Gothard: it was on the 29th of August, in the year 1793. Having rang the bell gently, a Capuchin friar appeared at the casement, and said in Italian —‘*Che volete?*’—What do you wish? ‘I request,’ replied the Duke of Orleans, ‘some nourishment for my companion and myself.’ ‘My good young men, we do not admit foot-passengers here, particularly of your description.’ ‘But, reverend father, we will pay whatever you demand.’ ‘No, no, that little inn there is good enough for you,’ added the Capuchin, pointing to a poor shed where some muleteers were partaking of alpine cheese; and closed the window.

“Driven from this humble asylum, the duke continued his wandering life, travelling through the country of the Grisons. He was not more fortunate at Gordona than he had been at Saint Gothard. His costume and his knapsack were the cause of his being denied the hospitality which he demanded. However, the weather being most inclement, and night having come on, the hostess reluctantly consented, after numerous entreaties, to give the travellers shelter, which consisted of a bed of straw spread in an out-house. Overcome by fatigue, and having no particular object in then continuing his journey, the prince accepted even this kindness with gratitude, and slept soundly until the break of day, when he was awoken by a monotonous sound of feet passing and repassing immediately by him. As soon as he was capable of clearly discerning objects around, he discovered, to his utter astonishment, a young man with a gun, on guard beside him. Enquiring from him the cause of this extraordinary precaution,—‘It was my aunt,’ replied the peasant, ‘who placed me here, with instructions to kill you if you attempted to rob us. My aunt, you must know, is a miser and mistrustful.’ The Duke of Orleans smiled at the vain suspicion, released his *garde-du-corps*, paid his bill and took leave of his hostess.

“Upon the banks of lake Lucerne he fell in with a French priest and a pedlar, earnestly disputing with a boatman about the charge of their passage across. The duke, discovering that the reverend voyager had no funds whatever, notwithstanding his own pinching poverty, undertook to pay for him. During the passage across the lake they engaged in conversation. The pedlar informed his companions that his name was Mauséda, his trade that of an optician, and his late residence the Palais-Royal; he spoke for some time of the Duke of Orleans, to whom he pretended to have sold spectacles and other articles of his manufacture; and at length, to the great embarrassment of the duke, assured them that he knew personally every member of the Orleans family. A close examination, however, proved this itinerant merchant to be merely a similar character to the duke’s host at Coblentz.

“As for the priest, anxious to express his gratitude to the generous traveller who had defrayed his expenses, he entreated to be taken into his service as chaplain; but the situation and circumstances in which the noble exile found himself, did not admit of any addition to his suite. He laughed heartily at the proposal of the churchman, but at the same time expressed his warm admiration of that gratitude in which the proposal originated.

“It was during his wanderings in Switzerland that the duke received a letter from M. Montesquieu, offering him the situation of professor at the college of Reichenau. He was aware that M. Chabaud-Latour had quitted France, for the purpose of entering this establishment with the rank of professor; but not arriving at the appointed time, M. de Montesquieu solicited the appointment from M. Aloyse Jost, president of the college, for his young friend the Duke of Chartres.

“The prince had attained his twenty-second year when he was admitted at Reichenau, in the month of October, 1793; he had previously submitted to the most rigid examination, presenting himself under the name of Chabaud, without being recognized by any save M. Aloyse Jost himself, or exciting the least suspicion as to his real character; and he continued to teach geography, history, the French and English languages, together with mathematics, for the space of eight months. He not only succeeded in the discharge of his academic duties, but had the good fortune to inspire the inhabitants of Reichenau with such a high esteem for his virtues and abilities, that they appointed him their deputy to the assembly of Coire.

“It was at this moment that the chilling intelligence reached him of his father's tragic fate. Overwhelmed with affliction, he sought relief in change of scene, and carrying with him the esteem, and even affectionate regards, of his associates at Reichenau, he became once more a wanderer, his knapsack hanging from his shoulder, and a staff giving additional firmness to his steps.

“As he approached Bremgarten, Baudoin, who had preceded him from precautionary motives, was in waiting to inform him whether all was safe within the town. Accosting his master with a much more cheerful air than he had exhibited at Saint-Gothard—‘You may enter boldly, Monseigneur,’ said he, ‘we shall have a better supper here than those detestable Capuchins gave us, for I heard them turning the spit, and I smelt the savour of a chicken, much more agreeable fare than the cheese of the Alps.’

“The prince remained with M. de Montesquieu, under the assumed name of Corby, and with the title and rank of aide-de-camp, until some time in the year 1794. But can a prince ever remain concealed? In default of any knowledge of his personal appearance, and equally ignorant of his place of concealment, intrigue and falsehood are alive, and busy with his name. Whilst a small but steady party in France still dreamt of a constitutional monarchy under the Duke of Orleans, the German papers represented him as living ostentatiously, and indolently, in a palace erected for him by General Montesquieu, at Bremgarten. And yet the putative Corby, as well as his generous host, was without money; and both were necessitated to lead the most simple, quiet, and frugal lives!

“Relieved from the anxiety of watching over the safety of his sister,

who had quitted the Convent of Bremgarten, to seek an asylum in Hungary, with the Princess de Conti, her aunt, the Duke of Orleans came to the determination of leaving Switzerland. One day as he sat in a parlour adjoining that occupied by M. de Montesquieu, he overheard him arguing with some persons, whose conduct, on his generous host's account, he regarded with suspicion and fear. This conversation made him apprehensive lest the hospitality which he was then receiving, might even prove fatal to his friend ; and, to obviate such a frightful termination of their connection, he at once decided upon repairing to Hamburg. Upon his arrival at this great mart of commerce, he experienced so much difficulty in recruiting his pecuniary resources, that he was obliged to forego his projected voyage across the seas ; but so incapable of enduring inactivity, that he set out, once more, as a wanderer, resolving to visit the cheerless climate of northern Europe. A letter of credit, limited in extent, on a banker at Copenhagen, was sufficient for the expenses of an exile now taught to endure the severest privations. The banker at Copenhagen, to whose kind attention he had been particularly recommended, not as Duke of Orleans, but only as a Swiss traveller, procured passports for him from the king of Denmark, under the authority of which he was at liberty to take with him two companions, his steadfast friend Count Montjoie, and honest Baudoin, who had shared with his master all the sorrows and sufferings of a persecuted exile.

“The Scandinavian peninsula, possessing considerable interest, may be explored at a trifling expense, especially in the modest manner adopted by the prince in his wanderings ; besides, it offered still greater inducements to him in other, and not unimportant respects—its great distance from the seat of war, and the small number of French emigrants who had taken refuge there, neutralizing, to some extent, the malevolence which pursued him.

“From Copenhagen he passed to Elsinour, and visited the castle of Kronenburg, which commands the port ; in this state prison the unhappy Queen, Caroline-Matilda, was immured, whilst an unauthorized tribunal proceeded rigorously against the minister, Count Struensee, who fell a victim to the ambition and hatred of the Dowager Queen, Maria-Julia. He next visited the gardens of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, immortalized by the genius of Shakspeare, and familiarized to Frenchmen, by Ducis, and his inimitable interpreter, Talma. Crossing the sound at Helsinbourg, he first set foot upon the hospitable soil of Sweden, where the traveller, without distinction of rank or fortune, is sure of meeting with a kind reception.

“Having examined the institutions of the rich and commercial town of Gottenburg, the second in the kingdom, he ascended lake Wener, to see the splendid waterfalls of Goetha-Elf, and the Herculean works undertaken within the last two centuries at Trollhæthan, to connect the gulf of Bothnia with the North Sea by means of a ship canal.

“Thence bending his course towards Norway, the traveller remained for a short period at Frederickshall, the scene of Charles XII.'s last moments, an event, one of the most impressive which history has bequeathed, of the vanity of earthly ambition, and a theme for future moral-

ists. Proceeding to Christiania, he was there received in the most gracious manner by the inhabitants, although none possessed any knowledge of his objects, or even suspected his rank.

"M. Monod, afterwards lecturer at the reformed church in Paris, was then in Christiania, and fully appreciates the conduct of the prince. He has since been repeatedly heard to declare, that the more the virtuous and instructive life of this traveller was examined, the more exalted and exemplary it appeared. What must have been this kind man's astonishment, after the revolution of many eventful years, on returning to his native country, to recognize in the young French traveller of Christiania, conspicuous by his gentleness and modesty, a prince of the blood royal, and standing upon the very steps of the throne of France.

"The duke remained for some time at Christiania, living quietly and unrecognized, happy at escaping those suspicions, and that surveillance, which had pursued him so incessantly in his journeyings. On one occasion he was fully convinced he had been discovered. It is an established custom in that country, at the proper season, after having breakfasted in town to go into the country to pass the remainder of the day. At the conclusion of one of these excursions, and when the guests were about to return to Christiania, he heard the son of a banker, whose guest he was, exclaim, in a loud and somewhat playful tone—'The Duke of Orleans' carriage!' The well-known sounds startled him not a little—such an occurrence could not be accidental—he was, he must be known to some one present! Perceiving that the young Norwegian did not notice the embarrassment into which he had been thrown, he soon recovered his self-possession, and only thought of investigating the extraordinary circumstance. With a playful smile upon his countenance, he asked his young friend—'Pray, why do you call for the Duke of Orleans' carriage? what have you to do with him?' 'Nothing at all; only that whilst our family resided in Paris, every evening, as we were coming out of the opera, we heard the people vociferating on all sides, and with the most extravagant eagerness—'*La voiture de Monseigneur le duc d'Orleans! les gens de son Altesse Royal!*' I have been almost stunned with the noise; I shall never forget the transaction—the whole thing just occurred to me now, and, instead of simply calling for our carriage, I gave an humble imitation of the way they do things in Paris.'"

Such is a sample of the "Life and Times of Louis Philippe," by the author of the "Life and Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington." One sentence will explain the object and opinions of the person who has now undertaken to write "the most eventful life of modern times." "The life," it is said, "of a monarch so wise—a man so amiable—should not longer be withheld from the world; it abounds in practical lessons of virtue and policy." It remains, however, to be seen whether this writer is able to grapple with the "most eventful life," and to set its main features before the world in a satisfactory light, since the "Three Days," and during the period when Louis Philippe has not only been the sovereign but the *government* of the French nation, as is very generally believed. It

will require sagacity and profound penetration, as well as a minute and accurate knowledge of facts, to fathom such a man's motives or principles; and we shall watch with some degree of anxiety the progress of a work that is intended to describe and defend a personage of such importance, and, as intimated, to vindicate his policy.

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ART. VI.—1. *The Bride of Messina: a Tragedy; with Choruses.* By SCHILLER. Translated by A. LODGE, Esq. M. A.

2. *The Patrician's Daughter: a Tragedy.* By J. WESTLAN MARSTON.

3. *Old Maids: a new Comedy.* By SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

WE wish to avoid all controversy with regard to the moral effects of the stage and to confine ourselves on the subject of the drama to the literary merits of the pieces which come before us. One thing is manifest relative to this topic, that play-writers and playhouse-goers we are sure to have in the present state of society. In these circumstances it becomes our duty as journalists to watch the progress and to pronounce upon the character of dramatic productions, welcoming such as appear to be the purest and the most elevating in point of sentiment, so that public taste may not be degraded beyond its present condition, by such pestiferous pieces as have frequently been written for the stage, and perused in private by persons too susceptible.

Each of the three productions before us have claims upon our approval as compared with the majority of dramatic works. The *Bride of Messina* is one of Schiller's most characteristic works, and has been translated by a person who is evidently not merely a ripe scholar in the language of the original, but is possessed of a poetical temperament, which, if not akin to that of the celebrated author, is at least such as that he appreciates the beauties and peculiarities of the piece, and can transfuse them into his mother tongue. A remarkable feature in this modern tragedy consists of the choruses which are introduced in observance of the ancient models, the dramatist's idea being that the poets of those distant days "found the chorus in nature, and for that reason employed it. It grew out," it is further observed, "of the poetical respect of real life. In the new tragedy it becomes an organ which aids in making the poetry prominent." This opinion and short account may induce some of our readers to examine the work and to test for themselves the soundness of the poet's theory.

The *Patrician's Daughter* is by a writer who also entertains a theory of his own, but which may be questioned. He says, "Consider our merchant when he returns from 'Change; the poet as he walks unnoted in our streets; the calm demeanour of the agitated diplomatist; the smooth brow and accustomed smile of a regnant

beauty, while jealous rivals wound with courtesy, and torture *selon les règles*. What suspense ! what aspirations ! what subdued emotions ! There is truly stuff for tragedy in the age of civilization."

Now, although it may not be right "to limit to the past, the dramatic exhibition of our nature," for this may be "virtually to declare our nature itself radically altered," as Mr. Marston observes; yet tragedy must present something more active and full of storm than suspense, aspirations and subdued emotions : therefore dramatists find it convenient for the most part to recur to periods when the conventionalities of civilization had not reduced manners to a perfect smoothness, and the actions of the highest spirits of the age to a dead level. "The Patrician's Daughter" itself is not merely very deficient of action, but while the author proposes to himself to picture human nature as exhibited in very modern times, he falls back upon an age most celebrated in the history of the British drama for his metaphors and much of his phraseology, instead of giving us the real language and life of the period to which his plot belongs : thus, if not virtually declaring our nature itself to be radically changed, intimating that passion and deep suffering cannot find adequate expression in the language of our times. But Mr. Marston has otherwise fallen into error; for he has not taught the highest and noblest lesson towards the correction of modern conventionalities, making the catastrophe arise from the pride and ungenerous conduct of the hero, rather than as the result of vindicating grand principles, or of any lofty impulse.

The antagonism and the fatal circumstances which destroy the Patrician's Daughter, arise from the pride of a low-born man of genius having had to endure the contempt of a family of high station, according to the conventionalities of society. Mordaunt is the victim at first of this pride of rank, for having aspired to the hand of Lady Mabel Lynterne, whose father is an earl, cherishing the most exclusive aristocratic feelings. The earl's sister, Lady Lydia, discovering Mordaunt's aspirations, by misrepresentation and strategy causes a scornful refusal to be given to him, although Mabel had begun to entertain a love for her over-sanguine suitor; and he leaves the noble Lord's stately mansion, after the following scene :—

"*Mordaunt.* Stay !

Before we part, I have a word or two  
For Lady Mabel's ear.—I know right well  
The world has no tribunal to avenge  
An injury like mine ; you may allure  
The human heart to love, warm it with smiles  
To aspirations of a dream-like bliss,  
From which to wake is madness ; and when spells  
Of your enchantment have enslaved it quite,



Its motives, feelings, energies, and hopes,  
 Abstracted from all objects, save yourself ;  
 So that you are its world, its light, its life,  
 And all besides is dark, and void, and dead :  
 I say, that very heart, brought to this pass,  
 You may spurn from your path, pass on and jest :  
 And the crowd will jest with you ; you will glide  
 With eye as radiant, and with brow as smooth,  
 And feet as light, through your charmed worshippers,  
 As though the angel's pen had failed to trace  
 The record of your crime ; and every night,  
 Lulled by soft flatteries, you may calmly sleep  
 As do the innocent—but it is crime,  
 Deep crime, that you commit. Had you for sport  
 Trampled upon the earth a favourite rose,  
 Pride of the garden, or in wantonness  
 Cast in the sea, a jewel not your own,  
 All men had held you guilty of offence—

*Lydia (to the Earl.)* Is't meet that longer you should brook this censure ?

*Mordaunt (disregarding her).* And is it then no sin,  
 To crush those flowers of life, our freshest hopes,  
 With all the incipient beauty, in the bud,  
 Which know no second growth ? To cast our faith  
 In humankind, the only amulet  
 By which the soul walks fearless through the world,  
 Into those floods of memoried bitterness,  
 Whose awful depths no diver dares explore ;  
 To paralyse the expectant mind, while yet  
 On the world's threshold, and existence' self  
 To drain of all, save its inert endurance.  
 To do this unprovoked, I put it to you,  
 Is not this sin ? To the unsleeping eye  
 Of Him who sees all aims, and knows the wrongs  
 No laws save His redress, I make appeal  
 To judge between us. There's an hour will come,  
 Not of revenge, but righteous retribution !

*The Earl.* Well ! sir,  
 Our conference is ended !

*Mordaunt.* Yes ! but its issues  
 Have yet to be revealed.

*Exit Mordaunt.*

*The Earl.* Hither ! Mabel.

(*Mabel reels forward and falls into her Father's arms.*)

Several years elapse before the opening of the next scene ; during which interval the rejected lover has received a title, and has become distinguished in public and political life. He is now the accepted suitor to Lady Mabel, and a grand marriage is on the eve apparently of solemnization, a company of guests having assembled

to witness the ceremony. Still, Sir Edgar Mordaunt's bearing and conduct are remarkable and mysterious. For example, he indulges in a string of speeches that have an ominous tone, which terminate in a peremptory refusal to wed the lady who now with parental approval undisguisedly loves the low-born but at length exalted man of genius. Here is part of his explanation:—

*"Mordaunt.* Encouraged thus, I straightway sought the Earl,  
Entreated his permission to be ranked  
As Lady Mabel's suitor, when it pleased her  
Smilingly to admit, that she had toyed  
With me, to while away an idle hour.  
I hasted home;—in a few days the tale  
Of the plebeian aspirant supplied  
Mirth to a thousand jesters.—What presumption  
In him to love thus!—What effrontery  
To have a heart! I own that fault, however,  
Is not patrician. Now for once be men  
And women, or if you can, be human.  
Have you loved ever? known what 'tis to stake  
Your heart's whole capital of blessedness  
Upon one die, the chance of love returned!  
To lose the cast; be beggared in your soul;  
Then to be spurned and made a public scorn  
By those who tempted the fatal throw,  
Which drained your heart of riches,—and all this,  
Because your birth was lowly?—Had you borne it?  
I have not sought for vengeance in this act.  
My life, my energies, my talents all  
Did I task for the deed! Such apparatus  
Was meant for nobler uses, than belong  
To a mere private feud—but I have fought  
A battle for high principles, and taught  
*Convention*, when it dares to tread down *Man*,  
MAN SHALL ARISE IN TURN, AND TREAD IT DOWN!  
As for this lady!—she has never loved me,  
Nor have I lately sought to win her love:  
I would not wreak on her such wretchedness,  
As she caused me for pastime! I have done,  
My mission is fulfilled!

[*Moves towards the door.*

*Pierpoint (drawing his rapier).* You shall not quit this house,  
until you answer  
For this indignity!

*Mabel (who rushes forward and arrests his arm.)*

(*With great agitation*) Upon your life,  
Injure him not! put up your sword, I say,—

[*Mordaunt regards her earnestly.*

(*Haughtily.*) He is not worthy of it.

[*Exit Mordaunt.*"]

The wreck and the misery caused by this specimen of refined or rather mean revenge become tragic enough before the curtain drops. Now, whatever objections may be made to the conduct of the plot, it cannot be denied that there is great power in the passages quoted, just as there are many proofs throughout the piece of manly feeling, and much beautiful writing. He is no common-place workman who could in the manner shown give dramatic effect to cold convention; although we think he should have preached a more attractive and ennobling lesson than that founded on the principle of dudgeon.

With two short extracts, containing power and beauty that require no preface, we close our notice of "The Patrician's Daughter."

*Mordaunt.* 'Tis our Time's curse  
That under worship of the selfish Idol  
We designate the Practical, it scoffs  
At the sweet lore taught in the Poet's page,  
And deems the pictures of heroic men,  
The generous, the high-hearted, and the pure,  
The idle coinage of a dreamy brain;  
And yet, what art so practical as that  
Which showing what men should be, nourishing  
Feelings of goodness, beauty, bravery,  
By portraiture of those possessing them,  
Describes the mental model of a world  
After which it were well that ours were fashioned?"

Here follow sentiments of a kindred tone:—

*Mordaunt.* Is not yon sunset splendid?

*Lydia.* Yes!

But we may see that often, and it bears  
Not now on our discourse.

*Mordaunt.* Indeed it does—

However proud, or great, or wise, or valiant  
The Lady Mabel's ancestors, that sun  
From age to age, has watched their honours end,  
As man by man fell off, and centuries hence  
Yon light, unto Oblivion may have lit  
As many stately trains, as now have passed.  
And yet my soul, orb of eternity,  
When yonder globe is ashes, as your sires,—  
Shall shine on undecaying.—When men know  
What their own natures are, and feel what God  
Intended them to be, they are not awed  
By pomps the sun outlives."

Knowles's "Old Maids" abounds with manly sentiments and direct appeals to nature, without the sickly affectations of the *fine* school

of dramatists and modern fictionists. This writer never lisps, nor is betrayed into mere glitter or brilliancy. He has the sort of stoutness of the Elizabethan masters, and the blunt honesty of the Bull family. His designs are genuine efforts, and much of the execution, even in his least successful productions, bear the stamp of sterling coinage. Woman's heart he loves to read; and he reads it like a scholar who has traced it in all its passionate waywardness, its perversities, and disguises; as well as when she is most gentle, artless, arch, or rompish. In several of the male characters of the present comedy, he gives you men of right stamina, in spite of their outward fashions; even when the person is tricked out in the garb of a fop, and lends himself to the frivolities of a gay world, or affects the cold airs of a modish age. But while such are some of the characteristic excellences of Sheridan Knowles's plays, and which cannot escape the observation of the reader of "*Old Maids*," it must be admitted that his infirmities as the constructor of a plot, a coiner of phrases, a blender of quaint metaphors, and a sporter with blank verse, are apparently with rapid pace making inroads upon his powers and his style. He indeed seems, in the present instance, to have ransacked his former productions in search of many of their objectionable peculiarities, and to have thus given that piebald character which detracts so fatally from the beauties of some boldly conceived thoughts and otherwise finely written passages.

"*Old Maids*" is a title which is not intended to inform by anticipation; for the Lady Blanche and the Lady Anne are young and mischievous; yet specimens of true womanhood after all. They are also beautiful and resolved to get married; archly, and with a spirited sort of malice, that is enchanting, instructing their several suitors how to make love to them. The manner in which they conduct their schemes is often by disguising their noble rank, and sometimes their persons. A coxcomb, who talks with his servant through some four or five pages about a wrinkle in his dress, but who is neither devoid of brain nor of courage, becomes the victim of one of these fair perversities; while a goldsmith's son, who with marvellous speed obtains the colonelcy of a regiment, is ensnared by the other. The probabilities, however, are clumsily violated in the course of these conquests; the progress of the piece consisting, besides, rather in long dialogues than in life and action. All speak much alike; there is want of onward purpose in many of the scenes. Persons walk in and out contrary to expectation, and without doing much to connect themselves with what is to follow; and at the close of all no strong impression is left becoming the effect of a forcible, polished, and home-thrusting comedy, where smart humour and brilliant truths combine to please and to teach.

Were we to go minutely into the construction of the plot of this piece, a number of incongruities might be detected; or were we

inclined severely to expose the absurdities of separate scenes, and the quaint or vicious peculiarities of the style of single passages, our remarks would necessarily be much extended. But considering that Knowles's merits as well as characteristic faults and failures are sufficiently known, we shall without further preface quote some illustrations from this his latest production.

Our first extract from "Old Maids" affords a specimen of trifling and a play of words all about a *wrinkle* that is not even farcical:—

*Sir Philip.* Now, Robert, for I know you have an eye,  
Examine me. Scan me from head to foot  
And round about, and say how fits my dress,  
And as you love me, Robert, use your skill.  
Lie the seams fair? Sits any part awry?  
Observe the buttons their due distances?  
The slashes their proportions and their places?  
The skirts their lengths and uniformity?  
Lurks anywhere a wrinkle or a crease?  
Find me a fault, dear Robert, if you can.

*Robert.* The suit, methinks, is perfect.

*Sir Philip.* Look again,  
And jealously! Find me a fault, I'll find  
A crown for you.

*Robert.* Sooner I'd miss the fault  
Than get the crown.

*Sir Philip.* I know thy honesty.  
But find the fault although thou get'st the crown.

*Robert.* What's that?

*Sir Philip.* What, Robert?

*Robert.* If I may believe  
My eyes—

*Sir Philip.* Be sure thou mayst, if 'tis a fault  
Thou think'st thou seest.

*Robert.* 'Tis a fault I see!

*Sir Philip.* What is it?

*Robert.* Yet, perhaps, 'tis not a fault.

*Sir Philip.* It must be one! Thou'rt not inclined to see it,  
And, therefore, doubt'st it! What is it?

*Robert.* Alas!  
It is a fault.

*Sir Philip.* A great or little one?  
Don't keep me in suspense; I'm on the rack!  
Well, Robert, well!

*Robert.* It is a little fault;  
A very little fault—a wrinkle only  
About an inch, a quarter, and a tenth  
In length.

*Sir Philip.* Were it the tenth without the rest  
It spoils the suit—off with't! It shall go back!

*Robert.* It much becomes you ! Well the colour sorts  
With your complexion !—and the pattern flogs  
All past achievements of the shaping art !  
And 'tis a dress of excellent proportions,  
Sets off your person to unmatched advantage.  
Look at the sleeve alone !—How plain it shows  
The tailor tax'd his brains !

*Sir Philip.* Where lies the wrinkle ?

*Robert.* Here, near the seam of the left shoulder.

*Sir Philip.* That's

A place a wrinkle may have leave to come !  
Cans't help the wrinkle ? There's the piece I promised  
For finding it. If thou canst help it, now,  
That piece will find a fellow.

*Robert.* I will try.

I will not promise you I shall succeed.  
Stand straight and still. Now, please you, raise your arm ;  
Now put it down again—Upon my life  
'Tis growing less.

*Sir Philip.* Well done, good Robert.

*Robert.* 'Tis

Almost away !

*Sir Philip.* Say it is quite away,  
I'll give thee the third piece.

*Robert.* I would I could ;  
No hope of that, I fear ! A wrinkle is  
A stubborn thing ! Eh ?—What ?—I must be blind !  
Why, where is it ?

*Sir Philip.* Is't gone ?

*Robert.* I am bewitched !

Is aught the matter, think you, with my sight ?  
Or that is gone, or else the wrinkle's gone ;  
So gone, I swear I cannot find the place !  
I can't believe there ever was a wrinkle !

*Sir Philip.* Good Robert, there are the two crowns.

*Robert.* Dear sir,  
I don't deserve them.

*Sir Philip.* Nay !—

*Robert.* Indeed I don't.

*Sir Philip.* I'll not believe thee.

*Robert.* Nay, I swear I don't.  
I must have fancied that there was a wrinkle.

*Sir Philip.* Robert, a virtue may become a vice,  
Carried too far ! Thou art too honest, Robert.

*Robert.* Nay, hear me, sir !

*Sir Philip.* I won't ! There was a wrinkle !  
Did I not set me on my perfect poise ?  
Stood I not motionless as block of stone ?  
Then at thy bidding raised I not my arm,



And lower'd it again, while thou didst jerk  
 My skirts to take the wrinkle out?—and now  
 Persuade me there was none! There was a wrinkle!  
 I will not hear thee!—Peace!”

But happy thoughts, poetically clothed, are scattered throughout the play. We string together samples of these better parts, as well as of some striking conceptions of character. Sir Philip thus inquires and comments:—

“What say they to my gait? I made my gait  
 Myself! There's matter in men's gait, good Robert!  
 Therein you have the impress of their callings;  
 There is the clerk's gait, which implies obedience;  
 The shopkeeper's, half service, half command;  
 The merchant's, o'er revolving speculations;  
 The lawyer's, quick and keen at quirks and flaws;  
 The student's, ponderous as piles of folios;  
 The courtier's, supple, prompt for courtesies;  
 The soldier's keeping time with drums and trumpets;  
 And twenty others—all most common-place!  
 But there's one gait that's paramount of all—  
 The gentleman's, that speaks not any calling;  
 Shows him at liberty to please himself;  
 And while it meditates offence to none,  
 Observes a proper negligence towards all,  
 And imperturbable complacency!”

Knowles is always most at home when he dramatizes woman and love. Take examples of some things almost original in his endless varieties of fancy respecting the fair, and the archness of their estimate of themselves and also of the lords of the creation:—

“*Lady Blanche.* Man!—man!—the paragon!—the fool he is  
 When women know themselves and know to treat him;  
 The knave when left to his own practices!  
 Is there a husband you can name, who bears  
 His course of wooing out?—who does not prove it  
 A trade of common snaring?—who resembles  
 The man he was before the honey-moon?  
 A woman's life, my friend, from girlhood onwards  
 Has melancholy progress! She begins  
 A goddess; then declines into a bride—  
 Which means a young wife keeping holiday,  
 As children sent to school go not at once  
 To tasks—next sinks into a housekeeper—  
 Her wedding ring her badge of office!—thence  
 Haply into a nurse!—When matters not  
 How soon she settles into grandmamma,

To tell her offspring of her second stock,  
The story of her cozening!

*Lady Anne.* How I love you  
When thus you talk! Would all our sex were like you!  
And, yet, you suffer men, while I repel them!

*Lady Blanche.* I suffer them to plague them, and I do so.  
You are an old maid by anticipation,  
And make the arch dissemblers stand aloof.  
Oh, how I dote upon a staunch old maid!—  
I'll die one!—She stands up for liberty;  
Talk of the rights of men! The rights that want  
Upholding are the rights of women!—Men  
Are tyrants! have too many rights! We know it!  
Ours are the rights want champions! We should be lost  
Without old maids—Oh, the delicious crabs!  
The faces men make at them when they find them  
Their masters!

*Lady Anne.* Women have more soul than men."

Again:—

"*Lady Anne.* He thrives beyond my hopes! Leave an old maid  
Alone to make a man, reforming him  
After the fashion likes her. Women prate  
Who talk of conquest, while they stoop to love!  
What's sway for sway, but mere equality  
Wherein the party least deserves to rule—  
And that, past all dispute, is man, the lord!—  
Ne'er rests till he disturbs the perfect poise,  
Into his own scale throws his might—that good  
Wherein the brute hath mastery o'er him—  
And to the beam heaves up the counter one,  
To hang there at his will!—Had women but  
The thews of men! My very girlhood solved  
The riddle of their sovereignty!—Brought up  
With two male cubs of cousins, was not I  
A likely one the relative deserts  
Of women and of men to put to proof?  
And didn't I?—I beat them to a stand!  
We started all together! Where were they  
When I could read? Why, in the spelling-book!  
When I was in subtraction, where were they?  
A cudgelling their brains to cast a sum  
Of ten lines in addition! I could rhyme  
My tables backwards, while they fought with pounds,  
Shillings and pence, that kept the upper hand  
And laugh'd at them for masters! I could parse,  
While they on footing of most shy acquaintance  
Kept with their parts of speech! In one thing only

I found I met my betters—and e'en there  
 I tried them, though I came off second best—  
 I could not beat them when they quarrell'd with me !  
 Because they held my hands !—They were afraid  
 To fight me !"

One specimen of female humour more, and we have done with  
 Old Maids :—

*Lady Blanche.* I could fight. I'd like  
 To fight with Colonel Blount.

*Lady Anne.* What ! has he chafed you ?

*Lady Blanche.* Mortally ! Of my beauty made as light  
 As 'twere a dress would only wear a day !  
 Avert'd I painted, which, although I did,  
 Designing not to show, how durst he see ?  
 Denied that I had eyes. Have I not eyes ?  
 Call'd me coquette, anatomised me so,  
 My heart is all one mortifying sore,  
 Rankling with pain, which, 'gainst all equity,  
 I pay him for with love, instead of hate.

*Lady Anne.* Why, Blanche, can it be you ?

*Lady Blanche.* Can you believe  
 That love could be constrain'd ? That one could love  
 Against one's will ? That one could spite one's self  
 To love another ? Love and hate at once ?  
 I could kill Colonel Blount—could hack him up !  
 Make mincemeat of him—and could kill myself  
 For thinking I could do it, he is so full  
 Of wisdom, goodness, manliness, and grace !  
 I honour him, admire him, yea, affect him ;  
 Yet more than him affect the 'prentice boy,  
 Whose blushing cheek attested for his heart  
 That love was an unknown, unlooked-for guest,  
 Ne'er entertained before, and greeted, now,  
 With most confused, overpow'red welcome !

*Lady Anne.* You loved the 'prentice boy !—you thought not that  
 Before.

*Lady Blanche.* Because it seemed too slight for thought.  
 A spark I did not heed, because a spark !  
 Never suspected 'twould engender flame  
 That kept in secret kindling, nor was found  
 Before the blaze that now keeps raging on,  
 As from the smother springs the fiercest fire.

*Lady Anne.* Well, make confession to him.

*Lady Blanche.* Make my will  
 And die ! He loves no more. The fire is out !  
 Vanish'd !—the very embers blown away !—  
 The memory even of my features gone,

At sight of which it burst with such a glare  
As crimson'd all the welkin of his face,  
And mock'd, as you would think, extinguishing !  
Nor rests it there—another fire is lit  
And blazes to another deity !  
There is the altar burn'd before for me,  
But to another does the incense rise.  
There is the temple where I once was shrined,  
But to another's image sacred now ;  
And mine profaned, unbased, cast down, cast out,  
Never to know its worshipper again !

*Lady Anne.* Thou dost not weep.

*Lady Blanche.* I do !

*Lady Anne.* You are in love ;

*Lady Blanche.* To be sure I am. Oh ! never women more  
Deceived themselves than we did ! To believe  
It rested with ourselves to love or not ;  
As we at once could have and lack a heart ;  
As though we were not made of flesh and blood ;  
As though we were not women—women—skiffs  
Sure to be toss'd by passion as by waves  
The barque that's launched into the open sea !  
Why don't you weep ?—you would for sympathy,  
Did you but love as I do.

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ART. VII.—*The Student Life of Germany.* By WILLIAM HOWITT, from  
the unpublished MS. of Dr. CORNELIUS.

THE college life of German students has often been the theme of remark and anecdote by English tourists ; and political movements have often been connected with the wild and sentimental character of the Burschen. The very aspect of German student-life, externally and as may be marked by strangers, is so picturesque that it was natural for William Howitt, when he was on his first visit to the country in question, to desire to have a peep behind the curtain, and into the mysteries of the interior. He therefore inquired for a book which should enlighten him on the subject, when he learned that no such thing existed. Upon this, he applied to his German acquaintance to supply him with the curious information required ; and at length prevailed on "one of the most gifted," and an accomplished scholar, to undertake the task. The result is now before us, "containing nearly forty of the most famous student-songs with the original music, adapted to the pianoforte by the Herr Winkelmeyer ; illustrated by engravings by Sergeant, Woods, and other eminent artists."

Two remarks seem to apply forcibly to the German student-life. The first is that the English reader who only regards the peculiari-

ties of that style of university training in its several and separate phases of smoking, drinking, duelling, and the like, will declare it to be little better than consisting of a series of vulgar and black-guard pranks, often in spite of a costume which is intended to be picturesque, but which appears to be grossly absurd—fitter for beggars and ruffians than persons professing to be culturing their intellectual and moral capacities.

But when the whole of German life and character is viewed in combination; and when with the college frolics of the students one not only regards eagerly their real and profound sentimentalism,—their poetry and their patriotism, but may obtain a good conception of the national mind, and of the transitions to which it has been, as well as those to which it may be, subjected,—the regions to which its flight may reach, call it that of eccentricity or mysticism,—the subject acquires a new and deeper interest.

The volume before us takes a wide and minute glance of the student-life of Germany. It gives a description of a university, a sketch of education, and a general as well as a closer account of studentship, as these exist in Burschendom. There appears to be no desire to conceal or to embellish the truth; although it is evident, as it is natural, that Dr. Cornelius regards with a national as well as a collegian sympathy the scenes and the *sprees* he records; cherishing, perhaps, much more fondly than he has a right to do, the idea that the regeneration of Germany is mixed up with the Chores or unions, the Commerses and the sacred feasts, the marchings forth, the duels with beer and rapier, the New Year eves, &c. of the students.

Notices of the lives of particular persons are introduced into the volume with the design to help out the minuter pictures of the entertainments and amusements of the students, including their songs. Even fictions are used to impress the whole more perfectly. The result of all is much that is curious and novel. The translation has a mannerism about it that induces us to believe it to be true to the original.

With regard to the songs, and just as with the engraved illustrations, truth and suitableness in respect of subject and occasion have been consulted. The deficiency of poetry in the former, and of finish in the latter, does not affect their propriety and due adaptation.

Our first extract contains the writer's national views of the German universities as contrasted with the ancient ones of England:—

“Oxford and Cambridge, the two most ancient universities of England, have remained true to the old institutions, to the old mode of living altogether in colleges, which the German public has long abandoned as not answering the purpose. They have a greater self-dependence and independence than the German ones, which are submitted to the superintend-

ence of the state. Yet the German institutions in this respect reap many advantages, so long as the government is no despotism. Through such high-standing Boards, boards which respect the interests and claims of all parties, and administer to them all justice with strict impartiality, the chairs of science are preserved from incapacity; the meritorious are made known and elevated; obstructions are removed, help is duly administered, morals are protected, defects are remedied, better and more effectually than can be done by a corporation alone, and without such a well-disposed and wise superintendence of their interests; and which places the university in a condition to exercise a fresher and more unimpaired strength in the great pursuit of science and of accomplishment, and with more decisive effect; and to remain mistress of the great movement of inquiry and of knowledge."

We can understand how English travellers are put to a *non-plus*, are conglomerated, are curious with regard to the *arcana* and the mysteries of German student-life, after such slight initiations as the following:—

"We at length reached the right door; I opened it; the Englishman looked eagerly in; but imagine his amazement as he saw nothing but a monstrous cloud of smoke. 'Where are we?' he demanded. An instant yell thundered through the smoke towards us—a whip whistled in the air, and a tremendous voice cried, 'Down! down!' 'We shall get no good here,' said the Englander. 'Courage, courage,' said I, and we pressed forward into the midst of this smoke-vomiting volcano. In the mean time a portion of the reek had made its escape by the open door; it became tolerably light, and we saw the great spaniel, who had withdrawn himself howling into his basket, and friend Freisleben standing with his riding-whip in his hand.

"'That confounded dog of mine—the uncourteous rascal,' said he, 'does not understand how he ought to receive a stranger. Mr. Traveller, it rejoices me to see you in my abode. My friend has already made me acquainted with your name.' He requested us to be seated, and offered us each a pipe, which he himself had well supplied with tobacco, in the kindest manner."

The students attend evening parties in dressing-gowns, a practice which might of itself excite a stranger's curiosity. But in order to convey a fuller picture of their college-life, we now extract an account of the drudgeries, the initiations of the Foxes:—

"The freshman, or Fox, is now bound to perform many little but by no means degrading or injurious services. He must conduct himself discreetly, may not mix forwardly in the conversation of the Old Houses, and his purse is laid under frequent requisitions. Among the students who belong to no union, this is not so much the case, and is restricted principally to this, that the Fox conducts himself not too assumingly, and now and then *ponirt* something, that is—to give this slang phrase by an English one—*pods down* something; that is to say, he gives an excursion



or entertainment to them, a *Kneiperei*, or occasion of social fellowship and enjoyment. This he can the better do, as the superior experience of the older students in all the regulations of university life, and in particular in the best laying out of his course of study, are of the greatest service to him. In the aristocracy of the Chores, the subordination is, indeed, more despotic. There is quickly heard—'Silence, Fox! speak not when old bemossed heads are speaking!'

"We have mentioned the general services which the Fox has to perform; but he has also to suffer at the hands of terrible Old Houses. There comes, perhaps, a bemossed head from a distant university, in a shockingly broken-down condition, something like the student in Hauff's story, who travelled with Satan. Already known by his hero deeds, the moment that he arrives he is received with a jubilee of acclamation. 'Würger! thou faithful Old House! cry the sons of the muses, and rush down the steps into his arms. The smokers forget to lay down their long pipes, the billiard-players still hold their cues in their hands. They form a body-guard, singularly armed, around the arriver.'—*Hauff's Memoirs of Satan*.

"And now, scarcely has the Old House made it understood that his trousers are not the best in the world, or that his boots are no longer waterproof, than it would be taken very ill indeed of a Fox should he hesitate to supply his wants to the very best of his power. He must feel himself particularly honoured if he gets back the borrowed garments in a month or two, just in sufficient condition to be able to make a present of them to his shoeblack.

"For a long time, a terrible swordsman belonged to one of the universities, whose mother resided in the place, and was what the students term a *Frass Philister*, or eating Philistine, or who, in other words, kept an eating-house for the students, as is very common in the university cities. Her table could promise very little satisfaction even to the least delicate and artistical stomachs; in fact it required a strong dose of active exercise before dinner to enable its frequenters to make an attack upon it, and another as active after dinner to conquer the dyspeptic symptoms that rapidly followed her viands. Yet this table was always crowded. The unhappy Foxes had much rather try their teeth on the culinary productions of the mother than fall under the pitiless sword of the son.

"The same worthy was also accustomed to borrow ball-dresses, as he by no means approved of swelling the profits of tailors; and at the end of the season sent them back to their right owner in a condition fit only at the best to be forwarded to the Jew."

The promotion to the degree of the Brand Foxes is ridiculous and mad-like:—

"These have in the mean time made themselves fire-proof. They have put on great wigs of tow, thoroughly saturated with water. The moment that they appear in the hall, they are pursued by the assembled Burschen, who stand with huge spills ready lighted in their hands. Here and there fly the poor Foxes before their pursuers; who chase them like so many fiends from below with the flaming spills, and without mercy strike them

over the head and face wherever it be possible. When the paper is burnt out, the fury of the pursuers ceases also, and the Fat Foxes are advanced to the rank of Brand Foxes; a dignity which, in another half-year, they will change for that of Young Burschen."

*Shooting*, as it is called, is another characteristic but questionable pastime, at which Herr Von Plauen was an adept.

"On holy St. Nicholas's day, a worthy citizen of the place, whose little son also was called Nicholas, prepared a feast for some guests, the chief ornament of which was a goose, as fine as ever gagged and screamed in the Pfalz. The goose was carried up; the guests had not, however, yet made their appearance; but the little son was impatient, and, howling and crying, desired a slice from the goose. The father strove in vain to quiet him; he howled and cried on. 'Then,' said the old man, 'I will give the goose to the Pelznickel.' (In our country there go from house to house, on St. Nicholas's day, fellows in disguise, who inquire into the past behaviour of the children, and give to the good ones apples, nuts, and little cakes, but warn the bad and threaten them with the rod. These disguised personages are styled Pelznickel.) With the word, the old man set the dish with the goose in it on the outside of the window. This frightened the little one; he promised to be quiet if the father would take the goose in again; whereupon the father reached the dish in again, but to his astounding, the goose was gone! It was already rapidly on its way to the city of Dusseldorf, (a Wirthshaus in Heidelberg); where the Herr Von Plauen and his companions found it smack right delectably with their red wine.

"A similar passage once befell our hero in the village Sclangenbach, where he was for a long time the guest of the Amtmann. They both, he and the Amtmann, who had himself been a lusty student, made a call on the Frau Pfarrerin, the parson's lady. They talked of this and that; of husbandry, and of poultry and geese. 'Ay,' said the parson's lady, 'I have a goose hanging above, you may match it if you can. But with what care and labour have I fed it myself, and stuffed it myself with the best India corn that was to be got! But, gentlemen, you shall judge for yourselves. I invite you next Sunday to discuss this famous goose.'

"'And yet,' said Plauen, 'I will wager that the Amtmann has one that is quite as good.'

"'Impossible!' exclaimed the Frau Pfarrerin.

"'Amtmann,' rejoined Plauen, 'you won't admit that—I challenge you to invite the Frau Pfarrerin and her husband to-morrow, Saturday, also to eat a goose, and we will afterwards see which goose is the best.'

"'Done!' said the Amtmann.

"'We'll see,' said the parson's lady.

"The residence of the plucked goose was soon ascertained by the two. It was up in the chamber in the roof, where it hung and made many ornamental swings and gyrations in the wind that blew through the dormant windows. It was a ravishing sight, which the world only was allowed to enjoy for this one day. It was brought away in the night, and the next

day at noon, most deliciously dressed, was served up before the invited guests.

“ ‘ Now, how does the goose please you, Herr Pfarrer ? ’ asked Plauen.

“ ‘ My husband understands nothing of the matter, ’ interposed the Frau Pfarrerin, ‘ but I tell you the goose is good, but mine is much better. You shall convince yourselves ; that I promise you. ’

“ Alas ! the Frau Pfarrerin was not able to keep her word ; for on the morrow she became aware, to her horror, that her plucked goose had taken a greater flight than it had ever done while it was yet unplucked. ”

How such dishonest tricks can be reconciled with national feeling, love of country, elevated poetical sentiment, and the regeneration of fatherland, we leave to the consideration of transcendentalists. Still, the follies described may be exceptions, or but the reckless and exuberant diversions of young *bloods* set loose from all control, and who cherish a peculiar *esprit de corps*. But, to have done with initiations and jollities, and also the practical jokes in vogue towards the honest burghers, we conclude with some serious and historical notices of the system and the progress of German education since the period when Luther flourished :—

“ Luther arose, and with him a new order of things in the conduct of schools was called for. Many worthy schoolmasters, who had already gone forth from the pedagogic brotherhood of Gerhardus Magnus at Deventer, and from the Rhenish Society of learned men, founded by Conrad Celtes, for the restoration of classical antiquity, had prepared the way for the great reformers. How illustriously shine out in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the names of Desiderius Erasmus, Johann Reuchlin, Johann Dalberg, Rudolph Agricola, Wilibald Pirckheimer. They are like sacred signs of an approaching better time for the school affairs of the civilized world ; and they all strengthened powerfully the hands of Luther, Melancthon, Zuinglius, since they treated schools, and the whole business of education, in a magnanimous spirit. To point out the active services of these men would lead us too far ; it must suffice simply to remark that continually more, and fresh, and faithful teachers came forth, amongst whom, Johann Sturm, Valentin Friedland, also called Troizendorf, Michael Neander, Johann Casselius, and Christian Hellwich, were especially distinguished. If a great want was still here and there visible, yet the path being once broken open, a retreat was by no means to be thought of, and the discovery of Guttenberg contributed not a little to make this impossible. The labours of Wolfgang Ratich and Johann Amors Comenius are of peculiar importance, whose works are known, and in which they treat of the natural and complete development of all the powers of the human mind, especially of the understanding and the imagination. Pestalozzi’s ideas here lie in embryo before us.

“ Soon after the appearance of these men, and the springing up of schools framed according to their views, the Jesuits made every exertion to draw the management of education to themselves ; and they succeeded to a certain extent, since, with their usual political acumen, they easily saw that

it was necessary for them entirely to imitate the form and matter of the evangelical schools. But the stratagem of these satellites of the hierarchy was soon seen through, and the best consequences were to be hoped, had not the storms of the Thirty Years' War crushed so many promising germs and scattered so much beautiful fruit. School economy, during such an epoch, could only wearily maintain itself; the miserable management of ignorant teachers, the simple consequence of that fanatical rage, made the prosperity of schools a thing beyond hope. Yet this reaction actually hastened the entrance of a better spirit which soon found its warmest advocates in Fenelon, Ph. T. Spener, but especially in A. H. Franke.

"The activity of the last worthy man had an eminently auspicious influence; and other zealous characters soon enrolled themselves in the list of the friends of knowledge; as Godfried Zeidler, who simplified the mode of spelling; Valentin Hein, and Sulzer, who, in 1700-1799, introduced an improved mode of teaching arithmetic. But, unfortunately, there soon grew in the Folk's schools a deadly poison of all good—Mysticism, which was carried by the teachers to a most mischievous length. Equally blighting lay the pharisaical constraint of evangelical orthodoxy on the school system not less influentially than that of the Romish hierarchy. It was not till philanthropy raised its head in the middle of the eighteenth century, through the influence of Locke, Rousseau, and Bassetow, that the school system appeared earnestly to seek to improve itself. Locke was the first to treat with a philosophical spirit educational tuition, as a connected whole. T. P. Crousaiz followed in the same path. In Germany, the fiery Bassetow, in 1768, took up the Rousseau enthusiasm, and sought to plant the ideas of this philosopher in his native soil."

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ART. VIII.—*The Genuine Remains of Ossian, literally translated; with a Preliminary Dissertation.* By PATRICK MACGREGOR, M.A. London: Smith and Elder.

THIS translation is published under the patronage of the Highland Society of London; the only institution in England, we venture to affirm, that now feels any interest in the Ossianic controversy. We doubt indeed if there be half a dozen persons on the south side of the Tweed, and who have not Highland blood in their veins, that will voluntarily peruse Mr. Macgregor's ingenious and really able preliminary discourse on the subject. Whatever is purely Celtic has very few attractions for people who have no knowledge of the Celtic language; partly because it is remarkably barren of literature, but mainly, perhaps, in consequence of the preposterous claims put forward by the Highlanders about Ossian, about their antiquities, their independence, and so forth.

But while the apathy and discredit to which we have referred, extend over the whole of England and even the Lowlands of Scotland, the present volume affords a remarkable proof of the pertina-

city with which the Gael is ever ready to maintain the authenticity of the poems which go under the name of Ossian; no matter how stale and oft-refuted his arguments may be. Nay, the genuine advocate for these remains is very wroth when he but thinks of the indifference with which the Southern treats them, and all the strife about them. In a word, the controversy in question gives weighty testimony towards the support of Dr. Johnson's weighty words when he said, "A Scotchman must be a very sturdy moralist who does not love Scotland better than truth; he will always love it better than inquiry: and if falsehood flatters his vanity, will not be very diligent to detect it."

Besides the causes we have assigned for the indifference that prevails regarding the Ossianic controversy, there is this to be said, that since the period when Samuel Johnson and James Macpherson waged war on the subject,—thus lending to the poems a temporary and factitious celebrity,—the public mind has not shown any warm love for them as compositions, although greatly more, we think, than they intrinsically deserve. We have never been able to discover that there was half as much matter in them as sound. The heroes of them are for the most part exceedingly cold and uninteresting. They seem but, at best, to mouth inflated generalities about mountains and mists, and the fancies which a rude people would acquire and transmit, who were born and bred among the awe-inspiring scenery of the North. Are they not wonderfully destitute of universal truth and the natural painting which genius produces, so as to make every delineation strongly and finely visible to all who peruse its strokes?

True, the Celt will affirm that no one who is not acquainted with his language, and perhaps he may add, with Highland scenery, can be a competent judge of the poems. But does this not imply that either these compositions have not met with a competent translator, or that they in reality so far overstep the modesty of nature that they cannot be made pleasingly and attractively intelligible to the universal mind? To be sure Mr. Macgregor thus cleverly argues:—

"It is not at all surprising that the characters of Fingal and his heroes should excel those of romance. It is evident that the greatest genius cannot invest a fictitious hero with any quality of which he himself knows nothing. Now our real knowledge of the moral feelings is commensurate with our experience. It is plain that a man who was never under the influence of great and kindly sentiments, actually knows as little of them as a blind man does of colours. He may talk, and read, and write, concerning them; but he cannot appreciate them; and therefore they will form no part of the character of what he would consider a hero. Consequently he will not endue his great personages with such virtues, unless indeed he should attempt to do so because he may have heard these quali-

ties highly commended. In this case, it is evident there could be nothing admirable, and at the same time original, in the character of his heroes. Now, the writers of romances evidently did not know wherein true heroism consists. They appear, with few exceptions, to have been men of narrow views, and not remarkably warm hearts; men who valued rank and pomp, and external splendour, more than generous, lofty, and benevolent feelings. They had never attended closely to the workings of their own minds, nor made any extensive or close observations on those of others, as exhibited in their words and actions; and therefore they were ignorant of human nature. They observed and admired the spirit of the times, which was more akin to madness than to true greatness. They chiefly admired the spurious gallantry, the stiff courtliness, supercilious bearing, fool-hardiness, wild conceits, and dazzling armour, of the most noble and magnanimous knights, and the sickly sentimentalism, affected passions, extravagant fancies, fantastic dresses, &c., of the most gentle and heavenly dames; and they drew their characters accordingly.

“ In order to appreciate the merits of a poet like Ossian, one must not only be able to understand his metaphors, but he must have a mind which can enter into the sentiments of the author and his heroes, and sympathize with them, otherwise some of his most sublime and affecting passages will appear little better than bombast and affectation. On this account, Homer himself is much less read, and *really* admired, than many poets much inferior to him in almost everything that constitutes good poetry.”

But what better is this than assertion ingeniously buttressed, or taking for granted things upon which we are at issue with him? We return to the idea which we have already advanced, and give it as our opinion that the poems attributed to Ossian, and that the heroes of them, are not according to human or natural proportions; that is, neither they nor their sentiments are true to nature, but are monstrously distorted, and extravagantly inflated.

Having quoted a specimen of Mr. Macgregor's ingenuity, quite fitting in a controversialist, especially upon the Ossianic subject, and where candour is much less regarded than the determination to look merely to one side and lustily to fight for it, we shall present another which is still more characteristic. It regards the internal evidence of authenticity:—

“ One of the principal difficulties which an impostor would have to overcome, would be, to portray, in a lively, vigorous, easy style, the thoughts, actions, and manners of an unknown period, without betraying any marks of a different nation, age, or state of society. It often requires some genius to depict, in the most proper and vivid colours, even what we have ourselves seen or felt; and the greatest genius can only combine and arrange: he cannot create a single new, simple idea. Hence it is almost impossible for any man to give a description of an unknown state of society, which shall contain much that is original, and at the same time vivid and true to nature. There must likewise be a constant watch against



inserting anything which would detect him. This must effectually cramp both the thoughts and the style. Now it is a fact, that the style of Ossian is most simple and unembarrassed—to a degree seldom or never surpassed. His words seem to flow from him without any effort whatever; while the thoughts are often original and uncommon, and at the same time natural. Such poems, therefore, never were, and *never shall be*, composed by one who describes an unknown period, and is perpetually shackled by the dread of committing himself, either by thought or by expression.”

Capital! Why, does not the man see that the very fact of the period being unknown would be of the greatest advantage to a person who was desirous to palm on the world a forgery, or to hash up in a peculiar style the floating traditions he found in his own age? A writer of considerable poetic powers, like Macpherson, “might write such stuff for ever,” to use Johnson’s words, “if he could abandon his mind to it.”

The internal evidence in the case of the poems attributed to Ossian appears to be of the most uncertain and feeble kind. And now, when on the subject of authenticity, what other sort of proof does there exist than the said *internal*? Or is there the slightest ground for believing that any additional light will ever be adduced on the subject of any kind? To attend to the last of these questions first,—we hesitate not to assert that the time is now for ever gone to hope for any more light in a written form than that which Macpherson’s pen furnished. But further, never can oral traditions, or any new examination of the Celtic language add anything hereafter, in regard to the controversy, to what is already known. The very character of the Highlanders has been wonderfully changed since Macpherson’s time. The country has been almost Anglicized. Thousands have emigrated. Manufactures, and the arts of peace at home, independent of the military services of multitudes in foreign parts, together with a variety of other circumstances, steam-boating among the number, have destroyed the materials upon which to work with the view of eliciting the new light desired.

But what of the existing evidence upon the question whether “The Genuine Remains of Ossian,”—as Mr. Macgregor is pleased to call them, and of which he has given a translation, as did Macpherson before him,—be poems that were composed or collected by the latter? Why, it is *nil*, or next to nothing; for the “Genuine Remains,” or the poems in “Original Gaelic,” are all printed from the hand-writing of the said James Macpherson, who died in 1796; and what the value may be of an ancient “original” in *modern* manuscript in a case of controverted authenticity, we leave to others to determine. Not one of all the earnest and vigilant searches which the subject has set on foot, ever brought to light a single document to authenticate these poems. Is it necessary to add a word to the report of the Highland Society’s Committee, which was

drawn up by Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," where these words occur,—“The Committee on the whole reported that Ossianic poetry was formerly common, general, and in great abundance through the Highlands; but that they could not say how much of his collection Macpherson had obtained in the form in which he had given it to the public, and that they had not been able to obtain any one poem the same in tenour and title with those he had published:” and this report was after *eight years'* search by members of the *Highland Society*!

“Ossianic poetry was formerly common;” of this there can be no doubt. But what are we to understand by the term Ossianic? This, we opine,—that traditions regarding persons whose names were Ossian, Fingal, Oscar, Gaul, &c. have been current from a very remote period, probably from near to the beginning of the Christian era, both in Ireland and Scotland; and that the legends concerning these heroes became, at least in the latter country, the subjects of a national oral poetry,—of ballads and fictions. Macpherson did not invent the names of these heroes, nor was he the author of the legendary poetry. Far from it; for a chain of evidence exists, proving that a traditionary body of Gaelic poetry was current, at least from the tenth century downwards; which, however, must have been greatly modified, exaggerated, and distorted, as it passed from one age to another, being necessarily always influenced by the state of civilization into which it was thrown. This traditional poetry, there is every reason for believing, supplied the foundation for Macpherson's compositions. It is not possible, it is contrary to all literary history, and all analogy, to conceive that the Ossian of the present generation of Highlanders, and which is the Ossian of Macpherson, could be that of a few centuries earlier. Indeed the existing poems internally contradict the preposterous supposition; for they are in the dialect of Macpherson's own age. It could not be otherwise than that he should give, in the absence of all ancient manuscripts and authorities, whatever was Ossianic, the shape which it had assumed in modern times; his own imagination and art affecting the traditions both in style and story more or less.

We are perfectly aware that a variety of other and minor questions have engaged the controversialists on the Ossianic question; and also that the Celts not only never cease harping upon the worn-out theme, but make as much ado about any one of their many assumptions and assertions, as an impartial person would about a main point or real evidence. We have, however, recurred to the stale subject and one that the world cares not for, chiefly for the purpose of calling attention to the pertinacity of a people who are as proud of their country as they are brave, or as they were wont to be rude, ignorant, and poor.

ART. IX.—*A Concise and Practical Treatise on the Principal Diseases of the Air-passages, Lungs, and Pleura.* By ALFRED CATHERWOOD, M.D. London: Duncan.

ALTHOUGH not in a condition to pronounce a confident opinion on the professional value of Dr. Catherwood's treatise, we are perfectly safe in saying that the subjects he has taken up are of the first importance, and therefore any distinct views that may be taken of them deserve attention. We may also affirm that the manner in which the diseases of the lungs are handled in this volume before us, manifests a large acquaintance with that melancholy list of ills which the human race is heir to. Perhaps we have reason to notice the rather too apparent egotism of our author. But that is a trait characteristic of medical men; consequently it might appear to be affected if it were laid aside. But, to our business as announced, which becomes the more pleasant, seeing that the language of the book is adapted to the comprehension of the non-medical reader, and the subjects arranged so as to be most easily understood, compared and referred to.

The *first* part of the treatise is upon the diseases of the Air-passages. We cannot do better at the outset of our extracts and abstract than begin with quoting part of the chapter on Acute Mucous Catarrh. It affords a good specimen of the Doctor's manner of procedure throughout the volume, and also of the formidable ills of mortals:—

“When a mucous membrane is attacked with common inflammation—I say common, to distinguish it from specific inflammation—a catarrhal disease is produced. The word catarrh is of Greek origin, derived evidently from the verb *καταρρεω* to flow down, and was originally intended to signify the disease which in ordinary language was called a *cold*. At the present day it is applied as a generic term to three distinct species of disease; viz. catarrh of the conjunctiva, of the air-passages, and of the bladder. Its limitation by writers to the diseases here mentioned is unphilosophical, unscientific, and opposed to the principles of physiology,—principles on which nosological classification can alone be advantageously based. What reason, I may ask, is there for calling an inflammation of the mucous membrane of the vagina, leucorrhœa, while an inflammation of the same kind of membrane in the bladder is designated catarrhus vesicæ?—Certainly none. Again, What can be more absurd than Dr. Cullen's arrangement with respect to diseases of mucous membranes,—diseases which have the closest affinity to each other? The same sort of answer may be given; for we find that this celebrated Professor, and those who followed in his wake, placed some of these affections in one class and some in another, apparently without due consideration—certainly without sufficient foundation. How much more in accordance with the present advanced state of science would it be to class diseases according to the nature of the

tissue, or peculiar structure which they invade! Were this plan universally followed, the study of diseases, and the therapeutic means necessary to be adopted for their cure, would be much facilitated.

“Catarrh affecting the air-passages may be divided into the following species:—

1. Acute Mucous Catarrh.
2. Chronic Mucous Catarrh.
3. Acute Ptituitous Catarrh.
4. Chronic Ptituitous Catarrh.
5. Dry Catarrh.
6. Whooping-Cough; or, Spasmodic Catarrh.

“*Acute Mucous Catarrh.*—Of all diseases, catarrh affecting the air-passages is the most common. It attacks persons of every age, even from the cradle to the grave; both sexes, and all temperaments indiscriminately: those, however, of a bilious habit are, perhaps, more disposed to this variety of catarrh, or the acute mucous, than others. Unlike many other diseases, one invasion gives a predisposition to a second attack, and hundreds of individuals are to be found who suffer from this disease several times in the course of a year; in fact they ‘get a cold upon a cold,’ and are scarcely ever quite free from catarrh.

“*Anatomical Characters.*—Redness, more or less diffuse, and swelling of the mucous membrane, constitute the anatomical characters of this disease.

“*General, Functional, and Local Signs.*—Acute mucous catarrh is ushered in by a sensation of cold, sometimes confined to the back and loins, but more generally diffused throughout the body: in very severe cases, the onset very closely resembles the cold stage of ague; the skin becomes pale, corrugated, and rough, producing the appearance commonly called ‘goose-skin;’ the teeth chatter in the head, and the application of ordinary artificial heat seems to possess but little power in moderating the shivering. The pulse during this stage of the disorder is exceedingly weak; the debility extreme; the mind is remarkable for its listlessness, and the eye is dull and without expression. After a time, the sensation of cold gradually subsides, and is succeeded by a glow of heat. The heart beats with more force and frequency; the temporal arteries throb, and delirium occasionally supervenes. The skin becomes hot and dry; the mouth parched, and the urine high coloured.

“It has been already stated, that every part of a mucous membrane may be attacked with catarrh; for the convenience, however, of more accurately describing the functional and local signs of acute mucous catarrh affecting the air-passages, the diseases may with advantage be divided into the following varieties: viz. Mycteritis, or cold in the head; Cynanche Pharyngea; Cynanche Tonsillaris; Laryngitis; Trachitis; and Bronchitis.”

Having treated briefly in their order of these varieties, Dr. Catherwood proceeds to offer observations on Auscultation, at the same time differing in some instances from the distinguished inventor of the art. He says,—

“There is, perhaps, scarcely a disease in which percussion and auscul-

tation give more important information than that which at present occupies our attention. Without their employment the nature and extent of the disease cannot accurately be determined, for the general and functional signs are common to some other diseases of the chest; but with their aid, the signs become unequivocal, and the precise nature of the malady completely revealed.

“*Absence of the Respiratory Murmur.*—On the application of the stethoscope to the chest, an absence of the respiratory murmur may sometimes, to a larger or smaller extent, be perceived. This sign by itself is not pathognomonic, for it occurs in some other diseases of the chest, such as hepatization of the lung, the presence of a tubercular mass, an effusion into the pleura, &c.

“On percussing the part where the respiratory murmur is absent, a clear sound is elicited, which demonstrates that the cells of the lungs contain air; for if a dull sound were produced it must depend either on the absence of air from the air-cells, or pleuritic effusion. The respiratory murmur can be (in a case of acute mucous catarrh), for the most part, restored by the act of coughing to the parts from which it had disappeared, when the impediment is owing to an accumulation of mucus obstructing the bronchial tubes; if, however, the absence of the murmur be caused by a thickened state of the bronchial mucous membrane, coughing, of course, will produce no such effect.

“*Râle Sonore, Râle Sibilant, Râle Muqueux.*—The râle sonore and the râle sibilant usually appear very early in this disease, but the râle muqueux only during its second stage. The character of the râle sonore is extremely variable; sometimes it resembles the snoring of a person asleep; at other times the cooing of a wood-pigeon, or the sound produced by the fourth string of a tenor-violin; occasionally a deeper sound is heard, which has been compared to the third string of a violoncello.

“The râle sonore, when once completely established, is permanent for a considerable length of time, as it depends either on a tumefaction of the mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes, or an alteration in their form, by which a contraction of their calibre is produced. The degree of contraction may, generally, be pretty fairly estimated by the sharpness or flatness of the sound; for instance, if the sound be sharp, the tubes themselves, or their inner lining, are but little altered; if, on the other hand, the sound be flat, we may be certain that the change from their normal condition is considerable. Again, the intensity of the sound is found to vary much: it may be so feeble as to be heard only with difficulty, and in the immediate vicinity of its site; or it may be so loud as to be heard even at some distance from the patient.

“When the râle sonore occupies the tubes of both lungs, danger is to be apprehended. The râle sibilant very frequently exists with the râle sonore; it is heard only at the beginning or termination of inspiration: the character of its sound, like the râle sonore, varies much. It is usually a slight though prolonged hissing sound; sometimes it is like the chirping of birds; at other times, the click of a small valve; and occasionally it resembles the sound produced by triturating an unctuous substance in a mortar. This râle is evidently seated in the smaller bronchial

ramifications. The hissing sound was considered by Lænnec to be occasioned by a local contraction of the smaller bronchia, from thickening of their inner membrane. The other sounds are probably owing to the presence of a minute quantity of thin and viscid mucus obstructing, more or less completely, the smaller bronchial tubes. When the hissing sound is once fairly established, it usually persists for some hours: the clicking, chirping, and unctuous sounds are, however, not at all of a permanent character; for they often appear, disappear, and reappear in the short space of a few minutes, especially after a fit of coughing. Should the râle sibilant occupy the greater part of both lungs, the danger would be imminent from the small quantity of oxygen which could arrive at the air-cells to arterialize the blood.

“The râle muqueux is, in bronchitis, produced by the passage of air through mucus accumulated in the bronchial tubes. It is only heard when the secretion, which was at first suppressed, is again re-established. This râle, like the two former, is subject to great variation; it may be exceedingly feeble and audible only from time to time, or it may be so loud that it can be heard with distinctness many feet from the bed in which a patient is lying. It is then called “gargouillement.”

“If the mucous rattle be only heard at a few points of the chest, and the sound be feeble, it portends a favourable issue; if, on the contrary, the ‘gargouillement’ supervene, it indicates the greatest danger.

“*External Causes.*—The word ‘cold,’ employed to express this disease, would seem to signify that it always arose from cold. That cold is an occasional excitant cannot, for a moment, be doubted; but it would lead us to very erroneous notions to suppose that catarrh invariably, or even most frequently, derived its origin from this source: for, were this the case, the disease, common as it is, would certainly become far more common. If I were asked whether sudden changes from heat to cold, or from cold to heat, were the general exciting causes of catarrh, I should say no; otherwise men employed in gas-manufactories, glass-houses, and type-foundries, &c., would be the very persons most subject to the disease: there seems, however, very little evidence to prove that this is the fact. Again, the inhabitants of Newfoundland and of some other countries, for example, where in certain seasons the range of the thermometer varies in the course of twenty-four hours from 40° to 50° Fahr., would never be free from catarrh; while the truth is, the inhabitants of these parts do not suffer more from catarrhal affections than the natives of regions apparently more favourably located. Once more, how often are the citizens of far-famed London obliged to fly, in the course of a few seconds, from the torrid to the frigid zone; or, in other words, to leave a drawing-room, heated to nearly 70° Fahr., to occupy a bed-room cooled down, perhaps, to a temperature some way below the freezing point! As this frequently happens during severe frosts without injurious effects, we are compelled to look for other external causes, the chief of which are moisture with cold, miasm, noxious gases, and impalpable powders.”

The second branch of our doctor’s treatise is upon the direct or positive diseases of the lungs; and he thus describes one of the



most common disorders that occurs in temperate and cold climates, viz., Peripneumony, or inflammation of the lungs:—

“ *Anatomical Characters. 1st Stage, or Stage of Engorgement.*—The lung is, externally, of a livid or violet hue; internally, it is of a deep red colour; it is increased in weight and density; it crepitates when handled, but less so than healthy lungs; if divided with the scalpel, a sero-sanguineous, frothy fluid escapes in abundance; the cellular, or spongy texture of the lungs, is still visible, except where it may have passed into the second stage.

“ *2nd Stage, or Hepatization Rouge.*—In this stage, the lung is still further increased in weight and density, having a strong resemblance to liver; it no longer crepitates on pressure; its colour externally is less livid and violet than in the first stage. If cut into, the interior presents a mottled appearance. In some parts it is of a deep red colour; in others violet, or of various intermediate shades; the whole being interspersed with white and black spots, the former being caused by the divided extremities of the bronchial tubes, the latter by black pulmonary matter. On tearing a portion of hepatized lung, a granular texture is discoverable, but there is no exudation of sero-sanguineous fluid, although a reddish-coloured fluid can be scraped off with the scalpel. The portion of lung surrounding the hepatized part is sometimes in an emphysematous state. Dr. Skoda, alluding to this last condition, says, ‘Das letztere geschieht insbesondere häufig an den Rändern der Lappen.’

“ *3rd Stage: Hepatization Grise.*—The lung presents the same characters, as to weight and density, in this as in the former stage. It is now of a pale yellow, or straw colour, and its granular appearance is more conspicuous. On incising it, a yellowish opaque fluid may be collected on the knife. When the hepatization rouge is passing into the hepatization grise, yellow points of purulent matter are first seen; these gradually coalesce, and at last produce the appearance just described.

“ *4th Stage: Abscess of the Lung.*—This is an exceedingly rare termination of peripneumony—so rare, indeed, that I have as yet never seen an instance of it, either in hospital, dispensary, or private practice, during a period of fifteen years. The late Dr. Thomas Davies, alluding to its extreme rarity, remarked that he had not met with a single specimen ‘after twelve years’ habitude in post-mortem examinations.’ That Lænnec firmly believed an abscess of the lung to be an exceedingly infrequent termination of inflammation, can be perceived from the following passage extracted from his work:—‘One of the best proofs (says he) which I can give of the rarity of abscess of the lungs is derived from this fact, that, notwithstanding the zeal with which morbid anatomy has been cultivated in France during the last twenty-years, I know of only two well-authenticated instances of this affection besides those above mentioned.’ He refers to several cases which occurred in 1823, during the prevalence of a peculiar medical constitution.

“ When inflammation of the lung terminates in abscess, the abscess is seldom large and solitary, but, on the contrary, small collections of pus are usually met with in various parts of the lung. The parietes of these

abscesses are formed of pulmonary tissue, filled with purulent infiltration, and in a state of soft detritus, or disorganization.

*“Duration of Peripneumony.”*—The duration of the different stages of this disease depends in a great measure on the age, temperament, and mode of life of the patient, and on the nature of the epidemic, if one prevail. The first stage may last only a few hours before signs of hepatization become manifest, or it may prove fatal without running into the second stage. In general, the stage of engorgement persists from twelve hours to two or three days; that of hepatization rouge from one to three or four days; and that of hepatization grise from two days to a week.”

Pulmonary consumption is stated to have carried off prematurely “no fewer than one-fourth of the inhabitants of Europe.” Ah! what an appalling army. We ourselves have seen, and been *bosomly* connected with the victims of this fell instrument of the Almighty’s wisdom, in thinning the ranks of human kind. How ghastly in one sense; but how preparative in another! To our extract, and then to a sentiment:—

*“Anatomical Characters.”*—The anatomical characters of tubercular deposit may be considered with advantage under two divisions,—1. Isolated tubercular matter; 2. Infiltrated tubercular matter.

*“Isolated Tubercular Matter.”*—There are three varieties of isolated tubercular matter; viz. 1. Common tubercle; 2. Tubercular granulations; 3. Encysted tubercle.

*“Variety 1. Common Tubercle: First Stage.”*—When a portion of lung, in the immediate vicinity of a large opaque tubercle, is minutely examined, it will frequently be found studded with exceedingly small bodies, having a gelatinous appearance and pearly lustre. Their colour is greyish, with a tinge of red; their form is roundish, or somewhat angular; and they adhere by minute filaments to the adjacent parts. They may be seated in the air-cells, or cellular tissue separating these. When incised, not a trace of blood-vessels is discoverable, and they seem perfectly homogeneous.

*“Second Stage.”*—Tubercles in this stage are characterised by granules, almost colourless, or of a greyish hue, roundish form, and semi-transparent; their hardness is considerable, approaching that of cartilage; and they adhere, with great firmness, to the adjacent pulmonary tissue; their size is pretty accurately represented by seeds of millet, and they have therefore been termed ‘miliary tubercles.’ They may be few in number, or both lungs may be completely studded with them.

*“Third Stage.”*—In this stage, the tubercles become enlarged by deposits on their external surface, and they frequently coalesce, and form irregular masses of very variable size. While these changes are going on, a small yellow speck is seen, generally near the centre of each tubercle, but sometimes at the circumference; this gradually spreads, and finally involves the whole tubercle. Tubercles in this stage are called ‘crude.’

*“Fourth Stage: Period of Softening.”*—At whatever part of a tubercle the yellow spot first made its appearance—whether at the centre or cir-

cumference—that part is the first softened. The softening progressively extends through the whole substance of the tubercle.

“The degenerated or softened matter, appears under two forms; sometimes (especially in scrofulous habits) it is soft and pliable, of a cheesy consistence, mixed with a small quantity of a straw-coloured semi-transparent fluid, occasionally tinged with red; at other times it closely resembles thick pus; it is of a yellow colour, and inodorous.

“The softened tubercular matter finally bursts into the neighbouring bronchial tubes, becomes evacuated, and leaves a true tubercular excavation. This excavation is frequently crossed by bands of pulmonary substance crowded with tubercles still in the crude state, and also by blood-vessels of considerable size, but never by bronchial tubes; the blood-vessels are, however, generally forced to the sides of the excavation, and not completely obliterated.

“If an excavation exist, destitute of these intersections, it is termed an ‘unilocular tubercular excavation;’ if only one band cross the cavity dividing it into two parts, the excavation is then called ‘bilocular tubercular excavation;’ and, lastly, if the cavity be intersected by many bands, it receives the name of ‘multilocular tubercular excavation.’

“*Variety 2. Tubercular Granulations.*—This variety of tubercles, which is extremely rare, was first accurately described by Bayle. Tubercular granulations generally exist in countless numbers; they are about the size of millet seeds, of a round or ovoid figure, and extremely uniform in their appearance; they are either colourless, or of a grey hue, and transparent; occasionally they form masses of considerable size, but never coalesce, for on incising a mass each granule is found separated from those adjacent by cellular substance either perfectly healthy, or only slightly congested. In the centre of each granule is usually to be seen a dark-coloured spot, which disappears as the granule enlarges. Jaundice, according to Lænnec, stains the granules yellow, and gangrene imparts to them a brownish or dirty brown colour.

“Tubercular granulations, and the other varieties of tubercle, like the common tubercle, have their periods of crudity and softening; sometimes, however, they destroy life before the latter period arrives.

“*Variety 3. Encysted Tubercle.*—This variety of tubercle is still more rare than tubercular granulations,—so rare indeed, that the generality of physicians pass through life without meeting with a single specimen of it. Louis, the most indefatigable morbid anatomist who ever lived, never met with but one instance during the course of his dissections, which extended through a period of many years; and Lænnec confesses to have seen but four or five cases.

“The cysts which contain the tubercles are of a semi-cartilaginous texture. On the inside they are smooth, polished, and rugous, and adhere but slightly to the enclosed tubercular matter; externally they are firmly attached to the pulmonary tissue in which they are imbedded.

“*2. Infiltrated Tubercular Matter.*—Tuberculous infiltration sometimes exists without the development of tubercles, but this is exceedingly rare: in general it is found encircling tuberculous cavities. This, like the common tubercle, has its four stages, viz. the first, or gelatiniform; the second, in

which the tuberculous matter becomes almost as firm as cartilage : the third, or crude stage ; and the fourth, or period of softening. When the tuberculous infiltration is examined during the second stage, it is seen in masses of very variable size, dense, humid, homogeneous, and of a greyish colour, with some degree of transparency, not a trace of organization being discoverable. As the third period approaches, minute yellow spots are recognised ; these spots gradually augment, till the whole mass be converted into yellow tuberculous matter, which finally softens, and is evacuated.

“ Whether tubercular matter appear under the form of isolated tubercular matter, or infiltrated tubercular matter, its various stages may exist at the same time ; thus, in the same lung, one crop may appear softened, another crude, and finally, another gelatinous.”

Consumption, the direst of diseases in one sense, the most merciful in another, deserves to be contrasted in a spirit of Christian philosophy, which is neither difficult of being conceived, nor to be felt as more than theoretical,—as immediately practical. To be sure, its steps if generally slow are sure ; and then it is so deceptive, not merely by its insinuating progress, but by the fascination which it throws around the soul, that it may be regarded as a special enemy. Still, if one will comprise within the circuit of his observations and emotions the passages, the offices, the opportunities which *decay* begets and presents, he cannot as a mortal being, with an hereafter before him, but pronounce the most insidious of diseases as a harbinger of good tidings, a messenger of love. Just think of the numbers that note the condition of the patient who may be mellowing into holiness, and preaching by his looks and his gradual decline, if not by his affecting speech, the best and most impressive of all lessons ! Or, if he still pertinaciously cling to a false and flattering hope, it is seldom that this does not call forth serious reflection and discourse on the part of those around him. Very probably some devout person frequently visits the dying man, and an entire family are hearers of the prayers and aspirations which sickness suggests ; and therefore it becomes far better to dwell in, or to repair to the house of mourning than the house of mirth and thoughtlessness. In a word, is not *consumption* the most interesting of all the mortal ailments, of all those troubles which are destined to end in death,—the most interesting because the most instructive ? There may be cause for welcoming the fallacy under which the patient labours until he is on the very threshold of the grave ; for he may nevertheless be ripe for heaven. But the more frequent duty of relatives and bosom friends is to guide his mind to the scene that must sooner or later terminate his earthly existence ; and the earlier this direction is attempted, requiring as it must ever do delicacy and judgment, the less bitter will be the portion that is thrown into the cup of life, and the more salutary the results. There is a great mistake often committed on the part of friends

striving to keep the image of death from the contemplation of the dying. In the course of the disease under consideration the kindest thing generally that can be thought of is to begin with explicitness, and proceed with candour; and if this is done with tenderness, and with as little of gloom as possible, a fine species of sentiment is generated,—a sort of poetic religion, which is absolutely lovely and engaging. But it may seem, if we continue thus to speak, that we are stepping beyond our depth, and usurping the priesthood's office; and therefore we shall conclude the homily by stating that it was rather with a view to mark the philosophy in a moral sense of one of the most frequent fatal maladies to which the inhabitants of our clime are subject, than to become the ghostly lecturer, that we uttered these sentences.

The Third Part of Dr. Catherwood's treatise is devoted to a consideration of the diseases of the Pleura; *acute pleurisy* being the subject of the first chapter. The points more particularly noticed are the Anatomical Characters, False Membranes, Membranous Bands, Fibro-Cartilage, Gangrene of the Pleura—General, Functional, and Local Signs, &c. We extract what he delivers on some of these topics, and with this conclude:—

“*Anatomical Characters.*—The inflamed serous membrane is either studded by a great number of red points, which occupy its entire thickness, or appear seated immediately under it, the intervening spaces retaining their normal hue, or it is of a diffused red colour. The maculated appearance is the result of a transudation of blood after death; for when an inflammation of a serous membrane has been produced artificially, the redness has been invariably uniform. Sometimes, though rarely, the inflamed membrane is slightly thickened.

“Inflammation of the pleura is always followed by an effusion of a transparent fluid, generally of a slightly yellow tinge, but occasionally of a reddish hue; this arises from an admixture of blood. The quantity of fluid secreted depends on the severity of the attack: in mild cases, the amount of fluid is trivial; in cases of the opposite description, it is frequently sufficiently great to alter the form of the chest on the affected side. The lung is then compressed and flattened, almost completely destitute of air, and of course unable to perform its functions. The heart, if the effusion be on the left side, may be forced towards the right; if however, the effusion have occurred on the right side, it may be forced still further to the left. The diaphragm has often been impeded in its action by the abundance of the effused fluid, and the stomach and liver have occasionally been forced downwards.

“The yellowish coloured transparent fluid described above, after a little time becomes turbid, and minute albuminous filaments make their appearance: these gradually coalesce, and are at last precipitated on the surface of the pleura; a false membrane, as it is termed, is thus formed, its extent always bearing a proportion to the intensity of the inflammation. While

these precipitations are going on, the effusion frequently becomes perfectly opaque, and assumes a puriform character.

*“ False Membranes.*—False membranes are usually of a yellowish-white colour, soft, and vary in thickness from half a line to two lines. When first deposited, their thickness is always inconsiderable; but they gradually become thicker by subsequent precipitations. Their surface is by no means smooth and uniform; this arises from an unequal deposition of albuminous filaments in different places; sometimes it has an irregular reticulated appearance, and occasionally it seems studded by large granulations.

*“ Membranous Bands.*—Membranous bands frequently unite the false membrane covering the pulmonary pleura to the false membrane investing the costal pleura. These bands are perfectly similar in appearance and properties to the false membranes themselves, and like them, after a time, usually become organised, and are finally converted into a substance identical with cellular tissue.

*“ Fibro-Cartilage.*—When the false membranes and bands do not pass into the cellular or serous tissue just described, they are for the most part converted into a substance denominated fibro-cartilage, and it is during this transition that the ribs approach each other, and the chest becomes narrowed.

*“ Gangrene of the Pleura.*—Inflammation of the pleura sometimes, but very rarely, terminates in gangrene. For the most part, this disease arises from the bursting of a gangrenous abscess of the lung into the pleura; occasionally, it has supervened to a chronic pleurisy.

*“ Gangrene of the pleura* is generally of small extent, but cases are sometimes met with, showing the disease to have been very diffuse. It usually presents itself under the form of circumscribed spots or stains of a dirty brown or green colour, emitting an intolerably fetid odour, closely resembling that of brain in a state of decomposition. The parts involved in the gangrene are soft and pliable, and easily break down under the fingers when handled.

*“ The gangrene* is not confined to the pleura, but attacks the false membranes and bands. Sometimes, on the separation of a gangrenous eschar from the pulmonary pleura, a communication is formed between the cavity of the pleura and one or more bronchial tubes; and occasionally, when the costal pleura has been the seat of the disease, the entire parietes of the chest have been perforated.

*“ General, Functional, and Local Signs.*—Acute pleurisy is ushered in by febrile symptoms of greater or less intensity, in proportion to the severity of the attack. The shivering at the onset of the disease is usually well marked; this is followed by a severe inflammatory fever.

*“ Pain.*—‘*Elapsis pauculis horis (to use the words of the immortal Sydenham) licet aliquando multo serius ingruat symptoma hoc, æger vehementi dolore, eoque punctorio, in laterum alterutro circa costas corripitur, qui nunc versus omoplatas, nunc spinam, nunc ex adverso versus anteriora pectoris se propagat.*’ There is no doubt that the description just quoted is extremely accurate, but it must not be supposed that pain is a constant symptom in pleurisy. Lænnec met even with acute cases where it was wanting, and I have repeatedly seen the effects of intense



pleurisy in my post-mortem examination of persons who during life had never complained of any acute pain in the chest.

“Whenever pain is present in pleurisy, it is invariably augmented by inspiration, notwithstanding, as Dr. Berends has correctly observed, it is principally performed by the diaphragm. The pain is also aggravated by coughing; so much so, indeed, that the patient always represses his cough as much as possible; and when he can no longer avoid coughing, he places his hands instinctively on his chest, to render it as immovable as possible; his sufferings are thereby much mitigated.

“The pain in pleurisy is generally confined to the seat of the inflammation; it sometimes, however, migrates, and occasionally is met with on the side opposite to that involved in the disease. Cases of the latter description are extremely rare, and can only be accounted for by reference to the sympathy which exists between tissues similarly organized.

“Pain is sometimes caused by pressure in the intercostal spaces; this, according to Lænnec, arises from a rheumatic complication.

The learned Forbes differs from Lænnec, and informs us that his experience leads him to consider a tenderness of the intercostal spaces on pressure as far from unusual in acute pleurisy.

“It is generally easy to distinguish pleuritic pain from either rheumatic or nervous pain. Rheumatic pain seldom attacks the chest without attacking other parts at the same time; it is also very much increased by calling into action the muscles of the part affected; moreover, it is superficial. Nervous pain is of a darting kind, occurs in paroxysms of very variable duration, and is unaccompanied by fever.”

ART. X.—*The Pictorial History of England during the Reign of George the Third.* By GEORGE L. CRAIK and CH. MACFARLANE. Knight and Co.

THE present is the first volume of the supplementary section of this excellent and beautiful history. It brings the narrative down to 1785. The six preceding volumes commenced with the earliest times of which any historical records exist, closing with the death of the Second George; a good and well-defined resting-place, and leaving off at the opening of a remarkable era in our annals, and in the history of the world.

The plan of the work, in so far as the letter-press is concerned, is to divide the history into books, and each of these, again, into seven chapters,—the first being a narrative of civil and military events—the second, a disquisition on religion—the third, a review of the laws and constitution of each period—the fourth treats of the state and progress of industry—the fifth takes up literature and the fine arts—the sixth gives the manners of the people—and the seventh the condition of society.

Each one of these chapters is executed with ability; exhibiting

much care, and, when necessary, the results of patient research. In some of them very eminent talent appears. For example, the strictly historical narrative of affairs in the former volumes, as well as in the present supplementary portion, is not only an original piece of writing, but of a sterling quality,—full, liberal, and candid. We should say that in several respects this is the best narrative of the events which exists in our language. The chapter on literature will strike any competent judge as being of first-rate value; certain branches appearing to be peculiarly suited to the habits and studies of one or other of the authors. In the course of the work the aid of several gentlemen has been called in. Thus architecture, music, manners, and costume have each found a writer who is particularly familiar with the branch allotted to him.

But the great feature of this history is its pictorial illustrations, which are multitudinous and excellent as specimens of art; in short, in the style of the best and most celebrated of Mr. Knight's numerous illustrated works. And a slight consideration will lead any person to the conviction that pictorial art can hardly be more fitly applied than towards the illustration of history. Let it not be thought that these means are beneath the dignity of history, or that the philosophy of this exalted branch of literature has no need of such helps. Without such aids many things cannot be described so as to convey a lively and true impression to the mind; and what sort of dignity and philosophy is it that would refuse instruction and information? Nay, the pictorial representation of something that was of quite an ordinary and not very important character in its day, and which has gone quite out of fashion, may enable a person not merely to form a perfectly correct notion of its nature, but other weighty and concomitant objects or facts may derive valuable light by such means. The writing and the engraving reciprocate this light. How, for instance, can an accurate popular idea be formed of the architecture and the furniture of past periods by merely reading a technical description of such things? The same question applies to machinery, to dress, to amusements, to implements of war, and so forth. Every one is not an antiquarian; all have not access to museums and expensive collections. And does not the eye reap satisfaction when it scans the likeness of historical characters, and also acquire through such means more distinct notions than any description can yield. The pencil not only individualizes, but in a moment reveals what the pen can never so clearly convey. The very fac-similes of the writings of distinguished persons gratify the mind; even a signature accomplishes this. When, then, we state that besides a vast number and variety of these illustrations, constituting a fine and intelligible commentary upon much that would be otherwise obscure, we have, in the present publication, also a written history, in which the authors have

anxiously availed themselves of the mass of memoirs, letters, and other materials that have in recent years accumulated amazingly, and that they have also with remarkable diligence and candour sifted and weighed the narratives of former historians, our readers may perceive that the *Pictorial History of England* is both excellent and beautiful; while to the general reader it supplies instruction and entertainment which are accessible to a comparative few only.

There is no period in our annals which demands more urgently a good history than the reign of George the Third. That reign was so protracted, the events which marked it were so mighty, and so many great men arose during its vicissitudes, not to speak of the deep questions of policy which were agitated, and the new doctrines entertained, that a sterling and temperate work, embracing the entire field, was as much to be desired as it was difficult to do it justice. Such a work, we are satisfied, is now in the course of completion; the writers of it approaching the task with the advantages which the preceding elaborate volumes necessarily furnished.

A work of the present description does not admit of an account or an analysis much more particular than what we have already given. Neither need we draw upon it at any considerable length for extracts. We shall merely in an anecdote or two, containing at the same time some notices which indicate the habits of society at particular times, fill up a page or so. The first concerns Sir Joshua Reynolds:—

“He returned to England in 1752, and the first reception of his works speaks volumes on the perversion of taste with which he had to combat, and which he had the glory of combating so successfully. The artists were of course the foremost to denounce the heresy against the established and orthodox mode of portrait-painting which was implied in the boldness and freedom of his conceptions and the brilliancy of his colouring. His old master, Hudson, was the first to exclaim. Having looked for some time at a portrait which Reynolds had painted, and seeing probably nothing of his own manner left, he cried out, ‘By G—, Reynolds, you don’t paint so well as you did!’ Ellis, a face-maker who had studied under Kneller, remonstrated on his imprudence: ‘Ah! Reynolds, this will never do: why, you don’t paint the least like Sir Godfrey!’ The painter argued the point with his senior, who at length walked out of the room in astonishment, exclaiming, ‘Shakspeare in poetry, and Kneller in painting,—damme!’”

The two passages which we now copy out have Dr. Johnson for their hero:—

“A list of the friends and familiar associates of Dr. Johnson furnishes a lively idea of the variety of characters who might have been mixed together at this time in the ordinary intercourse of middle-class society; some of them properly belong to the upper classes, yet, as they mingled with

those of which we are now speaking on a familiar footing, they could not be omitted without leaving the picture incomplete. There were of this foreign admixture,—Lord Orrery, Lord Lucan, a bishop or two, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, and some others of the same class. Then came Mr. Thrale, a brewer, but a man of Oxford education, and a member of parliament; and Mrs. Macauley, sister of Mr. Sawbridge; the leading booksellers and printers; Sir Joshua Reynolds, Nollekens, Burney, Hawkins, Burke, Garrick, Goldsmith, and other artists and authors; Warren Hastings, Lord Clive, and other fortunate adventurers from the East Indies; lawyers and clergymen; Dr. Bathurst and several of the most eminent physicians; Mr. Ryland, a merchant on Tower-hill; Mr. Diamond, apothecary, in Cork street, Burlington gardens; Mrs. Gardiner, ‘wife of a tallow-chandler on Snow-hill, not in the learned way, but a worthy good woman;’ his humble friend Levett, and other of this lowest class in the middle classes.”

Again,—

“One evening, at the (Ivy lane) club, Johnson proposed to us the celebrating the birth of Mrs. Lennox’s first literary child, as he called her book, by a whole night spent in festivity. Upon his mentioning it to me, I told him I never sat up a whole night in my life; but, he continuing to press me, and saying that I should find great delight in it, I, as did all the rest of our company, consented. The place appointed was the Devil Tavern, and there, about the hour of eight, Mrs. Lennox and her husband, and a lady of her acquaintance, as also the club, and friends, to the number of nearly twenty, assembled. The supper was elegant, and Johnson had directed that a hot apple-pie should make a part of it, and this he would have stuck with bay-leaves, because, forsooth, Mrs. Lennox was an authoress, and had written verses; and further, he had prepared for her a crown of laurel, with which, but not till he had invoked the Muses by some ceremonies of his own invention, he encircled her brows. The night passed, as must be imagined, in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled at different periods with the refreshments of coffee and tea. About five Johnson’s face shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade; but the greater part of the company had deserted the colours of Bacchus, and were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day began to dawn. This phenomenon began to put us in mind of our reckoning; but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep, that it was two hours before a bill could be had, and it was not till near eight that the creaking of the street door gave signal for our departure.’ In another of Johnson’s tavern scenes, we find two women and a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Maxwell, who tells the anecdote:—‘Two young women from Staffordshire visited him when I was present, to consult him on the subject of Methodism, to which they were inclined. ‘Come,’ said he, ‘you pretty fools, dine with Maxwell and me at the Mitre, and we will talk over that subject;’ which they did, and after dinner he took one of them upon his knee and fondled her for half an hour together.”

One specimen more,—

“ In the Annual Register for 1765 it is emphatically stated in the notice of the election of Stephen Theodore Jansen, Esq., to be chamberlain of the city of London, that ‘ he was the first sheriff for a long time that ventured to see justice executed at Tyburn, even in cases that seemed to require it most, without the aid of a military force.’ In 1763 we learn from the same work that, ‘ as soon as the execution of several criminals, condemned at last sessions at the Old Bailey, was over at Tyburn, the body of Cornelius Saunders, executed for stealing about £50 out of the house of Mrs. White, in Lamb-street, Spitalfields, was carried and laid before her door ; where, great numbers of people assembling, they at last grew so outrageous that a guard of soldiers was sent for to stop their proceedings, notwithstanding which they forced open the door, fetched out all the salmon-tubs, most of the household furniture, piled them on a heap and set fire to them, and, to prevent the guard from extinguishing the flames, pelted them off with stones, and would not disperse till the whole was consumed.’ Next year a similar scene was enacted :—‘ The criminal, condemned for returning from transportation at this sessions, and afterwards executed, addressed himself to the populace at Tyburn, and told them he could wish they would carry his body and lay it at the door of Mr. Parker, a butcher in the Minories, who it seems was the principal evidence against him : which being accordingly done, the mob behaved so riotously before the man’s house that it was no easy matter to disperse them.’ In lighter matters the easily assembled and excited commonalty of London seems to have been animated with a reckless self-willed spirit of contradiction. Nothing delighted it so much as to take the punishment of a pickpocket or similar delinquent into its own hands, and duck the offender ; except, perhaps, to rescue its victim from the police, if they chanced in some moment of unwonted vigilance to lay hold of him, and, offended at the interference of the officers of regular justice with those of irregular justice, to allow him to escape.”

ART. XI.—*Memoirs of Madame Lafarge*. Written by herself. 2 vols. Colburn.

THE notoriety which the writer of these volumes has acquired among the *causes célèbres*, and the temporary interest which her trials for the foulest crimes created throughout Europe, warrant a notice in our journal of her *Memoirs* now that they have appeared in an English dress, and the more especially seeing that the work is addressed to “ The Ladies of England.” This dedication is so characteristic that we at once copy it out. “ *To the Ladies of England*.—Go, O my thoughts ! towards that free and lovely isle, which has sympathised for misfortune, which will have belief for truth : go, and bear my thanks to the noble daughters of England, who have mixed their tears with my tears : carry my benedictions to those wives, virtuous

enough to believe in virtue ; strong enough, perhaps, openly to absolve a poor, condemned woman. Noble ladies, who are the happiness of those whom your hearts have chosen, the joys of your children, the glories of your homes, when I come to you, do not repulse me : let the sorrows of the prisoner mix themselves with your blessed and well-loved life ; give a tear to her griefs, absolution to her faults : let your faith protect her innocence on earth : let your prayers mount for her towards heaven.—Marie Cappelle.

“ Prison of Tulle, 14th Sept. 1841.”

But, independent of the interest which the trials and Memoirs of this misguided and no doubt very guilty but clever woman have created, there is a useful text of which they may be regarded as a lively and powerful exposition. It is not alone because the book is one which relates strange incidents, describes extraordinary scenes, and introduces a great variety of characters, although frequently neither the one nor the other of these classes of subjects has any immediate connection with the writer's purpose of whitewashing herself in the eyes of the world, that we speak of the work as being calculated to teach an important lesson. What we particularly mean is this, that it not only furnishes striking proofs that French manners and sentiments are exceedingly at variance with those which obtain in this country ; but that it would be a most imprudent act if we should attempt to imitate our lively neighbours, or to exchange our grave and becoming habits for their frivolity and morbid affections.

We have seldom had stronger illustrations than those which occur in these volumes of the defective nature of education, especially female education in the genteel and aristocratic circles of France. Their code of morals, of manners, and of sentimentality appears, if not in many respects to be positively vicious, at least to offer to such a being as the writer of these Memoirs the most convenient opportunities for the breaches of sound principles and delicate feelings, which the young and susceptible are naturally too much inclined to commit. There are in truth many passages in this publication which it would be dangerous for a girl to read, and to admire or study ; and therefore it is to be hoped that with other serious warnings which are frequently afforded by the fate of the young ladies who are sent to France to acquire the utmost polish and the most attractive graces, this book may have its uses in the hands of parents. One perusal will impress such persons with salutary convictions of the sort referred to, and perhaps save some headstrong Marie Cappelle, who, however, appears to have been endowed with certain lofty and generous sentiments, from the depths of infamy to which she has sunk.

This woman was born in 1816, her family being connected with several eminent persons, and in possession of what may be called a baronial inheritance ; and her Memoirs commence with the begin-



ing of her existence, reaching down to the period when gross errors and heinous crimes were the cause of her being bereft of liberty. Her narrative is both minute and discursive, exculpatory and cunningly framed. But we have no intention either to accompany the Memoirs regularly, or to do more than quote some passages which convey a few pictures of French female education, and of French society. The following specimen of philosophy and also of adventure is significant :—

“Between young girls the confidence of a secret is as important, as it is solemn for her who receives that confidence. It is an initiation to the mysteries of the soul and to the mysteries of devotion. It is, in some degree, an entrance into the paradise of her dreams; a little conspiracy against the absolute power of her family, which would retain its monopoly over her thoughts without relinquishing its monopoly of lectures. In short, it is something sacred, which makes the heart beat high; it is something forbidden, which causes it to tremble.—Marie now recounted to me, in a whisper, that, one day at the beginning of winter, having gone on foot with her maid to make some purchases, she had been obliged to enter an omnibus to seek shelter from the rain. A glove of the most orthodox yellow tint, having been tendered to facilitate her ascent, she raised her eyes, charged with thanks, to that amiable glove, when she saw that it belonged to a young man of unexceptionable form and person, who had the manners of a gentleman and the air of a nobleman. The Rue St. Honoré is very long, and it was necessary to traverse it throughout in order to regain the Rue d'Angoulême, during which time both parties examined each other, and enabled each other to divine that the result was perfectly satisfactory. Marie, in negligently playing with her handkerchief, permitted her pretty name, embroidered there at length, and surmounted with a countess's coronet, proud and coquettish, to be seen. The stranger, on receiving some villanous large sous in change from a new and brilliant piece of silver, disdainfully desired the conductor to release him from that disagreeable burden, and to scatter them among some beggars. At last, when Marie desired to descend, he descended first, again offered her his hand, then, having respectfully saluted her, remained immovable in the midst of the rain and the mud, to protect her with his eyes, until the moment when the great door of her *hôtel* was closed between her and him.”

Here is another :—

“The grand relations of the family of Montaigu were sent for, to give to the pretty little boy his name and his qualification of Christian; but as they could not quit Paris to baptize the little marmot, my uncle begged M. Ch—— to represent his father-in-law, and I had the honour of representing the godmother.—‘Do you know the necessary forms for this ceremony?’ said my aunt, laughing, to him. ‘Not at all,’ replied the godfather. Then, turning to me, he asked me to assist him, and to teach him *his prayers*. I sat down on a couch in the drawing-room; he seated himself on a low chair just at my feet, took my large mass-book, and the lesson

commenced. I said the prayers over to him, and he repeated them after me. When we came to the salutation of the angel, he took a long time to learn it, a long time to repeat it ; and as we finished he opened the book at the mass of marriage, and tore out the two leaves, as he said, ' You will not be able to read that again without me.' "

Madame's education was conducted for a time at St. Denis, and her reception in Paris served afterwards to *finish* her. She appears to have had a great deal of her time divided between the gaieties which dancing and promenades presented, and attendance upon the services of the church ; the latter having lent her opportunities for assignations and amours that were fully as convenient and welcome as were the more legitimate occasions for love-making. Here, for example, is a characteristic sentiment. " For health, a promenade in the Champs Elysées at two o'clock : for salvation, a prayer at St. Philippe." She says that her mother had often repeated to her that she was ugly ; but that one day when a certain gentleman had kissed her hand, she was so astonished, so vain, and so pleased, that she thanked him. Many such entries occur which indicate traits of character. She assures her readers also that she harboured strong affections for her relatives. Perhaps it was as she represents ; and such an apparent contradiction with the manner in which she treated her husband may be reconcileable in the case of a being that was the subject of the most violent impulses. Certainly, according to her own story, she was capable of acting in the most extravagant manner towards M. Lafarge ; nor would the crime of poisoning him in the protracted and insidious way charged, appear to involve such inconsistency of nature as she seeks to demonstrate. Into that tragic story we shall not however go ; but instead of its disgusting and awful details extract some other extraordinary particulars :—

" M. Lafarge came to seek us : he tried to seat me on his knees ; and as I repulsed him with a positive refusal, he said aloud, laughing, that I only knew how to recline in a *tête-à-tête*. ' Mamma,' he added, ' you do not know how she loves me, that little *canne*. Come, my duck, own that you are devilishly fond of me.' At the same time, to suit the action to the word, he clasped my waist, pinched my nose, and embraced me. My pride revolted at these words and actions, and I felt myself bursting with indignation as I listened to the endearing names, which classified me so politely with so many animals. No longer able to support this torture, I pretended excessive fatigue, letters to write, and retired to my chamber, where I locked myself in with Clementine. My chamber, as large as the drawing-room, was wholly unfurnished : two beds, four chairs, and one table, hermit-like, occupied its vast solitude. I asked for an inkstand ; they brought me a broken sweetmeat-jar, in which a morsel of cotton was swimming in grey water, an old pen, and paper blue as the sky. Clementine wished to undress me—it was impossible for me to rest in my bed. I made her lie down near me—for it appeared to me that, even sleeping, that

good creature would be my safeguard,—and I attempted to write: I could not command an idea—I was crushed by a terrible deceit! I recoiled at the idea of so soon causing so much sorrow to my friends—my tenderness refused to tell them half my anguish—my pride so soon to play the part of victim. A hundred leagues separated us. Long days must pass ere I could bring them to my side. What would become of me during these long days? What should I do? My God! what should I do? The grey colour of the heavens, darkening as night approached, added to the indignation which filled me at the deceit I suffered from—the greater and more repugnant fear of the nocturnal *tête-à-tête*, which I dreaded so much, and could no longer shun. I have never known hatred: but when my heart is wounded, I am powerless to master my indignation. At that moment I should have sickened if M. Lafarge had kissed my hand—in his arms I should have perished. Suddenly my part was taken—I resolved to leave him—to fly to the end of the world; but especially not to pass the night within these dismal walls. That firm resolve rendered me a little calmer; but a means of executing it must yet be found. My imagination came to my aid; I resolved to obtain from M. Lafarge himself an order to depart—to wound his pride, his jealousy, and his honour; to render a reconciliation impossible—to tell him that I did not love him; to tell him that I loved another, and that, violating my recent oaths, I had seen his rival at Orleans and at Uzerche. In short, to tell him that all my married thoughts had been adulterous! Never could I have dared use that frightful word—never could I have repeated aloud so many humiliating lies; but the paper blushed not, and I trusted it, in all the bitterness of my heart, with the care of my deliverance. Having written several pages, I wished to reperuse my letter: its energy appalled me, but I saw that I was saved. After reading it, they might kill me, but it was impossible to retain me, or to pardon. They came to call me. I placed the letter in the folds of my girdle. I was calm, because my will was strong; and I had the invincible courage of the warrior who has set fire to his vessel that he may hope alone for victory or death. All the inhabitants of Glandier were present in the dining-room—the dinner was long: the evening even longer. The affectionate manner of Madame Lafarge, and the attentive care of Madame Buffière, added to my sufferings. I tried to be amiable. I would have shown myself sensible of their kindness, during the last moments of our companionship. I was troubled and ashamed to return upon them so soon all the ill they had made me suffer during the three last days. Every time that I felt myself grow pale or weak—every time that the monotonous tone of the clock told me the dreaded hour drew nearer, I pressed the letter to my breast, and as I listened to the crackling of the paper, I seemed to hear it murmur, ‘I watch: fear nothing.’ Ten struck. M. Lafarge interrupted a business-conversation which had occupied all his attention for some hours, a conversation in *patois*, carried on more especially with his brother-in-law, but in which others of the family occasionally joined. I did not attempt to comprehend their strange idiom, but I could not avoid a profound feeling of sadness in listening to a tongue which was not that of the country. ‘Come, let us to rest, my wife,’ said M. Lafarge, drawing me by the waist along with him. ‘Give me, I con-

jure you, a few minutes to myself in my chamber,' I answered. 'Another whim!' he replied; 'but I yield to it, and for the last time.' I entered my chamber, summoned Clementine, and giving her the letter, begged her immediately to give it to M. Lafarge. At her return I drew the bolt, and cast myself sobbing in her arms. The good girl, dreadfully frightened, addressed a thousand questions to me; and I had scarcely strength to explain to her my despair, the letter I had written, and my resolution to leave the same evening. Clementine was terrified by this confidence, and supplicated me to endure all for a few days: to send for my family, and not expose myself to be killed by my husband in a moment of wrath. They struck loudly on the door: I refused to open it; and, kneeling by my bed, I wept. A more energetic summons restored my self-possession. I told Clementine to leave me alone—to open the door; and retired into the embrasure of a window which was open. M. Lafarge entered in a fearful state. He addressed to me the most outrageous reproaches; told me that I should not leave him; that he needed a wife; that he was not rich enough to purchase a mistress; that, lawfully his, I should be his in fact. He wished to approach and seize me. I told him coldly that if he touched me, I would leap from the window; that I recognised in him the power to kill, but not to pollute me. On seeing my paleness and energetic despair, he recoiled, and called his mother and sister, who were in the neighbouring chamber. They surrounded me, weeping; prayed me to pity their poor Charles, for the sake of their honour and their happiness, which I was about to destroy. M. Lafarge also cast himself at my knees; and my courage, firm enough to contend with injuries softened into tears at the voice of their sorrow and their prayers. I answered, that I could easily pardon the odious lie of which I had been the victim—that without regret I abandoned all my fortune—that I knew how to keep the name I had taken pure and honourable,—but that I should never possess the courage to remain among them; that I wished to fly, and, if they detained me, I should know how to die."

Madame Lafarge sketches persons with whom she associated with graphic spirit, and frequently in a satirical vein. Take a specimen:—

"The sojourn of my aunt brought us acquainted with a pretty little female, who was married to M. C. G. She was a graceful white and red wax doll, opening and closing her eyes, saying papa and mamma; and even venturing, when the great resource of her intellect was pressed by her husband, to hazard a few very gentle and amiable phrases which had no pretension to meaning, but which exhibit the docility of the mechanical spouse. Never have I seen the fanatic lover of order reign so despotically as in that young wife. She wasted more time in arranging than in living. Madame G. had a delightful apartment; but no one must presume to step upon the carpet, to repose on the ottomans, or to turn over the leaves of one of her handsome gold and silk covered books. She covered all those luxuries with gauze and paper, passed her days in a dressing-room, seated in a straw-stuffed chair, and reading a few old school-books. Dancing

rumpled her light dresses ; so she renounced dancing. Emotion was calculated to wrinkle her forehead, and banish the freshness from her cheek ; so she drove from her all feeling and thought. In short, surrounded with all the enjoyments of life, she set her pride and felicity on preserving them from the pressure and ravages of time ; and would have been perfectly happy if it had been possible for her to enclose in glass cases her husband and children."

To have done with the remarkable fortunes and doom of the writer of these Memoirs, we close their pages with a little more of variety, concerning her aunt, &c. ; and lastly about the state of religion in Limousin :—

"In person she was little, invariably shadowed by a huge green and yellow hat, as poetical as an *omelette aux fines herbes*. My aunt received me with two learned kisses, the most beautiful of all phrases, and said gravely to a sub-lieutenant of infantry of sixty, whom she held by the hand,—‘Dearest, bow to this amiable niece, who comes into our deserts like the dove of the ark, bearing a branch of myrtle instead of a branch of olive. Panzani, my love, embrace your niece—she allows it—and then go and gather her a rose. He does not understand a word of French—he is a Corsican,’ she said to me in a whisper ; ‘but if he speaks ill, he knows well how to love. Our marriage was quite a romance. He was dying with love for me, and my bewildered heart sacrificed on the altar of Hymen a life that I had determined on consecrating to the chaste sisters of Apollo.’

"Madame Panzani’s castle was situated in a lovely position—the mountains of the Saillant—the meadows watered by the Vézère—the vineyards and rich corn-fields stretched out beneath the little terrace. The interior of the house displays an artistical disorder and originality. Books encumbered the tables and chairs : some dried on their learned leaves simples, champignons, and pears ; fruits of every kind were confectioning in glass bottles ; and the inkstand also fulfilled the function of a saltcellar. Under a portrait of Napoleon hung M. Panzani’s martial shako, which, in its discreet lining concealed the false hair, curl papers, and pearl-powder of the female author. While the sabre, which was formerly used in combat with the Bedouin, served as a support for superb bunches of grapes and bunches of morella cherries. During the evening I passed at La Côte we had a dreadful storm. Madame Panzani, in affright, assembled her labourers around her, set them all praying on their knees, and commanded her little servant to sing, with all the strength of his lungs, the psalms of *la pénitence* ; while she busied herself in counting her rosary, sometimes stopping to conceal her fear in the bosom of her old and unconcerned beloved one. When the thunder raged most heavily, the châtelaine would call to her little saboted groom—‘Baptistou, my darling ! sing thy *complainte d’Alger*.’ And then, turning towards her spouse, she murmured to him, ‘Then you were in all your glory, my duck ; you forgot love.’ If a flash called her back to her terrors, she would cry—‘Quick, Baptistou ; sing your psalm again.’ And Baptistou shouted saintly with the tempest ; the

labourers prayed and the rosary passed through her fingers rapidly. On the next day, when I was dressing, I took a decanter of water from the chimneypiece, drank a glass of it, and was about to use the rest in my ablutions, when Madame Panzani entered my chamber, and recoiled in affright. 'Oh, good God!' she cried, 'you have swallowed all my holy water. If it be an involuntary sacrilege, have mercy on us!' And while lamenting thus, she poured back her holy water piously into its saintly vessel."

"Religion in Limousin is but a compound of fanaticism and superstition. The clergy of the country parts appeared to me generally very ignorant and intolerant; the pulpit often becoming the echo of scandal, and the first stone being too often thrown by the shepherd of the flock himself. In the devotion of the women there is a total absence of *juste milieu*. Some sacrificing to the 'what will people say?' fulfil with as much negligence as coldness the *form* of their religious duties; while others, whom they call *menettes*, forget their household for the church, their husbands for their confessor, utter as many prayers as scandals, and if they give no alms to their *suffering* brethren, load with sweet confections their curé who suffers not. The churches are dirty and dilapidated; divine service is celebrated without calm or gravity; fasting and abstinence are preached to poor people who live on herbs and black bread; the vanity and dangers of the things of this world are denounced to poor wretches who possess not even the vanity of cleanliness, and who know nothing beyond their pigs, their fowls, and their privations. What a difference between such sermons and those of the simple-hearted curé of Villers-Hellon, who taught our peasants to assist and mutually love each other; to offer prayers amid their labours; and who said to the old men, 'Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;' to the children, 'tell the truth, and honour your parents;' who taught families honesty, and young girls virtue. Superstition, all mighty amongst the Limousins, still exists in the middle ranks."

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ART. XII.—*An Account of Koonawur, in the Himalaya, &c. &c. &c.* By the late Capt. ALEXANDER GERARD. Edited by GEORGE LLOYD. London: Madden.

CAPTAIN Alexander Gerard, and his brother Dr. J. G. Gerard, have been deservedly ranked amongst the most enterprising scientific travellers to whom Great Britain has given birth; both of them, alas! having sacrificed their lives in geographical pursuits. About a year ago we had the narratives of two journeys in the Himalaya, performed in 1817 and 1818, by the former, and to a great extent conjointly with the latter; and now we have the account of Koonawur, embracing other regions of the immense Himalaya range, which the captain had drawn out from his notes. The narratives which were before published appeared along with Major Sir William Lloyd's Journey, the whole forming two volumes.



It has therefore been deemed proper now to republish Captain Gerald's contribution to that work, in order that all his Observations in the Himalaya may be found in a complete and connected state. The volume after all is but a thin octavo, even with an Appendix consisting of Tables of Latitude, Barometrical Observations, and Notices of the Limits of Trees in the Himalaya. A large map accompanies the work, constructed, we are told, by Captain Gerard, and reduced from one on a much larger scale in the possession of his family, "which is a production worthy of his indefatigable zeal."

We have said that the volume after all is but a thin octavo; but it is *multum in parvo*. Unquestionably it will be regarded as a precious contribution to science, and to geographical knowledge. Every page of it exhibits enthusiasm, manly earnestness, and philosophical simplicity of character. There is an exactitude and good faith, together with a generous appreciation in all that is said of the tribes and races spoken of, that must endear the narratives to readers of every description. True, the contents are very frequently of a scientific nature. But even then the descriptions are so plain and straightforward, and the things described so wonderful or striking, that the feelings and imagination are carried irresistibly along, although the interest felt in the main purpose of the author may not be complete. Besides, there is in the Account of Koonawur a good deal that is of a popular nature, and to the merchant especially a considerable amount of useful information. The volume is truly a genuine production, whether its contents or the talents and the temperament of its author be contemplated. Our business now is to afford our readers an opportunity of tasting its quality, by presenting snatches gathered here and there.

The first section of the Account chiefly concerns the Lower Parts of Koonawur, also called Koorpa, being a tract of territory that is much secluded, and rugged and mountainous to an extraordinary degree. "It is terminated on the North and N.W. by mountains covered with perpetual snow, from 18,000 to 20,000 feet above the level of the sea, which separate it from Ludak, a large extent of country running along the banks of the Indus, from the vicinity of Garoo to the limits of Kashmer. A similar range of the Himalaya, almost equal in height, bounds it to the South; on the East it is divided from the elevated plains of Chinese Tartary by a lofty ridge through which are several high passes; and on the West lies Dusow, one of the divisions of Busehur." The area of Koonawur is calculated at 2100 square miles, and the population at no more than  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to a square mile. The chains of snowy mountains, the inaccessible crags, and impenetrable forests, confine the inhabitants to the banks of the large streams, and comparatively few plains. These people were formerly under the dominion of a number of

petty chiefs, of whom there was almost one in every small district. They are now under the authority of one person, having been reduced to this rule about 800 years ago.

Captain Gerard is very particular in his descriptions of the mountains, the rivers, &c. of the country: these descriptions taking a geographical character as ascertained by scientific means. We pass over many of them in order to group together a few statements relative to the bridges and roads to be met with in regions of such stupendous grandeur. Bridges are of different sorts. Sometimes they are of wood, sometimes of rope, and sometimes they are formed of twisted twigs, there being a certain number of cables for the feet, and others for the sides to hold by, connected with the lower ones by open wicker work. This last-mentioned sort of bridge must be very insufficient, owing to the materials of which it is made being frail, and incapable of much stretching. The curve, too, forms the sixth part of a circle. Accidents often occur; and the Captain with his followers were on one occasion in great danger. But the damage done was only to the amount of losing a tent, which was precipitated into the Sutluj. A variety of circumstances are mentioned which serve to heighten the idea of the insufficiency of many of the bridges; and when one endeavours to conceive the number of streams which descend from the mountains, the rapidity with which the torrents may swell, and that therefore the traveller may be constantly requiring a twisted-twig means of transit, the difficulties and danger of ascending the Himalayas, and of threading their passes, grow in magnitude upon the imagination.

Then the roads, from the nature of the region, cannot be good for any length of time. They "consist of narrow footpaths, skirting precipices, with often here and there rocks, that would seem to come down with a puff of wind, projecting overhead." Often the way is over steeply inclined smooth stones, with a frightful abyss yawning below. Where the foot has to be planted may be a niche so small as barely to admit the toes; or you may have to tread over gigantic angular fragments of granite, piled upon one another in the most horrid disorder. There are often deep chasms between the rocks, requiring agility to clear them. Sometimes the stones shake under you, being just upon the poise. "Here and there beds of hard snow, inclined at an angle of thirty or thirty-five degrees, are met with, to ascend or to pass which it is necessary to cut steps with a hatchet." What is worse, there "are inclined rocks, and great slopes of hard gravel, and small stones rolling under the feet, to a deep and rapid stream." Worse still, we should think,—at some places ropes have to be used to raise and lower the baggage; and "now and then flights of stone steps occur, notched trees and spars from rock to rock; rude scaffolding along a perpendicular face of a mountain, formed of horizontal stakes driven into the crevices, with

boards above, and the outer ends resting on trees or slanting posts, projecting from clefts of the rocks below." What nerves, to encounter frail scaffolding like this! Only such, surely, as those persons possessed who erected them. Captain Gerard speaks of one of these rude contrivances continuing for 150 feet. "Six posts were driven horizontally into the cracks of the rocks, and secured by a great many wedges: there was no support on the outer side, and the river, which undermined it, rushed with incredible fury and a clamorous uproar beneath." He adds these observations, the sentiment of danger being to our fancy wonderfully temperate and composed, considering the *shaking*, &c. "The shaking of the scaffolding, together with the stupefying noise of the torrent, combined to give the traveller an uncertain idea of his safety."

The following extract will contribute still to heighten one's ideas of what travelling is in the Himalaya, and also to conceive of the magnitude of the scenery, the character of the wonders, of the mountains, the passes, the valleys and rivers, of these heaven-kissing regions:—

"The roads to the most frequented passes generally lead along the easy side of the dell; the other face is dangerous after 12 or 1 o'clock, and the people are well aware of this circumstance; there the snow is for the most part perpetual for 1000 or 2000 feet, the cliffs being too abrupt for it to find a good resting place, and after a certain quantity has collected, it cracks, falls outwards, and descends to the bottom, bringing down an incredible deal of rock and rubbish; consequently, at the foot of this face of the valley it accumulates, and from its quantity becomes indestructible. These snowbeds are sometimes found at 10,000 or 11,000 feet, and over streams they are often hundreds of feet in thickness, the upper surface being so loaded with fragments of rock, that the snow is not perceived unless by looking under the arch that gives passage to the river. Soon after the beginning of the rains, the precipitous side of the glen presents banks of snow eighty or a hundred feet thick, where it has cracked; and in this way some of the steep passes through the outer range become impracticable.

"When I crossed Manerung in August I could not get all my people to move till past nine, notwithstanding what the guides said about the danger of delay. We were on the rugged slope of the dell for more than two hours after noon, and there was a continued rattling of rocks almost the whole time; immense avalanches of snow descended, carrying with them many large stones and thousands of splinters, and some of my followers had very narrow escapes: twice I saw a considerable piece of rock pass with extreme velocity between two of them, not more than four feet asunder. It is the melting of the snow from the sun's rays that chiefly causes these avalanches, and during a shower of rain the descent of the stones is just as frequent as I witnessed near Kimleea, where many fragments of great bulk, dislodged from above, tore up the path at no great distance from us. Large portions of rock fall yearly, and their effects are truly

dreadful: they commit the most horrid devastation, and even stop the channels of the largest rivers for weeks. An instance of this kind is still remembered by some of the inhabitants of Belaspoor. About fifty-five years since, forty or fifty miles above this town, an immense mountain gave way, filled the bed of the Sutluj, and arrested the passage of the stream for above six weeks; during this time the inhabitants were anxiously looking out for the bursting of the embankment: when it did give way, the rush of such an overwhelming body of water may be more easily conceived than described. People were stationed on the heights all along, from the place where the stream was stopped as far as Belaspoor, and they gave notice of the approach of the flood by firing matchlocks. The news arrived in time to save the inhabitants, but the whole of the town was swept away. Many people are destroyed by avalanches every year; only in February last no less than eight were buried under one: this took place near the fort of Hutoo, at a part comparatively safe to many I have seen in Koonawur.

“The cold likewise causes the stones to be precipitated from above: at night, when I have been encamped at Shatool and Boorendo, where the thermometer was many degrees below the freezing point, I have been kept awake for hours by the continued falling of rocks, no doubt split in pieces by the frost.

“The craggy side of the glen is full of danger in every shape: you have now and then to cut steps with a hatchet in the snow beds, which are inclined at such an angle that a single slip would be destruction. I have often hesitated at such places, and many of my people preferred going round half a mile to avoid them; it was not so with the guides, who never stopped a moment, and they were so expert at cutting the steps, that although I followed them close, they had frequently finished their work, and were at the other side of the ravine, before I got half way. Those people, trusting to their activity, persisted in making the steps at such an inconvenient distance from each other, that it was necessary to strain every muscle to reach them. It is here, also, that the road now and then skirts the icy margin of a deep blue lake, where it requires great labour and time to make any kind of a path, which at best is very unsafe, from the declivity and slipperiness. The guides, if possible, always avoid the lakes, by a long circuit or by scrambling over the sharpest pointed rocks.

“On lofty mountains a depression of spirits and bodily debility, accompanied by severe head-aches, fulness in the head, oppression at the breast, and difficulty of respiration, with now and then pains in the ears, affect every body in a greater or less degree; this arises from the rarefaction of the atmosphere, of which I have had numerous proofs, for I have visited thirty-seven places at different times, between 14,000 and 19,400 feet, and thirteen of my camps were upwards of 15,000 feet: it is worthy of remark, that the Koonawurees and Tartars estimate the altitudes of the passes by the difficulty of breathing they experience in ascending them. Those who cross the outer chain, attribute these symptoms to the noxious qualities of a poisonous plant; but the best informed, who are in the habit of traversing heights where there is no vegetation, know well that they are produced by the height alone.

"It may, however, be noticed, that the difficulty of respiration does not affect every body equally, nor the same person at all times; and it probably depends in a great measure upon the state of his health, for when I have been the least unwell, I used to be troubled with head-aches at 13,000 feet, whilst I have experienced nothing of the kind at 16,000 feet. At Boorendo, 15,000 feet, I had a severe cold, and I felt a sense of suffocation, while at rest, worse than I ever experienced at 19,000 when in motion.

"Exertion of any kind, especially ascending hills, increases these symptoms, and at from 17,000 to 19,000 feet, head-aches are almost constant, and a person can scarcely take half a dozen steps without a rest.

"When encamped above 16,000 feet, the difficulty of breathing was really distressing, and I have often thought myself on the point of being suffocated for hours together.

"Few people who have not travelled over the same ground, can form an accurate idea of the length of time required to perform a journey of twelve or fourteen miles on elevated land. I have walked thirty-four miles in a country that would be reckoned mountainous, by most persons who have not seen the more rugged parts of Koonawur, with far greater ease to myself, and in less time, than a march of twelve miles has occupied me in higher places; an ascent of 5,000 or 6,000 feet of perpendicular height, is not uncommon in a stage, and after the elevation exceeds 14,000 feet, every mile, even where the road is good, requires at least twice as much time as the same space at an altitude of 7,000 or 8,000 feet. The depression of spirits and bodily debility experienced on lofty mountains, affects every body in a greater or less degree, and a friend of mine was more exhausted at an ascent and descent of 5,000 feet, upon elevated land, where the distance did not exceed nine miles, than walking from Nahun to Soobathoo, forty-five measured miles: he performed this journey in sixteen hours, including halts; yet two of the ascents on this road are 2,600 and 2,200, and several of the others 1,000 feet of perpendicular height, and the descents are in the same proportion."

We pass over the accounts of the seasons and climate, the agriculture, the botanical and zoological features of Koonawur, in order to have room for a few notices of the human inhabitants. The character of the Koonawurees given by the Captain is highly favourable; and we observe that he detected several features belonging to them that closely resemble those of the Scotch Highlanders. Their food "is bannocks of different kinds of grain." "They occasionally take a dram of spirituous liquor, and at their festivals they indulge pretty freely." "The houses of the principal residents have names which are common to their owners, and indeed are more frequently used, especially in their foreign intercourse, than their own names: in this respect they resemble the Scotch Lairds, who are generally best known by the name of their estates."

Of the honesty, the frankness, the hospitality, and high honour of the Koonawurees Captain Gerard can hardly express too strong

a sense. Their confidence in him from the very first was so complete that it could only proceed from generous and upright principles. They lent him money and said it would be time enough to pay it back at "Rampoor in December." Putee Ram "gave me ten rupees, and told me I was welcome to a hundred if I required so much." The Busehur government assess them lightly, it would appear, because they are the only subjects in whom dependence can be placed. "It is only the natives of Koonawur that can be trusted with money or any message of importance." They are all traders, their chief riches consisting in large flocks of sheep and goats, which furnish them with wool, which, together with raisins, they exchange for grain. They lead a pleasant life, and are generally so rich as to be independent. Even the poorest of them are never in want, for if grain should become scarce, which is often the case, yet their large flocks furnish an inexhaustible store. The people dress comfortably; the climate is salubrious and bracing; but some of the inhabitants are troubled with goitres, or swellings in the neck; a complaint which has often been attributed to drinking snow water. But this cannot be the case, the Captain has stated; "for although the Koonawurees can get nothing but snow for some months in the year, they are not so subject to goitres as the people that live in the damp grounds, in the forest at the foot of the hills, where there can never be any snow water."

The religion of the mass of the inhabitants is Hindooism, but they have no minute distinctions of caste. The temples of their gods are magnificent, and adorned in a costly manner. Two or three are in most of the villages, and such miracles are ascribed to the deities to whom these religious houses are dedicated, as are natural enough for idolaters in the Himalaya. Scarcely one of them but has the credit of having removed some vast rock or mountain, for the purpose of rendering the roads passable, or for some other like serviceable achievement. The temples are lofty buildings, and have roofs in the Chinese fashion.

Polyandry, or a plurality of husbands, prevails in Koonawur; and nuns who profess celibacy are not uncommon.

We must now for a few minutes attend the Captain, after he has passed into that part of Koonawur which is inhabited by the Tartars, the subject occupying the second section of the account.

The upper parts of Koonawur, we are told, are arid in the extreme, and the scene of desolation is scarcely to be credited; presenting a striking contrast between this extraordinary region and the lower tracts. A perpetual solitude seems to reign, so that the traveller feels an indescribable sensation of loneliness,—of being forsaken and forlorn. There is not even the crashing of falling rocks to disturb him. Then there is no stupendous scenery, no bold crags, no waving pines, no romantic valleys flanked by mural ramparts of



granite and of sublime dimensions, to attract the eye and diversify the plains. "All is a frightful extent of barrenness." A person may travel for many days without meeting with a habitation; which must induce the heaviest of all sensations of loneliness. When the dreary waste is relieved it is by a solitary village, with a few scanty symptoms of cultivation, or an encampment of Tartar shepherds, with their black tents and their flocks.

With regard to climate and seasons, at the greatest altitudes, there is scarcely either spring or autumn; the extreme rapidity of vegetation being astonishing. In summer the sun generally shines bright throughout his course. There are few showers except in March and April; the rest of the year being almost a perpetual sunshine. A heavy fall of snow is almost unknown; the Captain accounting for this scantiness by stating that the outer Himalaya, although not in general so high as the interior ranges, is the most formidable barrier, and has by far the greatest quantity of snow; that a chain which on an average may be taken at 18,000 feet, is quite sufficient to keep out the rains which inundate lower Hindostan; while owing to the aridity of the soil there is little evaporation to afford moisture for forming clouds.

There are other singularities which to the man of science must render even the upper regions of Koonawur interesting, in spite of the solitude and the barrenness of which we have been hearing. We thus read:—

"The transparency of the air on lofty spots at mid-day, is remarkably beautiful: it is of the deepest azure, and blacker even than the darkest night. The sun appears like a radiant orb of fire, without the least haze; and the moon, which I have often seen rise, did not enlighten the atmosphere, and the direction where we expected her could scarcely be distinguished until her limb came in contact with the horizon.

"At night, when I was employed in making astronomical observations, which was rather an uncomfortable occupation at a temperature of 18° and 20° of Fahrenheit, the stars shone with the greatest brilliancy, and those of the galaxy could almost be counted.

"When I was encamped at 16,000, the gilded summits of the elevated chain that trends along the left bank of the Indus, had a very grand appearance: a few streaked clouds hung about them, which, being illuminated by the rays of the rising sun, showed a beautiful diversity of colours, rising in splendour with the most vivid rainbow, and surpassing in lustre the brightest burnished gold."

Then, what of the Tartars of Koonawur? According to the picture given of them by Captain Gerard they might render the most naturally desolate country in the world interesting, notwithstanding their jealousy respecting the admission of strangers beyond certain boundaries:—

"They are of a mild and benevolent disposition, very far removed from

the ferocity commonly attached to the character of a Tartar. I have had many instances of their humanity. At Peenoo, in Speetee, where I was confined to my bed for two days with rheumatism, I never experienced more attention; I was a stranger to them, and the first European they had ever seen; the moment they heard I was unwell, some brought Nerbissi (Zerdoary), which they reckon a sovereign remedy for most complaints; others came with sugar and spices; whilst a third party were busily employed in making tea: every one seemed desirous of showing me some kindness, which was rather troublesome, but well meant. They were not, however, intrusive, and did not stay a moment longer than I wished. At this time I was negotiating with the chief person of the place to be allowed to return by Taree Pass. This man showed a degree of firmness that I could not help admiring, although it vexed me; he said his instructions on that head were so positive, that he dared not disobey them; and 150 rupees, which I sent him, did not alter his determination, and he returned the money. He replied, 'You are welcome to goats, sheep, and blankets, but you shall not pass by this route; we will post ourselves on the road, but you have a sufficient number of people to force the passage, for we will not fight; we, however, trust you will not attempt it without permission.'

"This person, who was styled Lafa, visited me twice, and we exchanged silk scarfs, which is an invariable custom. He brought a present of a couple of sheep and some other things, for which I gave him a full equivalent. He was inflexible in his determination, but we parted on the most friendly terms, and he even carried his politeness so far as to send four people with me, for no other purpose than to see me safe beyond a dangerous part of the road, where we were obliged to use ropes.

"The Chinese Tartars, on this remote frontier of their vast empire, are just as vigilant respecting the non-admission of strangers as their countrymen at Pekin: no sum of money, however great, will bribe them to infringe the orders of their superiors. Last year I reached the limits of their country in four different quarters, but was not allowed to advance a step farther; the same occurred in 1818, when my brother and I visited Shipke, and were the first Europeans they had ever seen.

"Since Messrs. Moorcroft and Hearsey reached Garoo and Mansurowur, and more especially now that the former gentleman has penetrated to the capital of Ludak, they have become doubly watchful; and lately, two pilgrims on their way to make the circuit of Mansurowur, were stopped at Shipke, being taken for Europeans in disguise.

"The court of Ouchong, or Lahassa, have sent the most particular instructions to all the frontier posts, to prevent, if possible, Europeans from passing the boundary, but if that cannot be done, and they arrive at the first village, they are not to be supplied with provisions. This last injunction was so far attended to, that when I talked of proceeding onwards, I could not get grain at any price; but when I mentioned my intention of returning, they generally brought me plenty of grain, and said, that, although the commands of the Garpun, or Governor of Garoo, must be respected, yet we should meet and part on amicable terms, by an exchange of presents. This good trait in their character was particularly exempli-

fied when I proceeded two-and-a-half miles beyond Changrezhing, where the Chinese stopped me. I had no object in staying longer than to observe the sun's meridian altitude, and when I began to return, they seemed greatly dissatisfied, and strongly begged of me to remain, as they had sent to the nearest village for a sheep, otherwise they must think I parted from them in displeasure; they met me with an air of openness and good humour seldom equalled, and I had some difficulty in persuading them that I left them on friendly terms, and they were not fully convinced of this until after my return to camp, when I accepted of a fat sheep, for which I recompensed them with several pounds of dried tobacco.

“Notwithstanding their suspicion of strangers, I found the people communicative enough: they answered all queries respecting their country without reserve, and I was thus enabled to verify the accounts of Mansurur and the Great Rivers, which I received from the Koonawurees, and I found them to agree very minutely.

“The Tartars are the very reverse of quarrelsome, and their whole conduct was entitled to my regard; for at two places, Zeenchin and Changrezhing, although they had purposely left their houses to arrest my progress, yet they were quite peaceable, and so far from being disposed to dispute my passage by force, not one of them had arms of any kind. They thought their only mentioning the strictness of their orders, was sufficient to prevent me from advancing; and, although I remonstrated against them, yet from seeing the degree of confidence they placed in me, I directed my people not to go a single step beyond the limit they prescribed. Cheating, lying, and thieving are unknown, and they may be trusted with anything. They have the nicest notions of honesty of any people on the face of the earth, and pay an inviolable regard to property. I have been encamped at Shipke and Zeenchin, and I was eight days in Speetee, with between fifty and sixty loads of baggage lying about in every direction, many hundred yards from my tent, and I never missed the smallest article, although I had no sentinel, nor even a single armed follower, to intimidate them.

“I had former experience of their character, which I depended upon so much, that when I left Murung for Bekhur, I was determined to put it out of the power of my people to cause any serious affray, which I thought possible from having so many followers who did not understand the Tartar language, by ordering the only sword amongst my servants to be left behind.

“During the two days I encamped on the elevated table land of Zeenchin, upwards of 16,000 feet above the level of the sea, I was surrounded by hundreds of Chinese Tartars, and, although I believe there was scarcely an article that was not handled by fifteen or twenty people to satisfy their curiosity, I never lost the most trifling thing, and it would have been easy enough at night to have carried off half of my baggage without being discovered; and indeed they might have robbed me of almost the whole of my property, for the people with me had never slept upon so lofty a spot, and they suffered so much from cold, that I am confident an alarm of thieves would not have induced them to move.

“The Tartars are hospitable and obliging: they used to take pleasure

in assisting my servants over the bad places of the road, and relieving them of part of their loads. They offered me sheep and blankets, for which I always endeavoured to give a double return: dried tobacco was the most acceptable present: they often asked me for some, and I had an opportunity of gratifying their wishes, having several loads of it. During a march they always filled the pipes of my servants with tobacco, and when we reached a Tartar village, we were invited to partake of refreshments, such as a dish of tea, a dram, and apricots.

“A person has only to signify his wish to get whatever he wants.”

We must here stop, and leave a great number of things told of the Tartars to be examined by those who have followed us thus far. The author of the Account has abstained in a remarkable manner from swelling it with notices of his adventures, the incidents that befel him, and whatever might be called narrative. From a passage quoted in the Editor's Preface, we, however, learn that he thought he could have made the account twice as long as the mere description goes, without diminishing the interest; and we have no doubt with an increase of it. Still, as we are informed by Mr. Lloyd, the copy left by the lamented traveller had been carefully corrected by him, which must in some degree compensate for the want of such additional materials as he may have meditated to supply, or been capable of furnishing.

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ART. XIII.—*Æsop's Fables: written in Chinese by the Learned Mun Mooy Seen-Shang, and compiled in their present form (with a Free and a Literal Translation) by his Pupil Sloth.* Canton Press Office.

WITH this perfect novelty we received the following distinct communication:—

“Liverpool, 24th Sept., 1841.

“The Rev. David Thom begs the acceptance on the part of the Editor of the Monthly Review of the accompanying copy of *Æsop's Fables*, translated into Chinese, and published by the writer's brother, Robert Thom, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Interpreters in China, under the *pseudonyme* of Sloth.

“The work, which supplies what has long been a *desideratum* in Chinese elementary literature, has already obtained the approbation of some of the most distinguished Sinologues in this country, and on the continent. One of the latter considers it to be a work which no European student of Chinese, if he but knew where to procure it, would choose to be without.”

The Preface by Mr. Thom to this curious, and in every way singular publication, first demands our attention; for it contains, besides some interesting particulars connected with himself, an

earnest and well-timed appeal with regard to the cultivation by Englishmen of the Chinese language.

He sets out with a complaint of the strange neglect of England, whose interest in Chinese affairs need not be explained, in respect of encouraging a study of Chinese. Paris, Rome, and Naples have countenanced it, have had their learned Chinese scholars, while England has been obliged to apply to some one of these cities for a man able to act in the capacity of interpreter. No endowment was appointed, no professorship established in this country either by government, the universities, or the patrons of learning, for the necessary and highly important purposes mentioned. Says Mr. Thom, "When our Government wished to send an ambassador to this distant land in 1793, no Englishman could be found capable of conveying the compliments and kind wishes of George of England to Këenlung of China." We quote another statement which ought to appear among the curiosities of literature. It appears from our public papers, written about the middle of the nineteenth century, that a discussion had arisen with respect to the instituting of a Chinese chair, and that, while some objected altogether to the establishing of such a professorship, "others (and they were the majority) agreed to set aside for the reimbursement of a learned gentleman, who had spent many years of his life in the acquiring of this most difficult of all languages, a sum about equal to half of that which an English gentleman awards to a good cook, or a smart valet-de-chambre!"

Very lately, however, some little has been done, for a professorship has actually been established in the London University, that may not only so far promote the study of Chinese as to equip some English youths for the fulfilment of important commercial and diplomatic offices in the Celestial Empire, but shame the Government and our ancient seats of learning out of their neglect and despite of the language and literature of the *flowery people*, and beget in the public mind something like an adequate anxiety on the subject.

Considering the paramount interests that have long been involved, and the probability that the day might arrive when a terrible collision would occur between us and the Chinese, it is matter for marvel that no earnest steps were taken in this country to cultivate a knowledge of a language, through the medium of which mutual understandings might be established and maintained, not to speak of the intellectual enlightenment that would have been promoted among a semi-civilized people by such potent and rational means. But, instead of adopting such steps, hear what was done as well as not done at a very recent period of our history:—

"Towards the year 1808, a poor despised Missionary, anxious to communicate the doctrines of Christianity to the Chinese, applied to the Honourable East India Company for a passage in one of their ships to China.

*This paltry boon was refused him.* The American flag afforded that accommodation which his own denied him, and after having landed on these shores, he passed some years unnoticed and unknown. But the literary acorn which he had planted in secret, was now thro' the strength of his native talent and unwearied industry, fast shooting into a lofty oak; the East India Company who had formerly spurned him, now condescended to consider him as worthy of their notice, and under their patronage he equalled the Herculean labours of a Johnson, and left behind him a work—of which England or any country may indeed feel proud! that man was Morrison;—the father of Anglo-Chinese Literature: a name to be held in reverence by all those who wish to approach the threshold of this interdicted language! Such is the history of the first Englishman who devoted his unwearied care and attention to the study of Chinese! Since his day—by the labours of his highly-gifted son—of Gutzlaff—of Medhurst—of Milne—of Marshman—of Staunton—of Davis—of Bridgman,—the path leading to the secrets of this language has been cleared of a good many of the obstacles that formerly beset it, but tho' much we admit has been done, a great deal still remains to be done, ere we possess the same facilities for acquiring Chinese, that we possess for acquiring most of the languages of Europe."

Yes, such have been the services of a few missionaries, champions of a generally despised order; but after all the pioneers, it would seem, in the most arduous field of human learning.

Mr. Thom then proceeds to state that he has endeavoured to follow in the path of these distinguished men in the culture of the Chinese, that the present work has been compiled with "some little care and attention," in order that he might in some measure contribute to the advancement of a study which he appears to regard with enthusiasm.

The Fables were selected indiscriminately from Æsop, Phædrus, &c., but all published, for the sake of briefness, under one name. They were delivered by him orally at different times, in Mandarin Chinese to his native teacher; who, being a good penman, with ease wrote them off in the simple style in which they are composed,—the "lowest and easiest style of Chinese composition." But he observes that, by making himself master of this style, the student will find little difficulty in understanding the popular novels of the day, while it may serve as a stepping-stone to much higher literary attainments. We now quote some interesting particulars with regard to the work before us, and also some impressive sentiments with regard to our relations with China:—

"When first published in Canton 1837-38, their reception by the Chinese was extremely flattering. They had their run of the public courts and offices—until the Mandarins—taking offence at seeing some of their evil customs so freely canvassed—ordered the work to be suppressed. It is not the first time that we have elucidated a disputed point—by referring to



one of these fables having analogy to the question in hand—nay, we remember once stopping the mouths of a party of Mandarins—who insisted that England *desired* to quarrel with China, by reciting the story of the goose that laid the golden eggs. The application was at once perceived—and the justice of the remark admitted immediately. No man can help feeling an interest in the progeny of his brain as well as in the posterity of his body—and we plead guilty to a certain feeling of pride and satisfaction in relating this anecdote of our Chinese offspring;—for tho' certainly not the principal party to whom it owes it's being—we may nevertheless justly lay claim to a share in the ushering of this Græco-Sinico compound into the world. The good-natured reader may thus even feel disposed to admit—that, it is quite possible for so paltry a publication to be useful in it's way.

“Our relations with this vast Empire have been hitherto purely commercial. The scene however is about to change—and we are now on the eve of a crisis, of which the wisest among men cannot foresee the results. The din of war is already heard in the distance—and perhaps ere this little work shall have seen the light—the powers of the east and the west may have come into collision—and a shock may have been given causing all Asia to vibrate to it's centre! Heretofore we have known the Chinese merely as a semi-civilized nation—to whom we sell broadcloth—and from whom we buy tea. Hereafter we shall know them as a great and mighty people—forming a third part of the family of man;—a nation, whose territory occupies nearly a half of the immense continent of Asia;—whose influence prevails with—and whose written character is understood by—many of the surrounding nations of the far east;—a people, whose country opens up an unbounded field to commercial enterprize—and Missionary zeal,—whose ancient laws and maxims may form a subject of interest for the sage—and whose lighter literature may delight and instruct the general reader;—and a people—who altho' perhaps inferior in that daring energy of character—the peculiar attribute of the Caucasian race alone—are yet in mildness of demeanor—submissiveness to the laws—industry in their vocations—honour to their parents—and respect for the aged,—capable of setting a bright example to the most polished countries of Europe! Yet a gulf exists between them and us—a gulf to cross which long time and unwearied application are requisite,—and that gulf is their impracticable language!”

Mr. Thom agrees with Dr. Morrison that, though a smattering of Chinese may be easily acquired, yet that to attain to a competent knowledge of the language is very difficult, and that a perfect acquaintance with it is “an object yet afar off.” But he adds,—

“Tho' we admit the perfect acquirement of the Chinese language to be a matter of extreme difficulty—and further—that no efforts of our's or of any man's can ever render it easy,—yet much may be done to clear away those superfluous difficulties which continually beset our path—and to make the outset of his career, less discouraging to the young student than it has hitherto been.

“It is partly to fulfil this object—and partly from having observed during our residence in this country—that a knowledge of their language is a ready introduction to the confidence of the natives—that we have resolved to publish a series of elementary works (of which this is the first), comprising the various styles in which the Chinese language is written. Looking upon it as a work that may perhaps be of service to our country,—we shall not stop to consider the relative chances of gain and loss, but shall willingly submit to give up a very considerable portion of our time and slender fortune, towards the accomplishment of so desirable an object. When it is considered that scarce a dozen Englishmen in the world care a straw about the Chinese, their history, or their language—we shall readily be exempted from the charge of having undertaken such works with any motive towards pecuniary emolument.”

Again,—

“The Chinese language is not only difficult of acquirement, but its study is likewise expensive. Besides the time that must be devoted to it—a considerable sum is necessary for the purchasing of books, salaries of native teachers, &c. &c. These are great drawbacks to the poor student, and forasmuch, the study of this language stands more in need of patronage than that of any other. Poverty is no crime;—and we feel not the slightest shame in acknowledging—that, but for the well-timed kindness and liberality of those gentlemen whose names adorn our Dedication page—from want of the necessary means to continue them—our own Chinese studies had been nipped in the very bud!

“The time that these sheets were being put thro’ the press was a period of great alarm and uncertainty,—which is the reason that we have not been able (altho’ most kindly seconded by our publisher) to give that degree of attention to the sightliness of the work which we could have wished. This is the first time, we believe, that any work has been printed on Chinese wooden blocks, and European metal types—placed side by side. The experiment having succeeded—numerous works will now most probably be printed in the same way. We regret that so many of the Chinese blocks are badly cut;—but at a season when every man and every thing bearing the name of English was proscribed—we did not think it worth while being too particular in this respect,—more especially as the work itself was under the ban of the Government. It therefore goes before the public with many imperfections—which, in happier times—might have been easily avoided.”

With regard to the difficulty of acquiring even a smattering knowledge of the Chinese, we think it requires only a cursory glance over Mr. Thom’s Introduction upon the different modes and kinds of composition, or the different styles in which the language is written, to repel almost the hardest student, and the most zealous and persevering. Even the *simple* and *easy* Mandarin, as here exhibited, is so formidable that we could never expect to master a sentence of it, were it but the distinguishing one character from another, or the copying, without a knowledge of the meaning of the sign, the intricate limbs, the bushy forms of the figures.

The divisions and subdivisions in regard to the styles of the Chinese language appear to be so multifarious that scholars in it are not even agreed upon the number and kind. First, we are told that there is a written language which is not intended to be spoken. This is subdivided into two great branches, while these said branches are again subdivided into many more. There is the pure *classical* style; poetry, either actually *ancient*, or composed in the *ancient* style, in contradistinction to the poetry of the present day; *modern literature*, which includes *fine writing*. In this last mentioned style are written themes founded upon the texts from the classics, and drawn up according to very strict rules of composition. Other five kinds are enumerated. This much in our hasty abridgment of what is said about the *written* and not *spoken* language. But, not to weary our readers with the divisions and varieties of the latter, we shall merely mention that the *Mandarin* is of two sorts, the first being the language of Peking city. "This idiom," we are told, "abounds with low slang; and when the court was formerly held at Nanking, was considered as much a vulgar *patois*, as the language of Canton city is at this present day. But the emperors of the present dynasty having always resided at Peking, and they all speaking with the northern accent, the young men who wish to get themselves forward, now-a-days endeavour to speak as much à la Peking as possible; for, say they, 'It is thus that the Imperial mouth itself speaks; and is it possible that the holy Emperor can be wrong?'"

The second Mandarin style is called the "true pronunciation, and is the language of universal circulation. It is, properly speaking, that of Nanking city. It serves as a medium of communication to all educated people in China, as French does in Europe; so that any young man who might wish to travel, whether for the purposes of business or of pleasure, or would enter a public office, or who would even set up a shop in a large city, must learn to speak the Mandarin fluently." Æsop in Mandarin may therefore be of the greatest service to any Englishman who may expect to have intercourse with the people of China, or who may be ambitious to obtain some knowledge of a language spoken throughout the Celestial Empire. From "a slender knowledge" of the Mandarin, Mr. Thom says, that during a residence of five years at Canton he had had intercourse with people from every province of China, excepting one on the borders of Thibet. Before quitting the subject of styles, we quote a remark that is clear and explanatory:—

"It has been frequently observed, that, 'the Chinese write very differently from what they speak.' So much is this the case, that supposing a Peking man, a Nanking man, and a Canton man to be all arguing or quarrelling in their respective dialects, and supposing a fourth party were thus abruptly to address them, 'hold there my friends! let each individual

of you write down the last sentence he spoke, *exactly* as he uttered it !' the great probability is, *that not one of them could comply !* They would all be able enough to give the *substance* of what they had been saying in the *written language*, but to write the language *exactly* as it was *spoken*, is entirely a different thing ;— it is a study in which few engage, and in which still fewer excel. Of the three imaginary persons above the Nanking man would find least difficulty—his language being much more polished and cultivated than that of either of the others. *Mun Mooy* the writer of these Fables—out of a very numerous range of acquaintance—is the only native we have met, who can write fluently in the vulgar Canton idiom ; and yet when we first became acquainted (some 4 years ago), he was as backward as his neighbours at this sort of exercise,—and it was only thro' repeated urging on our part, that we could induce him to go on with it. But altho' more proficient in writing *Canton* than most others, he yet finds it easier to write in the Nanking dialect than in his own. The reason is given above,—it is a much more polished idiom, and *Mun Mooy* has perhaps read a hundred books in Nanking, for one that he has read in Canton. Our fellow-countrymen from the Lowlands of Scotland will easily enough understand us, when a case nearly parallel is brought home to themselves. *We* find no difficulty in understanding Lowland Scotch when *spoken* to us,—yet when a volume of Scotch poems is put into our hands, we find them infinitely more difficult to read than English ones ;—and on the other hand, while it costs us no effort whatever to write an *English* letter,—were we told to compose a letter in *broad Scotch*, (unless we had been for some time before giving our attention to the subject), we should find the task quite insuperable."

Several pages of Mr. Thom's primitive looking folio are devoted to a consideration of the " Euphonic Particles used in Chinese Composition," which, in one respect, are the equivalent of our comma, colon, &c. But they serve other purposes than those of points with us, regulating not only the voice as the eye is guided by them, but sometimes forming perfect parts of speech, or at other times being thrown in to fill up a sentence, or to round a period. " With the Chinese, the using of these euphonic particles is a matter of immense importance. Their finer writings swarm with them *ad nauseam*, at least so it would appear to a foreigner : the Chinese, on the other hand, seem to think the more of these that can be introduced, the higher is the style of writing, *provided always that they offend neither the eye nor the ear*. This is a great secret in the art of Chinese composition." They have a proverb that he who can properly distinguish and apply the seven particles is truly a Bachelor of Arts.

By this time, we think, our readers will be of opinion that the Chinese language is not easily to be acquired. Seeing, however, that Mr. Thom and others have mastered many of its anomalies, does not the necessity of instituting means of teaching it, with every possible facility, become the more apparent and pressing ? But we have not yet done with the difficulties. Every country in

Europe has adopted its own method of giving alphabetical or Roman signs of sound to the Chinese tongue. There is no general and fixed system of orthography among Europeans; every foreign missionary as he arrived in China, in the course of centuries, on hearing certain sounds, having immediately written them down in letters, and giving naturally the same power to such Roman letters, while transcribing Chinese, that they had in his own native idiom, it is easy to conceive how dissimilar must be the results, even to the apparent creation of many different languages. In these circumstances what is to be done to overcome the confusion, and to meet the perplexity? According to Mr. Thom only two methods remain for adoption, which we shall let him explain:—

“ 1st. That a System of spelling Chinese with Roman letters, (which shall be permanent and uniform) be established by a deputation of learned men, from all the different countries of Europe:—or

“ 2ndly. That the Chinese scholars of each particular country, continue to spell for the students of each particular country, according to the power given to the Roman letters (or as nearly as possible) in each particular country.

“ We see numerous objections to the first plan. Had it been done (as we remarked above) about 300 years ago—there would have been no great difficulty about the matter;—but *now*, which country is to lead the others in its train? which countries shall be willing to give up their already received systems of orthography to adopt that of the favoured nation? or shall a system be established partaking of *all*, even at the risk of being intelligible to *none*? Viewing it in every way this plan appear to us to be surrounded with difficulties,—

“ There only remains then the second mode, which is,—that every man give to the Chinese characters sounds represented by the Roman letters, as analogous as possible to the power that these have in his particular country. This is also quite reasonable;—for, if a foreigner make use of an English book whereby to study Chinese, it is to be presumed that he already understands English;—and understanding English, he must surely know the power that the English give to the Roman letters? or, granting that he does not, the task would not be a difficult one,—a single lesson or two would make him quite *au fait*. In another point of view we cannot but come to a similar conclusion,—viz,—we frankly confess, that in drawing up this or any other work,—while we hope that it's use may be as *general* as possible,—yet our *primary* object is to assist or instruct *our own countrymen*;—and we humbly conceive, that if a foreigner can condescend to study by means of an *English* book,—he may also condescend to learn the power that the *English* give to the roman letters? This subject however has been much more learnedly discussed by Dr. Morrison in his Preface to the Syllabic Dictionary than we can pretend to do,—and if the reader is still unsatisfied with the argument *we* have produced, we beg to refer him to the *dicta* of our great master.”

And now to conclude our notice of a work which we are inclined to believe is of such importance, and displays such merit as to warrant the expressions employed in the communication quoted at the beginning of our paper, we have to say that its plan is simple, and as far calculated to accomplish the purposes which Mr. Thom contemplates in his elementary works as possible. The Chinese characters, six being in each line, form a centre column. On the right are the Chinese sounds in roman characters, giving the Mandarin pronunciation of Nanking, as fixed by Dr. Morrison. Immediately below, corresponding to each line of Chinese characters, there is in italics the vulgar pronunciation of Canton. And on the left there is the English *free* translation in the roman character; and immediately below the *literal* and verbatim translation from the Chinese, in italics.

Assuredly a sloth has not conceived and achieved all this.

ART. XIV.—*Ancient Spanish Ballads: Historical and Romantic*. Translated by J. G. LOCKHART, Esq. A New Edition, revised. With numerous Illustrations. Murray.

WE have such a full remembrance of the reception which distinguished the first appearance of Mr. Lockhart's translations of Ancient Spanish Ballads, and the work has so long maintained the character which the literary world then awarded to it, that it were idle and impertinent now to venture upon a criticism that would essentially differ from that which has been established. Besides, to read these ballads in the present edition, with the view of strictly testing their merits, either as originals or in their translated form, is more than a person even of the soberest fancy can well do. Perhaps a critic of that order, and severe withal, would place this as the main question before him,—are the ballads and the illustrations in complete or satisfactory harmony?

Although it is but repeating sentiments with regard to the present selection of Spanish Ballads which have again and again been expressed, we may, without great intrusion, utter a few words for the sake of our younger readers. Well, then, these compositions are remarkable for the simple truthfulness, and direct manliness of their sentiments; thereby furnishing an animated picture,—embodying the life of a remote period, especially as it was exhibited and breathed in chivalrous Spain when the Moorish invaders strove with the ancient people. The manners and feelings of that period come out in these compositions with singular force.

There is a peculiarity in Spanish ballad poetry which distinguishes it from compositions of the same class in all other countries. It refuses everything like exaggeration and inflation. There is no



striving even for brilliant imagery; nay, it is homely, the spirit being too earnest and honest to wander beyond the actual events of national history, to create such as never existed, or to attribute to them what was not in perfect keeping with their real wonders. But with all this truth and homebred feeling, which are indispensable to a high-souled patriotism, as was exemplified in Spain, there is a refinement, such as the gallant and polished Arabs brought with them, to soften the barbarism of an iron age.

With regard to the fidelity of Mr. Lockhart's translations we have no right to speak as with a proper knowledge. It is only in a translation that we can read the Spanish ballads. But this much we may say, that there is a genial flavour in these translations that is unmistakable, and which comes up to, or rather completes, our ideas both of the people and age which the ballads depict, and of Spanish ballad poetry itself. The fresh and untinselled spirit is kept up with admirable taste.

The present edition gives us a considerable quantity of very acceptable and illustrative prose. The Introduction travels over the ballad history of Spain, and enters into the character of the poetry; and there are prefixed notes, which enable the reader to understand the subject of each ballad, and thereby to comprehend a good deal of the character of the ancient history of Spain.

We quote two specimens of the translations which are very generally selected as such. The first is a ballad, the subject of which is that of a Count marrying a beautiful girl of inferior rank, by whom he has three children, after his troth had been given to the daughter of a king. The royal dame being disconsolate, and unable to live without the Count, is constrained to inform her father of her desperate condition; and he, being a "good king," and a loving parent, sends for the Count, and tells him he will not refuse him for a son-in-law, if he will murder the Countess. We quote the portion of the ballad which follows this tempting offer:—

" In sorrow he departed, dejectedly he rode  
The weary journey from that place unto his own abode;  
He grieved for his fair countess, dear as his life was she;  
Sore grieved he for that lady, and for his children three.

" The one was yet an infant upon its mother's breast,  
For though it had three nurses, it liked her milk the best;  
The others were young children, that had but little wit,  
Hanging about their mother's knee while nursing she did sit.

" ' Alas!' he said, when he had come within a little space—  
' How shall I brook the cheerful look of my kind lady's face?  
To see her coming forth in glee to meet me in my hall,  
When she so soon a corpse must be, and I the cause of all!' "

- “ Just then he saw her at the door, with all her babes appear  
(The little page had run before to tell his lord was near) :  
‘ Now welcome home, my lord, my life!—Alas! you droop your head :  
Tell, Count Alarcos, tell your wife, what makes your eyes so red ?’
- “ ‘ I’ll tell you all—I’ll tell you all : it is not yet the hour ;  
We’ll sup together in the hall,—I’ll tell you in your bower.”  
The lady brought forth what she had, and down beside him sate ;  
He sate beside her pale and sad, but neither drank nor ate.
- “ The children to his side were led (he loved to have them so),  
Then on the board he laid his head, and out his tears did flow :  
‘ I fain would sleep—I fain would sleep,’ the Count Alarcos said :  
Alas ! be sure, that sleep was none that night within their bed.
- “ They came together to the bower where they were used to rest,  
None with them but the little babe that was upon the breast :  
The count had barred the chamber doors—they ne’er were barred  
till then ;  
‘ Unhappy lady,’ he began, ‘ and I most lost of men !’
- “ ‘ Now speak not so, my noble lord, my husband and my life !  
Unhappy never can she be that is Alcaros’ wife.’—  
‘ Alas ! unhappy lady, ’tis but little that you know,  
For in that very word you’ve said is gathered all your woe.
- “ ‘ Long since I loved a lady—long since I oaths did plight,  
To be that lady’s husband, to love her day and night ;  
Her father is our lord the King, to him the thing is known,  
And now, that I the news should bring ! she claims me for her own.
- “ Alas ! my love!—alas ! my life!—the right is on their side ;  
Ere I had seen your face, sweet wife, she was betrothed my bride ;  
But, oh ! that I should speak the word—since in her place you lie,  
It is the bidding of our Lord that you this night must die.’—
- “ ‘ Are these the wages of my love, so lowly and so leal ?  
Oh, kill me not, thou noble count, when at thy foot I kneel !  
But send me to my father’s house, where once I dwelt in glee,  
There will I live a lone chaste life, and rear my children three.’
- “ ‘ It may not be,—mine oath is strong,—ere dawn of day you die !’
- “ ‘ Oh ! well ’tis seen how all alone upon the earth am I ;—  
My father is an old frail man,—my mother’s in her grave,—  
And dead is stout Don Garci—alas ! my brother brave !
- “ ‘ ’Twas at this coward king’s command they slew my brother dear,  
And now I’m helpless in the land :—it is not death I fear,  
But loth, loth am I to depart, and leave my children so,—  
Now let me lay them to my heart, and kiss them ere I go.’
- “ ‘ Kiss him that lies upon thy breast—the rest thou may’st not see.’  
‘ I fain would say an *Avé*.’—‘ Then say it speedily.’  
She knelt her down upon her knee : ‘ Oh, Lord ! behold my case ;  
Judge not my deeds, but look on me in pity and great grace.’

- “ When she had made her orison, up from her knees she rose,—  
 ‘ Be kind, Alarcos, to our babes, and pray for my repose ;  
 And now give me my boy once more upon my breast to hold,  
 That he may drink one farewell drink, before my breast be cold.’
- “ ‘ Why would you waken the poor child ? you see he is asleep ;  
 Prepare, dear wife, there is no time, the dawn begins to peep.’  
 ‘ Now hear me, Count Alarcos ! I give thee pardon free,—  
 I pardon thee for the love’s sake wherewith I’ve loved thee ;
- “ ‘ But *they* have not my pardon, the king and his proud daughter ;  
 The curse of God be on them, for this unchristian slaughter !  
 I charge them with my dying breath, ere thirty days be gone,  
 To meet me in the realm of death, and at God’s awful throne !’
- “ He drew a kerchief round her neck, he drew it tight and strong,  
 Until she lay quite stiff and cold her chamber floor along ;  
 He laid her then within the sheets, and, kneeling by her side,  
 To God and Mary Mother in misery he cried.
- “ Then called he for his esquires :—oh ! deep was their dismay,  
 When they into the chamber came, and saw her how she lay :  
 Thus died she in her innocence, a lady void of wrong—  
 But God took heed of their offence, his vengeance stayed not long.
- “ Within twelve days, in pain and dole, the infanta passed away,  
 The cruel king gave up his soul upon the twentieth day ;  
 Alarcos followed ere the moon had made her round complete ;  
 Three guilty spirits stood right soon before God’s judgment-seat.”

It is needless to point out the exquisite beauties of these verses. Who, for example, can miss perceiving how the deepest horrors are rendered almost winning ? Our next sample is, *The Wedding of the Cid* :—

- “ Within his hall of Burgos the King prepares the feast ;  
 He makes his preparation for many a noble guest.  
 It is a joyful city, it is a gallant day,  
 ‘Tis the Campeador’s wedding, and who will bide away ?
- “ Layn Calvo, the Lord Bishop, he first comes forth the gate ;  
 Behind him comes Ruy Diaz, in all his bridal state ;  
 The crowd makes way before them as up the street they go ;  
 For the multitude of people their steps must needs be slow.
- “ The King had taken order that they should rear an arch,  
 From house to house all over, in the way that they must march ;  
 They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and glittering helms,  
 Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.
- “ They have scattered olive branches and rushes on the street,  
 And the ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador’s feet ;  
 With tapestry and broidery their balconies between,  
 To do his bridal honour, their walls the burghers screen.

- “ They lead the bulls before them all covered o’er with trappings ;  
The little boys pursue them with hootings and with clappings ;  
The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his ass goes prancing,  
Amidst troops of captive maidens with bells and cymbals dancing.
- “ With antics and with fooleries, with shouting and with laughter,  
They fill the streets of Burgos—and The Devil he comes after ;  
For the King has hired the horned fiend for twenty maravedis,  
And there he goes, with hoofs for toes, to terrify the ladies.
- “ Then comes the bride Ximena,—the King he holds her hand ;  
And the Queen ; and, all in fur and pall, the nobles of the land.  
All down the street the ears of wheat are round Ximena flying,  
But the King lifts off her bosom sweet whatever there is lying.
- “ Quoth Suero, when he saw it (his thought you understand),  
‘ ’Tis a fine thing to be a King,—but Heaven make me a Hand !’  
The King was very merry, when he was told of this,  
And swore the bride, ere eventide, must give the boy a kiss.
- “ The King went always talking, but she held down her head,  
And seldom gave an answer to anything he said ;  
It was better to be silent, among such a crowd of folk,  
Than utter words so meaningless as she did when she spoke.”

This ballad, Mr. Lockhart observes in the prefixed note, “ contains some curious traits of rough and antique manners.” There is a jollity in it that is genial and highly amusing.

But what is to be said of the grand features of this edition of the *Ballads* ? We confess that the longer and oftener we have gazed upon the Illustrations, the unique fashion of the volume, even the outside of it merely, we have felt the more at a loss to give a brief and intelligible description of its peculiarities. However, we must try our hand, although our observations may have no claim to the definite criticism which the art expended upon the book challenges. The variety of talent which has been lavished on it—the combination of what is gorgeous with what is exquisitely chaste—of the ancient with the modern—of Moorish luxuriant fancy with classical grace—in short, of what the poetic imagination can produce with the pencil, and mechanical invention with the hand, which has been maintained with firmness throughout its pages—requires a deeper acquaintance with the several and diversified spheres and characteristics than we pretend to. There is not a page which does not display rich or tasteful adornment. Not only do fine engravings from masterly designs illustrate the ballads, sometimes as head and sometimes as tail pieces, but the glories of illuminated missals appear to have been stolen, and all that is curious and elaborate in arabesque work. The colours of the rainbow, the blazing beauties of precious stones and metals, have been squandered upon borders and margins with a fantastic and captivating power ; the devices being

as various as are the stories, the occasions, the actors of the verse. Even the initial letters are superb as well as descriptive. Green and yellow of deepest or most delicate tint, massive scarlet and gleaming gold, are in great but skilful profusion ; they commingle, they vie with one another.

We have by no means exhausted the description which might be given of the designs and the execution of the ornaments that enrich this volume. Nor would anything but an examination of them in detail, as well as in their combined state, convey an accurate idea of the whole. It must be added, however, in our general and vague notice, that not only do the marginal scrolls frequently consist of fantastic embellishments, but illustrative pictorial designs sometimes perform an equivalent duty ; while there are instances of graphic processions which traverse the page, interlacing and encircling the stanzas,—an adornment and a comment. A comment? Indeed, such is the character of the devices throughout ; rendering more lively or deepening the impression intended by each ballad by their appropriateness.

The artists who have furnished the illustrations are William Allan, R. A., David Roberts, R. A., William Simson, Henry Warren, C. E. Aubrey, and William Harvey. The coloured titles, borders, and ornamental letters and vignettes, by Owen Jones, architect ; names which are sufficient, without further information, to set expectation on tiptoe. No doubt there is some inequality, as well as diversity, in their productions. It may not be difficult to point out superior freedom in one design, boldness in another, propriety in a third. Distinctions, too, by a close and nice examination may sometimes be drawn between the skilfulness of the execution, and the happiness of the design. But we must not trust ourselves so far as to offer positive opinions on matters which require matured connoisseurship ; nor can any fastidiousness of taste affect the general and imposing character of the superb work, which may in a word be characterized as something that might have been plundered from a cherished chamber of the Alhambra.

One observation more. The illustrations of our *Annuals* have all along been rather of a sickly order, and their sameness has grown tiresome. Mr. Murray has not only outdone them all, but he is the leader in a new path ; and we suspect he will not have many worthy followers.

ART. XV.—*The English Hexapla.* Bagster.

THIS work consists of the Greek text of the New Testament, with the *six* important English Versions, known as Wicliff's, A. D. 1380; Tyndale's, 1534; Cranmer's, 1539; the Geneva, 1557; the Rhemish, 1582; and the Authorised Version, 1611. The various versions are printed in the orthography of their respective periods.

The great prototype of this work, not only in regard to title, but to plan, is the Hexapla of Origen, which appeared about A. D. 285. That ancient Polyglott, of which only a few fragments remain, embraced the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, with that text rendered into Greek characters, and four different Greek translations of it, arranged at a view in parallel columns: a truly wonderful idea and achievement, when every copy must have been the production of the pen.

The mode of arrangement in the English Hexapla is, placing the Greek text at the top of each page, the six translations taking position below, in the parallel columns, according to chronological order. It must be obvious that this is not only a very great undertaking, but one which ought to command the gratitude of every lover of divine truth. The Messrs. Bagster have well said in their address to the public, that "readers in general of the word of God are little aware of the treasures of illustration which are unfolded by the varied expression of the same truth by the different translators; and in addition to the mutual illustration afforded by parallel versions in the same language, their substantial accordance in sense, while varying in phraseology, tends to strengthen the confidence of the English reader in the competency and fidelity of these concurrent witnesses to the true import of the inspired originals. A work such as the present must prove of the highest possible value, because while its rich materials will assist and delight the scholar, its stores being in the English language, will ever be in the reach of every one; and it will serve to throw scarcely less light upon the original text by the varied renderings, than a comparative view of versions in different languages. Such a work is likewise of great value to any who wish to trace the progress of our language; presenting, as it does, the modifications and changes of a period of about four hundred and sixty years." To this we may append, that the English Hexapla might be studied advantageously by the student of the Greek tongue.

The present great work is well calculated to afford the blessings and benefits just now mentioned; and, not to pass unnoticed other features which a reviewer must speak of, the book is *got up* in a noble style, forming one of the most handsome and desirable quartos, at a very low price, that we have seen. The typography



of the Greek perhaps has never been equalled; it is bold and beautiful, and harmonises admirably with the entire arrangement and dimensions of the pages. The English, in respect of mechanical superiority, is also remarkable.

There is, to return to matters of literary and biblical importance, an "Historical Account of the English Versions" prefixed, which sheds very considerable light over the subject, and which the general reader will peruse with deep interest. A critical mind, however, may not be quite so well satisfied; for, without wishing to touch upon purely theological opinions, or even to dip into questions that concern ecclesiastical history as well as that of the sacred records, we must say, that the style of the Account is often incorrect as well as level and verbose; while the facts have not apparently been elaborately collected, and the sentiments want that choiceness and force which should have been elicited when "The English Hexapla" was to be heralded.

With much pleasure we now direct our attention for a few moments to the *six* versions, the character and history of which are briefly described by the publishers in terms that may here be introduced:—

"I. The earliest of the English Versions, that of *Wiclif*, which was made about the year 1378, or 1380, long prior to the invention of printing; transcripts of which were so costly, that portions only of the Scriptures could be multiplied. The value of one of Wiclif's New Testaments, in his own time, was about £40 of the money of the present day. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex has graciously permitted the use of a very valuable MS. copy in his possession, which will be most carefully followed.

"II. The faithful and excellent Version by *William Tyndale* (his own revised edition, 1534), which the illustrious martyr finished in November of that year, at Antwerp. In this edition, Tyndale took advantage of friendly and hostile criticisms, and with great care endeavoured to make his version a still more faithful transcript of the original. He says, in the commencement of his prologue, 'Here thou hast (moost deare reader) the new Testament or covenant made wyth vs of God in Christes bloude. Which I have looked over agayne (now at the last) with all dylygence, and compared it vnto the Greke,' &c.

"Almost the whole of the first edition of Tyndale's New Testament was bought up on its appearance in England, and committed to the flames at St. Paul's Cross, by Bishop Tonsal. Two copies only have been preserved. One of these, which is imperfect, is in the Library of St. Paul's Cathedral; and the other, the only perfect copy, is in the Library of the Baptist College at Bristol; and from this the before-mentioned reprint of the edition of 1526 was executed.

"III. That of *Cranmer's* 'Great Bible,' long time by authority chained in our churches. The edition of 1539.

"To obtain the many advantages of superior workmanship and better materials, the printing of this edition was carried on at Paris, by the per-

mission of Francis I. ; but notwithstanding this patronage, the Inquisition interfered to prevent such a 'catastrophe' as the spread of the truth, and summoning the French printers and their employers, prohibited further progress, and the whole impression was seized, confiscated, and condemned to the flames. However, through the cupidity of the person who was intrusted to destroy them, some copies of the Bible, and much of the printing apparatus, were preserved and were sent to England, where the saved copies were distributed, and the presses and types were used to produce another edition. But few of these copies have been preserved to this day, and those few are consequently extremely rare and very valuable.

"IV. The Translation so highly esteemed, called the *Geneva* version, 1557. The Geneva edition of the New Testament, originally published by Conrad Badius, is a pocket volume. The anonymous editor (supposed to be one of the English reformers, who had been driven to Geneva during the persecution under Queen Mary) states that he has diligently revised the text 'by the moste approued Greke examples [*copies*], and conference of translations in other tonges as the learned may easely iudge, both by the faithful rendering of the sentence, and also by the proprietie of the wordes, and perspicuitie of the phrase. . . . . And because the Hebrewe and Greke phrases, which are strange to rendre in other tonges, and also short, shulde not be to harde, I haue,' he adds, 'sometyme interpreted them without any whit diminishing the grace of the sense, as our langage doth vse them, and sometyme haue put to that worde, which lacking made the sentence obscure, but haue set it in such letters as may easely be discerned from the commun text.' This version is much more literal than the preceding translations, and at the same time a very free use is made of italic supplements. It forms an important part of the *apparatus* for collation.

"V. The *Rhemish* New Testament. The first edition of the Anglo-Romish New Testament, undertaken by the English College at Rhemes, was there printed in 1582, and is hence called the *Rhemish* Testament. It is, to quote the words of its title, 'translated faithfully into English out of the authentical Latin, according to the best corrected copies of the same diligently conferred vwith the Greeke and other editions in diuers languages:' And it is added, 'We presume not in hard places to mollifie the speaches or phrases, but religiously keepe, them vvord for vvord, and point for point, for feare of missing, or restraining the sense of the holy Ghost to our phantasie.'

"VI. The *Authorized Version*, which has now for two centuries maintained its high ground as the received English Translation. This Version was undertaken by command of King James I. in compliance with the suggestion of the puritan divines, in the Hampton Court Conference, held in 1603. The work was commenced in 1607, and was finished in three years; and the first edition was published in 1611, which, differing as it does slightly from the copies now in general use, has been chosen for the present work, and will be exactly followed."

It is, we believe, universally admitted that Wiclif may as justly be regarded to be the father of English Biblical Translation, as Chaucer is of English poetry. No doubt the Scriptures, as well

as verse and song, had currency in our island before the year 1380; but in what shape or to what extent used cannot be very nicely ascertained. It would appear that the versions were not always in prose, nor more faithful than paraphrases. Besides, it is probable that the whole of the New Testament was never translated by the Anglo-Saxons. At any rate it cannot with propriety be said that the language of these versions was English; certainly not English that can now be generally understood, and as certainly not the English of Wiclif, which with little trouble may be read at this day, by any person. With justice, therefore, in any comprehensive view of English Biblical translation, that by the rector of Lutterworth is entitled to precedence.

With respect to the character of Wiclif's version, the author of the Historical Account is of opinion that it was done from a Latin version, and not from the Greek; and it appears to us that this point is rendered sufficiently probable, and that the value of the work was not such as to entitle it to much regard as a scriptural authority; at least after the appearance of Tyndale's translation in 1534.

We have already had a general account of this martyr's work, the first *printed* English version, which not only because of this circumstance is a curiosity in the history of literature, but because it exhibits our tongue in that developed condition which may be characterized as midway between the age of Wiclif and that of James the First; when the authorized version displayed a wealth and beauty of language that continues to be regarded as excellent. Independent of its literary features, Tyndale's version was esteemed to be of such value in a scriptural sense, that it was one of those which the translators of the *authorized* were to consult as a basis. It had also been reprinted, and again in a revised shape.

Other translations followed that of the martyr, but with comparatively slight alterations; and even Cranmer's, the third in chronological order in the Hexapla, was essentially of this character.

The Geneva version was by exiles who, when persecution was hot against Bible translators and Bible readers, occupied themselves "for the space of two years and more with feare and trembling" in this work. They made much use of Beza's version as well as those of their countrymen.

The Rhemish, or Catholic version, was intended to present the New Testament in a truer translation, or, as some will contend, in *another* form than that of any of those by the English Protestants. They used rather a different phraseology than a different meaning; and unquestionably the work has a right to the place it occupies in the Hexapla. The history of the authorized version requires no remark in our pages.

The Greek text in the present work is that of Scholz, which is

collated with Griesbach's; and this is no small advantage to the scholarly student. But even to the common English reader we cannot too strongly recommend a publication which places before him, at a comparatively trifling expense, *six* translations, and which in no other book can be found; nor separately, unless at an enormous price.

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## NOTICES.

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ART. XVI.—*Dodd's Church History of England.* With Notes, &c. by the Rev. M. A. TIERNEY, F. R. S. &c. Vol. IV. London: Dolman.

WE have called the attention of our readers to the preceding volumes of this Church History, and spoken of the moderation and the candour, both of the Author and the Editor. We have also quoted specimens of the work to support the general opinion we entertain of these Roman Catholic writers. The volumes contain an immense body of information, the notes, additions, and corrections alone by Mr. Tierney, being the fruit of extensive research and earnest industry. It cannot be denied, however, that owing to the manner of Dodd's arrangement of his subjects, and also to the multitude and predominance of the Notes and the Appendixes, the work proves heavy and repulsive, if regarded as a history intended for the general reader. On the other hand, to the student of general as well as ecclesiastical history it presents a mine of wealth; while to the truth seeking and unprejudiced religionist, it will set some things in a light [which he may not have discovered in any of the works which are generally consulted with regard either to the civil or the religious revolutions and changes which have occurred in this country.

The present volume is exclusively devoted to the reign of James the First; and our extract shall relate to that prince's character and policy.

As usual, Dodd takes a middle, or an extenuating rather than an exaggerating method, when drawing the portrait of James. In regard to him, says our historian, "Some have taken so unbecoming a freedom, as to represent him to have been one of the most insignificant princes, that ever sat upon the British throne." He then goes on to notice the several charges which the monarch's detractors have advanced relative to his personal qualities, his learning, his political and religious opinions or practices, &c.; informing the reader in the course of the statement, what the plan and principles are which he himself is to observe. "What reflections occur to me, upon the premises, are, that as the greatest qualifications, and the most cautious behaviour are liable to misrepresentations, when persons are resolved to give things an invidious turn, so such as are inclined to be friends to mankind, may easily disperse the mist that is raised, and find a way to expound matters in a more favourable sense. It is not, however, my design to undertake an apology for king James, as to the particulars he is charged with; many whereof are visibly nothing else but malicious

insinuations, to depreciate his character, upon views best known to his enemies, and which the discerning part of mankind may easily guess at." The extract which we now present will exhibit the historian in a moderate light upon a subject which has excited much keenness and controversy.

"Before I conclude what relates to king James's character, some, perhaps, may expect that I should add a word or two concerning arbitrary power, which he is said to have laboured for. As to the thing itself, arbitrary power, in all governments, must be lodged somewhere; because there must be a *non plus ultra* of authority, in order to put an end to debates, which otherwise would be perpetual. Many inconveniences (besides breaking in upon the constitution) attend it, when it is assumed by a single person; and we are not always in safety when it is managed by a multitude: especially, when the number is contracted into so small a compass as to become all dependent and creatures to a single person, who may, by that stratagem, deprive the people of their liberties, under the plausible pretence of being their guardians. The usurpation of a single person, in the first case, may be easily opposed; but, in the latter, where the people are made slaves, as it were, by their own consent, to whom can they have recourse to shake off the burden? But these are matters of too high a nature to be looked narrowly into. I shall only take the liberty to observe that arbitrary power, in the Kings of England, has always been esteemed directly opposite to our politic constitution. But, at the same time, we are to take it along with us, that politic constitutions have, so far, a resemblance with human bodies, as to be subject to alterations. Now, it is undeniable, that the constitution of the English government has not always been the same. Several laws, which sometime were esteemed to be fundamental, have been repealed; both those regarding the liberties of the people, and such as belonged to the royal prerogative. Nay, even at this day, these matters are a subject of contention; nor can it easily be determined, where to fix the boundaries of each of those powers, which make up the legislature. It is not to my purpose to mention particulars. However, thus much may be said in general,—that as several of our monarchs, in former days, have borne hard upon the constitution, by depriving the people of their liberties, so the royal prerogative has been attacked by the people, where they had no right to call it into question. Now, as all persons are jealous of their privileges, king James, perhaps, might think his parliament was too encroaching, and upon that account, show something of resolution and stiffness in asserting his prerogative; which, by construction, exasperated minds might look upon to be an attempt for introducing arbitrary power."

Dodd, after these generalities, quotes James's high prerogative letter to Sir Thomas Richardson, speaker of the House of Commons, dated December 3, 1631, from Newmarket; the historian's design being to let the reader judge for himself, concerning the king's design and character relative to arbitrary power; a fair way of dealing.

ART. XVII.—*The Natural History of the Fishes of Guiana.* By R. H. SCHOMBURGH. Naturalist's Library. London: Highley.

OUR readers have had, ere now, some account of Mr. Schomburgh's pursuits in Guiana, and specimens of his spirited and enthusiastic descriptions of extraordinary scenes in that country. He is a true Naturalist; for his science is exact and his observation universal and keen, whatever be the object that presents itself, or the spot in which he is placed. Indeed according to the notices given of him, he has shown the direction of his mind by being passionately fond of botany from very early youth, and having had a strong love of surveying adventure.

Guiana seems to have been the principal field of his ardent pursuits, and he has brought many wonderful as well as interesting things to light belonging to that region with a graphic pen, and a really picturing pencil. The descriptions in the volume before us, and the plates from his drawings, are striking illustrations of the twofold and twin capacity.

Fishes and water-monsters did not come within the main scope of Mr. Schomburgh's researches in Guiana; but as we have intimated, no department of Natural History is indifferent to him; it is impossible for him to be thrown upon any territory, or to be allowed the free use of his eyes upon any part or kind of God's creation, without applying all his knowledge and energies to its examination. He therefore became an Ichthyologist when occasion offered, and has contributed a good deal that is novel or more vividly exhibited than ever before, in the present volume, although the history may want completeness, owing to being confined to what was actually observed. Nevertheless this part of the Library is exceedingly interesting; and had the volume contained nothing more than the *thirty-four* coloured plates, and Mr. Schomburgh's Introduction, would have been worth more than the price of the book as it is, even in this age of cheap publications. We now quote two passages, as specimens of the manner in which the writer can inform and excite at the same moment: we might add, of the way in which he interests you in behalf of the Indians, because he deeply sympathizes with them himself, as a former review of some of his publications will bear out.

The natives of Guiana, we learn, are expert fishermen: they have also some curious ways of hunting and capturing the inhabitants of their rivers, some of these inhabitants being extraordinary enough of themselves. Take a description:—

“Partly to serve us for economical purposes, but more to satisfy our curiosity of witnessing the Indian manner of hunting the arapaima, this giant of the fresh-water fishes Irai-i, the Carib chieftain at Currassawaka, induced his men to afford us an opportunity. We selected a sunny day, when there was more chance that at the heat of noontide one of those fishes would rise to the surface. Our party was distributed in five small corials; and we proceeded towards the mouth of the stream Currassawaka, where it enters the Rupununi. Here we remained stationary, one of the corials being put on the watch; and no length of time had elapsed when the signal was given that an arapaima was in sight. All hands were hushed as death; Irai-i and his brother-in-law Dabaero who were considered the strongest



and best shots, went forward with their corial and approached the fish as nearly as possible, the rest following softly, to be within arrow-shot. There stood the sinewy Carib Dabaero, his foot firmly resting upon the bow of the corial, his left hand grasping the large bow of tough *uamara*, his right the long arrow, upwards of six feet in length, and armed with a formidable iron point. His position, although forced to the unpractised, developed the symmetric forms of his figure, unadorned as it was by any art. Only those who have witnessed the Indian's eye when the bow is strung and he approaches his intended victim, can have any idea of that expression and that fire by which it appears lighted. Irai-i had adopted a similar position, when the crack of the bowstring told us that Dabaero had discharged his arrow, and the chief followed his example, but missed, his arrow floating on the water, while the other disappeared with the monster. The corials pulled into the middle of the stream, the eyes of the Indians directed to all points to detect the arrow-feather appearing. Their quick eye saw it above the water, although it was only for a moment: away went all the corials in full chase; and just as it appeared a second time, a second arrow was sent into the fish. All was now excitement; and the yell of the Indian, the rushing of waters, harrowed up by the quick stroke of the paddles, was one of the most enlivening scenes I ever witnessed. Away we went where the experienced hunters expected to see the fish reappear; and scarcely made the tops of the arrows their appearance, when others flew from their strings and pierced the arapaima. Down he went again; but the period he remained below the surface was much shorter than previously,—a proof that he got fatigued; and when he reappeared, he allowed the first corial to come so near that one of the Indians was enabled to give him a stroke with a cutlass: a few more arrows were discharged at him, and he became an easy prey. The question was now, how to get him into a corial, as we estimated his length at least six to seven feet, and his weight not less than a hundred and fifty pounds. He was floated into comparatively shallow water: and when one of the corials was got under him, the Indians, who were wading in the water, shuffled the corial, with the fish and water in it, to and fro until the water had got mostly out and the craft commenced to float again; the rest was baled out; and under the huzza of our Indians we returned with our prize to Currassawaka, highly delighted with our sport of hunting the arapaima."

The roar of alligators:—

"The large alligators and caymans are the foremost among the inhabitants of the water which prey upon the fishes. There they lie, like dry logs of wood, at the foot of some cataract, their mouth half open, ready to snatch and swallow what the increased rapidity of the current should carry down the fall. How frequently have we seen them in that situation while ascending the upper river Berbice, which beyond all others seemed to swarm with these horrid monsters. I have already observed how often they tore the fish from our spring-hooks, and carried fish, hook, and line away; and we naturally did not owe them good-will for their stealing propensities, which served as an additional proof to what extent their depredations must be carried on. And although abundance of fish during certain seasons prevails in the rivers of the interior, the cayman is never-

theless the most covetous of all animals, and envies every other successful fisher. This he gives to understand, particularly by angry growls, if the line with the captive is drawn in, and his attempts to intercept the captured fish before it be drawn on the land should have proved unsuccessful. While we were encamped at the mouth of the river Rewa, or Roiwa, during our last expedition, the afternoon of the 21st of October had passed under thunder and rain; but at the approach of night Nature lulled herself to rest, and only the droppings from the leaves told of the former storm. I was lying sleepless in my hammock, and I watched two Indians who had their lines out to entrap some hungry fish. A *kilbagre*, lured away by the tempting bait, had snapped at it; and the fisherman, acquainted by the stress on his line of his success, drew the unwilling fish towards the canoe, when the roar of a cayman awoke the echo of the woods; and rushing towards the course with all his might, he recaptured the fish, as the astonished Indians were just on the point of drawing it in; and with it went the hook and a great part of the line. At our second night's camp, after we had entered the river Rupununi, the Indians were likewise fishing; and whenever a fish was caught and drawn towards the canoe, the caymans commenced such a roar that it baffled description. We distinctly heard that there were three: first one commenced, when the fish that was drawn in began to struggle; and another answered him, until the noise was so great that the Indians, as if in self-defence, and to intimidate the approaching monsters, set up a shout themselves. Indeed, the roaring of a cayman is so strong, that in the still hour of night it may be heard a mile off; and there is something awful and indescribable in it: it is not the tiger's growl, the bull's bellowing, the lion's roar; it is different from all, and really terrific when that sound bursts suddenly upon the ear. I might compare it to the snorting of a frightened horse, if the strength of that snort could be increased ten—no, twentyfold, in effect."

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ART. XVIII.—*Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book*, 1842. Fisher & Co.

A SPLENDID and valuable array of Fisher's Annuals and Pictorials have reached us; but so late in the month, that we have room only for the shortest notices of them; and indeed one or two must be dismissed with the scantiest announcement.

The Drawing-Room Scrap-Book has claims upon us for precedence, and the largest portion of our small space. It awakens associations that need not be described. Still, we are bound to state that our predictive fears were rash, when we thought, on the departure of the seraphic being who presided over this lovely annual visitant and filled it with the outbursts of her soul, that it would languish and die. Another spirit of kindred birth, and yet with a difference, sustains the life of this favourite, with a sweetness, simplicity, and homely truth that none other can rival. But we need not tell of Mary Howitt's manner of song and original teachings. Suffice it to say that we never found more variety, more that is new, more that is good, in her well-known writings than in the present lovely volume.

The embellishments are much diversified, and are very fine. Oriental pieces, with their characteristic magnificence, familiar faces, living beauties, &c., are among the very numerous list of embellishments. But these we cannot exhibit, and therefore draw upon Mary's wealth. The following poem we have heard much praised, and justly. The subject is the "Bazaar of the Fig-Tree, Algiers :"—

" ' Bear me outside the tent ; and take, too, my divan :  
Him must I see myself ! To-day the caravan  
Arrived from Africa, sayest thou, and brought the news ?  
Bear me outside the tent ; for as the faint gazelle  
Rejoices in the stream, so this which he shall tell,  
If he speak true, in me will joy infuse !'

The sheik sat by the tent ; and thus began the Moor :—  
' On Algiers' towers doth wave, old man, the tricolor ;  
Upon its battlements rustles the silk of Lyon ;  
The brisk *réveille* wakes the streets while day is dim ;  
The horses prance unto the Marseilles hymn :  
The French come over from Toulon :

Like flashing lightning, towards the south the host went on ;  
Upon their weapons flash'd the Barbarescan sun ;  
Tunesan sand was blown about their horses' manes ;  
Teeth-gnashing, took their wives the Kabysten, and fled ;  
Mount Atlas was their hope ; and with its hoary head  
Up to the heights the dromedary strains.

The Moors draw up for fight. Like a sultry furnace glows  
The pass with furious strife ; the whirling steam arose.  
Beside the half-rent deer no more the lion stays,  
He can look out that night for other kind of game.  
Allah ! Feu ! En avant ! Right to the summit came  
At once those daring avanturiers !

Of gleaming bayonets the mountain wears a crown ;  
Afar o'er all the land, with its cities, they look down,  
From Atlas to the sea, from Tunis unto Fez.  
The cavalry dismount ; with arm on crupper laid,  
Their eyes range all around ; from many a myrtle shade  
Arise the tall and slender minarets.

The almond-tree within the pleasant valley bloweth ;  
Spite of the bare hot rock the spiny aloe groweth ;  
Good luck unto his land, the Bey of Titterie !  
There gleams the sea ; beyond lies France. The winds coquet  
With the war-flag. The match is to the touchhole set,  
The salvo fired—such a salute had he !'

' 'Tis they !' exclaimed the sheik ; ' I fought upon their side ;  
Fight of the Pyramids ! O day of spoil and pride !

Red as thy turban were the fords o' th' Nile!  
But of their sultan what?—He seiz'd the Moor's right hand;  
'His size, his gait, his eye? Saw'st him in battle stand?  
His dress?' The Moor felt in his sash awhile.

'Their sultan found,' said he, 'his palace more inviting;  
A general dared for him the danger—did the fighting;  
An Aga took for him the mountain-pass by force.  
But on this bright gold-piece of twenty francs thou'lt see  
Their sultan's head; a French horse-soldier gave it me  
In certain trafficking about a horse.'

The Emir took the gold, and long he look'd thereon,  
To see if 'twere the sultan that he long since had known  
In the great desert-fight; but he only sigh'd, and said,  
'These eyes are not his eyes, nor this his forehead fair;  
This man I do not know! His head is like a pear!  
He whom I mean is not this man indeed!'

ART. XIX.—*Fisher's Historic Illustrations of the Bible.* Division IV.  
Fisher and Co.

ENGRAVINGS from Guercino, Copley, Caracci, West, Rubens, Poussin, Jouvenet, Mutiano, and Coypel, and several from some of these masters, constitute the illustrations in this Division. We think it is the richest portion of the series that we have yet seen. The originals are not only master-pieces of these masters, but there is a depth and tone in the plates that could not be expected in such a cheap work. So much care has been taken that the details are brought out, and the very expression of the muscles and eyes. How much of truth and life, for example, is there in "Martha and Mary," by Coypel? But we are precluded from saying more.

ART. XX.—*The Rhine, Italy, and Greece.* Thirty-three Plates,  
Fisher and Co.

Now completed, this work may be ranked among the most acceptable of Fisher's descriptive and pictured guides to the most remarkable scenes in countries, which on account of their scenic, traditional, and historic character, maintain the strongest hold of our memories and imaginations. All works of this kind must address themselves to two classes of persons; these classes including the whole, viz., the travelled and the untravelled,—recalling the actual, and in a measure satisfying the inquiring.

ART. XXI.—*Family Secrets; or Hints to Those who would make Home Happy.* By MRS. ELLIS. Fisher and Co.

WE must return to this work; it must not be dismissed in a single line.

ART. XXII.—*The Juvenile Scrap-Book*. Sixteen Plates. By Mrs. ELLIS. Fisher and Co.

As suitable and elegant as any of this lady's labours of love for the entertainment and best interests of the young. The middle-aged and the old will derive pleasure and profit too from it, if they peruse the beautiful volume in a right spirit.

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ART. XXIII.—*Hints to Australian Emigrants*. By PETER CUNNINGHAM, Surgeon, R. N. London: Boone.

MR. CUNNINGHAM has heretofore written about Australia, for he is the author of a clever book, entitled "Two Years in New South Wales." The present work, however, we take to be one of superior value to the former; at any rate it is one of universal concernment, whatever be the colony to which you may bend your course, or the country in which you may abide.

The Hints are those of a philosophical inquirer, a steady observer, and a practical man, who has visited many shores and lands. The principal, or rather the sole subject of the work is Husbandry; and the principle sought to be established and illustrated is this, that there is a mode in which that comprehensive art may be systematically and profitably applied, whatever the region of the world be in which you settle. Englishmen are particularly in need of having this principle inculcated upon them, owing to their pertinacity in carrying out with them, and abiding by the habits and practices which are approved of in their native land. For instance, there was one who emigrated to Australia, and who forgetting even the change of latitude, laid out his garden with a southern aspect, which is equivalent to the north with us, and gave as his reason that it is the way he had always done.

Mr. Cunningham of course applies his principle especially to Australia; and by comparison and analogy as respects Egypt, Syria, South America, &c., countries as regards soil and climate not very different from the one which immediately engages him, he suggests the mode of cultivation, the kind of implements, vegetables, and animals best adapted to the southern hemisphere. The necessity and the various methods of irrigation are points upon which he particularly dwells; but which Englishmen are apt to overlook, accustomed as they have been to a moist climate. Engravings and explanatory descriptions of artificial helps, such as of water-raising-wheels, serve to enhance the usefulness of the book, which is written in a clear manner, brevity and pith uniting. We give some examples.

Hints about a certain grass:—

"*Doob-Grass*.—It is not known how or when this grass was introduced into New South Wales; but it has made such rapid progress since then over the country, as to threaten to supersede, in a great measure, the native grasses.

"Its roots not only strike many feet deep into the soil, but ramify in all directions through it, while its tendrils shoot rapidly along the superficies, taking root at intervals as they proceed, thus forming a thick network above ground as well as below, binding the miry as well as the sandy soils, so as to make them passable for both animals and wheel-carriages, and at the

same time furnishing places with abundant food for stock, which yielded nothing before.

“It has also been successfully applied in preventing, by its binding qualities, the washing away of land by floods, of which the late Mr. Macarthur was the first to test its merits in this respect, at Camden. Indeed, from the rapidly with which it spreads, it bids fair at no distant period to convert the numerous wastes of interior Australia into grassy meadows and downs; as from the deepness to which it burrows, and the enduring nature of its roots, it is so constituted as to defy the severest droughts or floods to which the Australian interior is subject, from making any deadly impression upon it.

“It would, indeed, be conferring a great future good upon the colony, were all travellers into the interior to carry a store of its seeds along with them, to scatter at intervals in their route, so as to hasten the covering of the present interior wastes with verdure.

“It must strike any one who has witnessed the binding effects upon the Australian sands, what great benefits would attend its introduction into Southern France, which moving sands are fast converting into deserts, as its binding qualities would not only arrest their progress, but convert them into pasture-downs.

“The doob grass stands heat and drought infinitely better, but cold worse than the native grasses; while it is always the first to show, by its leafy shoots of lively green, the influence of a passing shower, as well as the longest to reap its benefits. Though much coarser in blade in its wild state than the native grasses, yet it improves greatly in this respect by cultivation—is much relished by cattle, as well as a good fatterer of them, particularly when its pastures are intermingled with white clover, which agrees well with it, while it also makes good hay.

“Its roots form in some parts of India no small portion of the horse and cattle food, and were similarly used in the vicinity of Sydney during the great drought terminating in 1829; the horses relishing them much when washed and chopped up.”

About goats:—

“An Englishman, on visiting the Mediterranean countries, and finding goat’s milk nearly everywhere in use, to the exclusion of that of the cow, is apt to ascribe this to prejudice: but on further research, he will find that it is more digestible than cow’s milk, and hence more suitable to warm countries; and that a far greater amount of milk can be obtained from a given space of ground pastured by goats than when pastured by cows, in consequence of the goat feeding upon many things the cow either would not taste or that would prove poisonous to her.

“The Malta goat frequently gives ten pints of milk per day in the height of the milking; while in the case where a milch-cow was required at Smyrna, several herds were tried, and the greatest quantity procurable was two pints per day from a single cow.

“In many parts of Australia, therefore, (particularly in the bushy ground near Sydney,) goats might with great advantage supplant the cows for milking purposes; while the flesh of some of the breeds, differing little from mutton, would still farther enhance their value.”



ART. XXIV.—*Evils and Remedies of the Present System of Popular Elections.* By J. S. BUCKINGHAM, Esq. London: Whittaker.

MR. BUCKINGHAM'S "Evils and Remedies," "with a Sketch of the Qualifications and Duties of Representatives and Constituents," and also "an Address on the Proposed Reforms in the Commerce and Finance of the Country," were got up and published at a very appropriate time. He has in fact been lately lecturing in Yorkshire on some of these subjects, the newspapers of the province having circulated in the neighbourhood much of what is here to be found in a compact form. The whole looks very well on paper, and some of the suggestions, we think, might be practically advantageous. But still untried theories are the staple of the book, while difficulties and flaws become more and more apparent the longer one reflects upon most of his remedies.

Our attention has been called to one passage which we shall cite as an example of the unsatisfactory sort to which we have referred. Mr. B. does not approve of the Ballot; but he has a wonderfully complex and unworkable mode of secret voting to recommend in its stead. This is it,—

"The Registrar, having a card containing the names of the several candidates printed on it in a clear and uniform manner, should then provide a sufficient number of these to furnish one to every elector; which, for security, should be forwarded to him through the post-office, enclosed in a printed circular directing him to draw his pen through the names of the candidates for whom he wished to give his vote; then to put the card in a blank envelope, seal it, and inscribe his name with his own hand on the *outside* of such envelope, so that it might give assurance of its coming from him as a registered elector; and then to put the whole in an ordinary letter-cover, addressed to the Registrar, at his office, and send it, for security, through the post-office, on the following day.

"On the day appointed, the letters are delivered by the post, at the office of the Registrar himself; his two assistants and an agent of each candidate being present to see justice done to all. The outer seal is first broken, and the first enclosures, with the voter's autograph signature on each cover, are arranged alphabetically, as they come out, (the cards containing his vote being still kept secret in the second enclosure, which is still sealed up.) When all are thus disposed of, the next process will be the opening of the registration book, the calling over from it the names of the voters, according to their alphabetical entry; the comparison of the autograph signature of each person on the letter-cover with the autograph signature of the same person in the book to establish their identity, rejecting for future inquiry any duplicates, or forgeries, or doubtful names—if any of either indeed, under such a system, should be likely to occur.

"The verification of the signatures being completed, the next step would be the opening of the inner *sealed* covers, throwing the printed cards into one box and the written envelopes into another; which, for the perfect security of secrecy, might be done by youths, under the check of the parties already acting as Registrar and assistants, or blindfolded, if that were deemed necessary, as in the case of drawing tickets in a lottery, to prevent

any one from seeing out of which particular envelope any particular card was taken."

Here is a scheme which the ingenious reader may take up as an exercise in which his knowledge of mankind will necessarily be applied; and then he will most probably find himself in a position to pronounce on the practicability and the advantages of this *secret* system.

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**ART. XXV.**—*Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck, and consequent Discovery of certain Islands in the Carribean Sea.* Edited by MISS JANE PORTER. 3rd Edition. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

THE title further says that the book gives "a detail of many extraordinary and highly interesting events in his life, from the year 1733 to 1749. As written in his own diary." *Third Edition!* But this is not all. Miss Porter has given a new preface, the gist of which is that the Narrative is genuine. We cannot say yea, nor nay; but this we can declare, that those who were too young to think of adventures by flood and field some ten years ago, when this remarkable work first appeared, as well as all those more aged persons who may have hitherto remained ignorant of its character, will do themselves an injustice if they allow any other book of entertainment and instructive adventure to take precedence of this in the course of their reading.

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**ART. XXVI.**—*The Demagogue.* A Comedy in Five Acts. Printed by Stephen Goggin.

By a young man, we understand. But although bearing marks of juvenility, such as sometimes a plethora of words, and obtrusive common-places, there is knowledge, humour, and good writing in "*The Demagogue.*" The author, we think, has got his foot upon the dramatic ladder; so that larger acquaintance with himself and the world, together with literary culture, may elevate him to a commanding height among the sons of the Comic Muse.

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**ART. XXVII.**—*Annotations on some of the Messianic Psalms.* Vol. XXXII. of the Biblical Cabinet.

THESE Annotations are taken from the Commentary of Rosenmuller, a critical work of high character on the Hebrew text of those Psalms that most pointedly picture the coming of the Redeemer. There is also a Latin version with Notes by Dathe, that will be of much service to students who are not proficient in the Hebrew. The work is translated by Robert Johnston, who in a Preface gives us notices of the advancement of Hebrew scholarship amongst divines, and also a sketch of German Rationalism. Besides, an Introduction is prefixed, by Hengstenberg, which bears closely and with the command of great resources, upon the Messianic prophecies.

ART. XXVIII.—*Tales of the Moor.* By JOSIAS HOMELY. *Containing Reginald Arnolf, Tom Stirlington, &c.* London: Simpkin.

“JOSIAS Homely,” it appears, is the poetic title of plain prosaic John Bradford, a Devonshire man, who has had the luck to obtain a long list of patrons in the shape of subscribers to his small volume, which after a fashion of his own, is a patch-work of poetry and prose. The former, is in the shape of blank verse, and is the most readable of the *melange*. It evinces some warmth of interest towards local scenery, traditions, and legends; but as respects poetry, it should never have been published beyond the province where the people are prepared to sympathize fully with whatever is suggested, however feebly. Josias is somewhat ambitious to exhibit his learned reading; and he also contemplates great ends to be achieved by his imaginings. The prose parts are utterly puerile in manner and matter.

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ART. XXIX.—*One Simple Rule determining the French Genders, illustrated by four versified lines.* By ACHILLES ARBITES.

It will require an attentive perusal or study of this thin tome to understand and appreciate its principles and lessons. We shall merely state that by means of four versified lines, and illustrated by the masculine nouns in the history of Napoleon, and by the feminine nouns in the history of Elizabeth, a person, we think, may speedily obtain a knowledge of some widely governing principles, and an acquaintance with rules and results that will very much facilitate his study of the French language, and his acquaintance with some of its more perplexing anomalies.

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ART. XXX.—*The Poet; or, the Invocations, &c. of a Madman.*

“THE Invocations, Lamentations, Warnings, Criticisms, Thoughts and Ravings of a Madman.” A strange medley of nonsense and the violations of all rules. Still there are gleams here and there of original talent. There is method in the madness of this writer.

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ART. XXXI.—*A Treatise on the Calculus of Variations.* By R. ABBOTT. 2nd Edition. London: Ostell.

AN intricate subject treated by a subtle and perspicuous author.

# THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1841.

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ART. I.—1. *Memoirs relative to Itinerating Libraries.* By the Rev. WILLIAM BROWN. Edinburgh.

2. *A Plan for Libraries.* By a Friend of Education. Andover.

THERE are two methods of instruction, oral and written. Were mankind to be deprived of one of these methods, perhaps the privilege of oral instruction should be retained in preference to that which is written. The majority of mankind may be more easily induced to attend to oral teaching. When once, however, a thirst for information is produced, the greatest good it would seem, is to be derived from the press. The comparative advantages of the two methods have been particularly described by rhetoricians and others. Great efforts, for example, have been made and immense good effected by means of a learned ministry, and by discourses from the pulpit; but might not proportionable benefit be reaped from the establishment of a judiciously selected number of books in every parish, and a wise system of distribution?

The art of printing constitutes the principal advantage for the improvement of mankind which distinguishes modern times from past ages. The press has with propriety been called the lever that moves the moral world. It becomes an instrument of mischief or utility, according to the use that is made of it; a poisonous fountain, the exhalations of whose streams infect the moral atmosphere with disease and death, or a river of life whose waters “are for the healing of the nations.” It is by the press that every family may, and, we believe, will, eventually possess the Bible; nor will the full triumphs of which the art of printing is susceptible be realized and witnessed till every individual can have ready access to the best works on religion, science, and literature, which will present subjects for investigation sufficient to occupy all the time that his situation and circumstances can admit.

It should be the prominent object of benevolence to instruct the whole community of mind. Colleges and schools cannot fully effect this. Richly endowed academical institutions may produce an aris-

tocracy of learning; but they cannot supply the great body of the people with a sufficiency of mental food. Even the ability to read the best books will be insufficient to the public wants, unless these books are at hand, and in a sense pressed upon the notice of all. But is there no remedy, no adequate source and means of supply? Yes!—From the cheapness and facilities of the press, with the assistance of some well-contrived and practicable system, the longed for privileges and benefits may be brought to bear upon the whole community of mind.

The improvement of the press and the extension of its beneficent instrumentality, are objects of the highest moment to representative governments; for their prosperity is inseparable from the intelligence as well as the virtue of the people. An intelligent community cannot exist without the assistance of the press. Although they might be a virtuous and religious people, yet without this handmaid they cannot be capable of appreciating their civil and social privileges, or of protecting their rights. The advantages of the press are equally conducive to the prosperity of benevolent institutions; for it requires an intelligent community to be duly convinced of their importance, and to know how to render their instrumentality fully available. If we examine the history of benevolent institutions, we shall find that they have not only been founded, but mainly supported by the most intelligent part of the community. We may also confidently predict that in proportion to the diffusion and further enlargement of intelligence will be the birth and the healthy growth of benevolent institutions. But never can these be placed on a footing, not even proposed and contemplated, without the co-operation of the whole community, and the hearty acceptance of such aids by every one of its members.

But what are the practical measures which may be proposed to render the press more beneficially effective than has ever yet been realized, and so as to produce the greatest earthly good that can reasonably be anticipated? In answer, three things appear to demand particular notice; viz. the selection, the cheapness, and the circulation of works published.

It is a maxim that the best works should be thoroughly studied in preference to coursing over a large field of inferior writings. *Legendum potius multum, quam multa.* Let the mind be preoccupied with useful reading, and not only will a taste be acquired for studies and pursuits of a beneficial character, but there will be a proportioned disrelish for frivolous or less useful reading. Some one has said, "Let the bushel be first filled with wheat and there will be no room for chaff." Important as it is to be well versed in books, it is of still greater moment that reading should be of the proper kind. Not a few can say, if they had been directed in a judicious course of reading, not only would the loss of time have

been prevented, but the truth of the remark would not have been so applicable to them, that "to acquire the art of forgetting is as desirable as to acquire the art of remembering."

Nothing can be more obvious than that in reading, a judicious selection should be made from the works issued from the press. But can we assert that the majority of any community are competent judges in such a case? This would be too broad a statement, and one which experience contradicts. What, then, can be done? The following proposal is made: Let a judicious and competent committee, in whom the public will place confidence, be appointed, that they may direct their attention to the subject, and recommend works to the public. The committee could ascertain the value of a book before they recommend it. They would feel a public responsibility so as to beget particular attention to the subject; and this would give them a decided advantage over even other well-informed persons, whose attention might have been seldom directed to such an end.

This committee could likewise attend to the purchase of books, and also by recommendation effect the publication of many. They could furnish works cheaper than could otherwise be obtained. The expense of publication is an obstacle to more extensive circulation. But few purchase so large a collection as they desire to possess: expense prevents them. To obviate this difficulty, libraries in many places have been established. The utility and practicability of libraries have long been proved by experience. By their aid, at small outlay, access to valuable depositories of books can be obtained. That the great body of the people may derive the greatest advantages which the press can afford, they must have libraries provided for them; and the deficiency of the privileges which they derive from the press will generally be in proportion to the neglect of libraries. In order, therefore, that the benefits of the press may be most effectually extended through the committee, *a system of libraries with a publishing committee should be commenced.*

These principles have been acted upon separately, but not conjointly. There have been committees to supervise works for the press, but not connected with a system of libraries. On the other hand, libraries have been established, but not under the superintendence of a publishing committee. Accordingly, they have not flourished, or have not been productive of the good anticipated. Systematic and matured measures were wanting. System is as useful in the moral as in the natural world; and a system to establish libraries may be as practicable as a system for the establishment of any benevolent institution.

Such are the more general ideas which the plan of the American writer embraces, and which he recommends to the consideration of the united government of his country, and also to that of each separate State. It appears that in America libraries are sometimes



attached to churches; but, he says, without the proper and anticipated results. We do not think that in Great Britain the benefits from like provisions would be greater if similarly instituted and superintended. In fact, we are not laying before our readers the character of the plan of the Transatlantic writer with the view of urging its literal adoption in this country. Our purpose is merely, by comparing it with that which has been in operation in districts of Scotland, to show that were libraries established in every parish and in every defined locality of the land, upon some footing and according to some such principles as will be developed more particularly than has yet been done in our outline, the potency of the press and the blessings of which it might be rendered the handmaiden, would, we believe, be wonderfully greater than have ever yet been witnessed.

The principles and details of the system proposed are thus introduced:—that libraries may be commenced as extensively as possible, on a plan that will secure a regular increase of their number,—“First, let a committee of judicious men, in whom the public will place confidence, be appointed to recommend books to be purchased or published, at stated periods of one or two years, for these libraries; and likewise, to superintend the pecuniary, and other concerns of the libraries. Secondly, these libraries are to be supported by subscriptions, by the purchase of shares, or in some other method, which may appear more practicable, each church receiving an amount of books, in proportion to the amount of its subscription. Thirdly, let an agent be appointed to visit the churches, and attend to the concerns of the libraries, as may appear advisable.”

The American writer next proceeds to allow Mr. Brown to explain the Scottish system of Itinerating Libraries, particularly as developed and tested in the East Lothian or Haddington district, and to compare it with that of the *Local*, which he would prefer.

The primary feature of the Scottish libraries is their *itinerating* character. The books are formed into divisions of fifty volumes each. One of these divisions is stationed in a place for two years, and the books are issued to all persons about twelve years of age, who will take care of them. After that period, it is removed to another town or village, and a new division is sent in its stead, which, after other two years, is again exchanged for another. Thus a perpetual succession of new books is introduced into each town and village, and by this means the interest of the readers is very effectually kept up; whereas, it is thought by Mr. Brown, owing to the stationary character of libraries in country places, that the interest in them, after a few years subsides. At the time when he drew up the Memoir, he states, that the issues of certain Itinerating Libraries were as follows: of new books at Haddington to subscribers, on an average of the two preceding years, nearly eight and a half times *per annum*

for each volume: the gratuitous issues at Haddington, Gifford, Salton, Aberlady, North Berwick, Belhaven, and Spot have been seven times for each volume; and the issues of the books of the whole establishment (amounting to upwards of 2000 volumes) have, so far as reported, been five times for each volume,—or 10,000 issues of the whole. Such was the interest in several places, during the winter season, excited by these libraries, that the whole of the books have been issued at one time, so that not a volume was left. The primary object of the Itinerating libraries is to promote the interests of religion, and a large proportion of the books have accordingly a religious character; yet a considerable number belong to history, biography, travels, and arts and sciences popularly handled.

Now, observe what is the scheme which the American writer would prefer. He begins with stating that a considerable number of the Itinerating books “combine amusement with instruction,” and that the libraries have been open for “gratuitous distribution.” He then remarks that if, on the system of Local libraries, a considerable number of the works were of a popular kind and gratuitously given, he apprehends the readers would not be fewer than those mentioned by Mr. Brown, especially where the population is so dense as that of the district quoted. According to the number of subscribers in Haddington named, viz. 162, when there were eight and a half issues of each volume, the number of issues from the fifty volumes will be found to be 425, which on an average gives to each subscriber less than three volumes *per annum*; no very great amount, nor such as presents any strong apparent reasons for removing the fifty volumes to another station after two years. Again, the number of volumes issued gratuitously, especially in populous places, and even the fact that sometimes the whole of the books have been issued at once, it is argued, are not circumstances which prove that the interest awakened is inseparable from the system of *itinerating*. From any system of gratuitous distribution equal results might be expected.

The small interest felt in stationary libraries of which Mr. Brown speaks, does not necessarily result from their being stationary. The selection may have been injudicious; the people may not have possessed a taste for reading, which no system of libraries could speedily beget. The peculiar advantage resulting from the Itinerating libraries is stated to be, that by means of the perpetual succession of new books the interest of the readers is very effectually kept up. But on the system of Local libraries likewise, at regular periods of one or two years, a similar succession might be provided, as will afterwards be shown. Besides, although the love of novelty properly regulated is productive of good, and it be impossible to restrain it entirely without violating a wise law of nature, still there is danger of cultivating this love beyond its relative value. Might not a Local system meet even in this respect all the rightful demands?

The author of the Plan has a note to the following effect, when noticing the want of a taste for reading, and alluding to the likely means of awakening it: in the report of the committee of the American Lyceums, it is stated, he says, that a deep and general regret is expressed on account of town and village libraries being but little resorted to, but that the cause for the regret is removed by the meetings of Lyceums. The moment young people come together for mutual instruction in subjects of useful knowledge they call for books. The old library is looked up to, or a new one is joined; and when the members are not conversing with each other, they are perhaps conversing with their books.

Mr. Brown has said that a second important feature of the Itinerating libraries is their cheapness, a circumstance which must ever be of importance in any scheme of benevolence. When the object is to supply not a single town or village with a library, but a whole country, a saving of expense comes to be a primary *desideratum*. A single library of fifty volumes, with book case, catalogue, labels, &c., may be provided for from £10 to £12, although much may depend on the kind of books wanted, and whether they have been recently published. However, very good divisions may be selected for from £8 to £10. Taking the medium of these rates, viz. £10, the following number of libraries, he calculates, might be established for the sum stated—

1 for a village . . . . .	£10
5 for a district of villages . . . . .	50
50 for a county . . . . .	500

The author of the Memoir goes on to remark that, supposing the books in these libraries to be read on an average annually in the proportion which has just been stated, that is, five times for each volume, this in twenty years, the period which a library is found to last, will amount to 100 issues for every volume, or 5000 issues for the whole of the books in each library; and 250,000 issues for the whole of the books in fifty libraries. And he doubts whether so much good as may be anticipated from such a number of well-chosen libraries, could be effected at so small an expense by almost any other means.

The American writer does not see why all the causes which favour the cheapness of Itinerating libraries, might not in a superior degree favour Local libraries. At the same time he does not admit that the mere fact of supplying a greater number of books than any other system proves that the plan is preferable, any more than that ministers ought to itinerate, because they could by so doing preach a greater number of sermons and produce more excitement than if they remained stationary.

Mr. Brown mentions as a third important characteristic of Itine-

rating libraries, that there is in them a principle of Self-production. This, he says, is a principle which is found in few schemes of benevolence. Originally all the Itinerating libraries were entirely gratuitous,—only a small box was attached to each library, to afford the readers an opportunity of giving any small donation they might think proper; but some years after a plan was adopted of keeping *new* books at Haddington for the use of all persons who gave a small annual subscription, to the value of double the amount of their whole contribution, and the plan was extended to other towns. This arrangement, it is declared, has been attended with complete success. Previous to the adoption of this measure, the greatest number of annual subscribers did not exceed eight; but at the time when the Memoir was drawn up they amounted to 102, year after year regularly increasing. In consequence of there being stations for *new* books in different towns, it was found practicable to furnish the subscribers with a much greater number of recent publications, by means of a mutual exchange between these places than would have been practicable had the plan been limited to a single town. By the subscriptions, too, the means are in part furnished for providing new books in the following year.

At first the books were issued gratuitously from the libraries to which there were no subscriptions; for it was feared that if a payment was demanded, however small, it might essentially impede the success of the Itinerating scheme, one principal object of which was to bring the books within the reach of the whole population, particularly of the young, whom it is of peculiar importance to form to habits of reading and reflection. As soon, however, as a spirit of reading was discovered to have been awakened, a small payment at the rate of a penny-a volume was proposed to be required, which, it was calculated, would, together with lending out the books when new to subscribers of 5s., bring in for each division the sum of 25s. a year; this sum, as the number of libraries increased, becoming the fruitful parent of other new libraries.

Such facts and proposals set the author of the Memoir upon a train of sanguine speculation which is far from uninteresting. He says, if a British and Foreign Library Society were established in London, and were able to raise £5000 a year for the formation of such libraries, they might, within a moderate period of time, cover the whole of Europe with such Institutions, by getting up divisions of fifty volumes each, with book-cases, &c., granting them on loan for 25s. a year, which many individuals would willingly pay, as they might more than reimburse themselves by lending out the books. This scheme in the course of fifty years, it is calculated, might establish 990,152 libraries, which, “taking the population of the globe at six hundred millions, would provide libraries for nearly every 600 of the inhabitants.”

The author of the Memoir, however, is not so chimerical as to expect that circumstances will soon be propitious to the adoption and realization of this universal scheme ; and therefore makes use of this much more limited suggestion, viz., that if a Society, such as he has supposed, were established for Great Britain and Ireland, there might in twenty years be instituted a library for every 524 persons, taking the population at 20,000,000 ; and in twenty-five years, for every 294 persons. The latter, he says, would be a complete supply for the wants of the whole population ; and since the principal object of these Itinerating libraries is to promote the knowledge and influence of religion, they would possess much of the nature of a Home Missionary Institution ; while in our colonies and in new settlements the system would be of prodigious advantage. So much for the Self-Productive principle, according to Mr. Brown. But even this is not all.

There is in the system "a principle of Permanency." This results from the same cause as that which produces their self-extension, viz. the contribution from each library of 25s. or 30s. a year. If the machinery were once fairly set in motion, it would by this means, it is argued, perpetuate itself. If the system be self-productive, it must be self-perpetuating. "Both are the results of a principle similar to that by which the great Creator has provided for the extension and perpetuation of the different races of animals and vegetables in the world."

Having for some considerable space allowed Mr. Brown to have all the talk to himself, let us now turn to the suggestions and arguments of the author of the Plan for local libraries.

I cannot perceive, says the American writer, that the term self-production is applicable to the system of Itinerating libraries more than to any branch of trade, where the income is sufficient to pay the interest and make good the capital, by the time of its exhaustion. It is a term, at any rate, that cannot be applied to Itinerating more than to Local libraries, the income of which would be equivalent to the reimbursement of the capital. Nor is the principle of permanency of a more peculiar nature. Any system of libraries will be permanent where there is an annual expenditure for books sufficient to support the system. Libraries will probably command an income equivalent to their value ; but a system of libraries must be attended with labour and expense. The self-extension and the self-production of the itinerating system are no more similar to the self-extension and the self-production of different races of the animal and the vegetable kingdoms, than the extension and production of the fence which encloses the plantations of the farmer are similar to the spontaneous growth of trees from their own germinating power.

As to the comparative cheapness of the Itinerating and the Local systems, this point receives a particular examination.

That the comparative advantages of both systems, at the same expense, may appear in the strongest light, the American writer confines his remarks on their relative value by an application to a single parish. On the system of Itinerating libraries, as they are removed once in two years, and as they are stated to last 20 years, there would be ten removals. While, therefore, not more than 50 volumes remain in a station, in 20 years 500 volumes are circulated through each station; the expense of which to each station may be only 25s. or 30s. per annum. Whether the cost of books would be greater or less in America than in Scotland, the relative value of the two systems will be sustained, by supposing the expense to be the same. It is stated by Mr. Brown that £10 will purchase 50 volumes; therefore 25s. would purchase something more than 6 volumes; therefore a Local library in 20 years, at the expense of 25s. per annum would amount to 125 volumes. At first view, a Local library appears to disadvantage. But the advantages of an Itinerating library will grow less when it is considered that the majority of subscribers will not, probably, read more than two thirds or three fourths of the volumes before they are removed to another station; perhaps not more than one half of the 50 volumes would be read by a large proportion of the subscribers in two years. According to the results described of the system in Haddington, only about one ninth of the volumes were read by the subscribers in two years. A pressure of business, of sickness, as well as absence from home, may deprive subscribers of an opportunity to read; or the books may be in the hands of other subscribers, a circumstance which may very frequently happen among a dense population, where there are only 50 volumes in a library. As those books only which subscribers have an opportunity to read are of any value to them, one third or one fourth of an Itinerating library, in estimating the comparative value, must be deducted. If one third of 500 volumes be deducted, which would be circulated in a station, in twenty years there will remain about 333 volumes; and if one-fourth, there will remain 375 volumes.

But the books of a Local library could be perused at leisure; if circumstances prevented the reading of them at one time, they could be read at another. The books might be lent to subscribers for a longer time than the books of an Itinerating library. The majority of volumes would deserve to be read twice or thrice. Other comparative advantages for people in sickness, or requiring a particular book, are stated as belonging to a Local library.

The author of the Local plan goes on to reduce the odds as to the *number* of volumes read between the two systems, and also as to the *cheapness* of the schemes, until he thinks he has clearly



proved the one he proposes to be superior. We pass over not a few of his drier calculations, in order to give an abstract of some curious and obviously sensible suggestions.

There are works, he observes, such as commentaries on the Bible, to which people wish to have constant access. Itinerating libraries could never regularly supply such standard books; and it is doubtful whether by Local libraries the *desideratum* could be satisfactorily contrived. Still, suppose that in one parish ten families expended 12 dollars each for the purchase of Scott's Bible, this would amount to 120 dollars for the ten families. If each Bible consisted of six volumes, there would be sixty volumes; which, if deposited in a library, would furnish sixty families with one volume each, and thirty families with two volumes. Each family, at the expense of two dollars, could keep one volume on hand, and the ten families would be at the expense of only 20 dollars instead of 120. If one volume should not be adequate to the demands of a family, perhaps three volumes would; and then the expense would be lessened one half. On the Local system, the agent could consult the wishes of the subscribers, and supply them with such volumes and books as they required.

The population of America is migratory, and increasing with almost unexampled rapidity. If Itinerating libraries should be preferable among the more dense and stationary communities of Europe, yet they may not be adapted to the New World.

A prominent advantage in any country in favour of Local libraries, is, that a *larger edition* of the same work could be published or purchased on this system, than on that of Itinerating libraries. Mr. Brown speaks of the advantages which would accrue to the system he recommends, from publishing a large edition of the same work, saying, "he should not wonder though the price of the books should be gradually reduced to a half or a fourth of what they cost at the commencement of the scheme." But whatever great advantages might attend the Itinerating system from the publication of books, the advantages of a similar kind resulting from the Local plan, it is asserted, would be ten times greater. If Itinerating libraries should be commenced in 1000 stations, they could command the publication or purchase of only 100 copies of the same work, because every station must have different books. But Local libraries could publish as many copies of a work as there were stations; and one thousand stations could command an edition of one thousand copies at the least.

The value of works is often increased by—it often principally depends on—the earliness of the information which they communicate. This is especially the case with periodicals. They give information chiefly of the events that are transpiring at the time of their publication. Most of what has occurred a considerable length

of time back ceases to interest. Although many of the books selected for a library ought never to lose their interest, yet there are others which awaken the greatest curiosity immediately on their publication. Such are travels, memoirs, &c. At different times, public attention is occupied by different subjects. Doctrines have their eras. Now, on the plan of Local libraries, books could be speedily circulated; while on the other system one half of the stations could not receive the books, till from ten to twenty years had elapsed after their publication.

Of two projected models for improvement in machinery, that one would be preferable, *ceteris paribus*, which should be most susceptible of still further improvement. In many inventions important alterations and modifications are suggested after they are carried into operation. Apply this principle to libraries. There is a stiffness in the Itinerating system; if you bend it you break it. The other plan would be more pliant and plastic, especially in America, the proper soil for the growth and development of individuality, of talent, and new enterprize.

In forming some estimate of the expense which a parish would incur in establishing a library, there ought to be taken into account its influence with whatever is calculated to improve the mind and heart. Let it therefore receive that consideration and patronage which, among other objects of utility, its relative importance demands.

Would the expense of a library be extravagant and disproportioned, if a parish, which paid a salary to their minister of five or six hundred dollars per annum, and some ten or fifteen hundred for the education of their children, should subscribe one or two hundred per annum for the support of a library? Certainly an expense of 25s. yearly would bear but a very small proportion to the relative importance of libraries.

It would add greatly to the influence of the Local system, the author of the Plan thinks, were the librarians to become agents to obtain subscribers; and a part of the income might be paid to them for their labour. On the system of Itinerating libraries, it is proposed for the librarians to act gratuitously. But there seems to be no good reason why such functionaries should labour without remuneration, while the subscribers were deriving important benefits from their labours. A librarian might be as unable to devote his time gratuitously as the subscribers to pay. But if he should be able, it is doubtful whether he would be sufficiently interested in the prosperity of the library, without a remuneration for his toil and trouble.

With regard to donations or contributions, and also the furnishing the poor with the privileges of Local libraries, it is supposed that enough might be obtained to defray the expenses of the com-

mittee and agent, if not likewise to pay a part of the expenses of the books; while with respect to supplying the poor, it is urged that this ought to be a primary consideration. Parishes could furnish their own needy portion of the people with the privileges of the libraries; they could adopt such regulations as would suit their particular condition, and carry into practical effect a fine yet simple scheme of charity.

The success of a Local system of libraries would depend, in a great measure, on its adaptation to answer the wishes of the community, and to attract general patronage. But differences of opinion, and the various prejudices of different religious societies, must be taken into the calculation; and which would probably prevent in many instances agreement with regard to the choice of particular books, unless some wise and obviously fair arrangements were devised. At the same time it is not likely that a community would be generally opposed to a scheme so far as its object was to promote education in human knowledge. Then, with respect to religious instruction, different societies might be supplied with such books as they may desire. Leading men of different sects, it is suggested by our author, should belong to the committee, and such books as they might approve of would be acceptable to persons of their own persuasion.

One thing more respecting the accommodation of the principles of the Local system to the wishes of all. Some persons have a taste for reading works of the imagination; others prefer philosophical works. Some incline to one department of study, and others to another. The inquiry is, could not the books which compose a library be arranged in different classes, so that people might subscribe for the privilege of taking out of one class or more, as they might be disposed, and without subscribing for a share in the whole library? Books may be arranged in different classes; and such a distribution, although involving a more complex manner of conducting a library, yet there is nothing unintelligible or necessarily confused in the principle of it. Quite the contrary. One reason why books belonging to a collection remain on the shelves uncalled for is, that the subscribers have no inclination to read them. But if they subscribed only for the class which was to their taste, there would be no room for the complaint referred to.

Having now given an account and an abstract both of the Itinerating and of the Local schemes,—of that described by Mr. Brown, and the other by an American propounder, we shall add a few sentences upon the character and importance of libraries.

An interesting speculation has been pursued on the utility of groves and beautiful scenery; in which it is maintained that the inhabitants become more attached to places where these are cultivated. Groves and beautiful scenery afford agreeable, and frequently

profitable amusement. But of how much greater utility would a valuable library prove, where the highest efforts of the genius, taste, and talent of the present and past ages are collected! Of how much greater value would a good library prove to a person, though surrounded with the rough scenery of Iceland, than if he were surrounded with the richest and most beautiful landscape which a tropical clime can display while destitute of the intellectual benefits and delights which books afford!

The utility of a library, as compared with the various works of art and taste, can never be placed in any second rank. The following anecdote related of Dr. Franklin shows his opinion on this subject, and contains at the same time a characteristic reproof. A subscription being requested of him to purchase a bell for a meeting-house, he refused to contribute for such a purpose; but presented a donation to the church for the purchase of a library; stating the reason to be, that "he preferred sense to sound."

Instead of comparing libraries with other methods for improvement, as though they could be separated, it would be more proper to consider them as constituent parts of all sorts of improvement, seeing that they store and gratify the mind; libraries are necessary to promote the great interests of education; they are inseparable from the highest prosperity and benefits of sabbath schools, as well as of colleges and all other literary and scientific institutions. They are eminently serviceable to the ministry, independent of their direct usefulness to the church. They supply preachers with constant nutriment to their minds by new information and by recalling what may be forgotten, and also by preparing congregations to comprehend and relish what is delivered in their hearing. In short, a system of libraries, spread over any land, if chosen, established, and regulated by wise and good men, could not be overrated, even if it were said to be worthy to stand by the side of our greatest institutions,—our Bible, our missionary, and our school societies. And, not to dwell longer on benefits and worthiness, subscriptions for the formation and establishment of libraries in every village, cluster of hamlets, and defined portion of a county or parish, would be for the direct benefit of the subscribers; and more especially for the benefit of their children. Whereas the only recompense to the contributors to some other institutions of great public utility is, the satisfaction of doing good.

We have made use of the Memoir relative to the Itinerating system, which is not a very recent publication; and also of the plan by the American writer, not with the expectation that either the one or the other will be established and maintained by the authority of Government, not even by any great society of philanthropists, to an extent to embrace the British empire. Our purpose has merely been to indicate and to recommend the adoption of some scheme of

libraries by every parish of the country, especially in landward parts, so as to beget and satisfy a taste for good and useful reading. Such institutions would mightily aid the cause of a grand system of national education, go hand in hand and reciprocate with it, even in its best developed condition. There cannot be a district in Great Britain or Ireland but has wealthy and benevolent persons connected with it, who would feel it a pleasure and a profit to countenance and support a library more or less akin in principle and details to the systems we have been describing; and if but one institution of the kind is suggested and established in consequence of what has appeared in our pages, our labour will be more than rewarded.

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ART. II.—*Fragments of Italy and the Rhine-Land.* By the Rev. T. H. WHITE, M. A. London: Pickering.

A SCHOLAR, a gentleman, a poet, has written this volume. We say a poet; for Mr. White is endowed with an imagination that is so rich and fertile that the most common or most frequently described things are rendered fresh and charming by him,—charming, although the object may be otherwise repulsive or disagreeably associated in one's mind, by the beauty and tasteful judgment with which he brings out its character and lineaments; a poet, for while his mind is stored with lovely images, drawn from what he has observed and studied, he has the faculty of seizing upon the main points, and possesses a most happy skill in the art of subordinating, to the production of fine harmonies. His style, too, is so remarkably compact that it does not occupy much more space than had his ideas been thrown into the form of blank verse.

With regard to his opinions and sentiments, this feature cannot fail to recommend the volume; they are his own. And yet there is no obtrusive, affected singularity at least in the manner of them. They are characteristic, but not, to appearance, the result of any anxiety to be original. Again, these *Fragments* obviously contain the living impressions which the author experienced, we should say at moments when his mind was most susceptible, in finest tone, and when first moved. These impressions may not always be just, but they have an individuality about them that is agreeable; they may be too strong, or such as no other person would experience, but they are informing. On these accounts scenes and routes which multitudes of tourists have described are by Mr. White's pen made the reverse of stale and wearisome; for they become to a considerable degree new.

The matter of the book is weightier and more select than had it been a regular narrative, a continuous description of what was seen,

felt, and gathered. It consists of Fragments, as the title properly announces; and which have the character and the value of the choicer portions of a journal kept by a person fully competent to pronounce an opinion upon natural objects, the arts, and men and manners. It does not appear to us that Mr. White set out with any very dogmatic theories in his head; at least in the department of criticism. Of course we do not mean in the capacity of a divine; nor do we suppose that the "Chaplain to the Most Honourable the Marquis of Downshire" is without his political biasses. Perhaps, too, he is tainted with the Oxford new theology, he being at the same time M.A. of University College. But what we wish to signify is, that he does not seem to have travelled with stilted notions, nor to have cherished any severe principles to which everything was to be bended. He was too ready to be pleased to be pedantic; too enlightened to be illiberal: and therefore as a volume of light reading the present is not surpassed by any in our literature, in respect of gracefulness, abundance of thought, and novelty of impression.

Mr. White's tour embraced Gibraltar and Malta, as well as Italy and a descent of the Rhine; and all that we need now to do is to perform the pleasing office of plucking some of the richly coloured pictures which he dexterously frames. Take him and Gibraltar first of all:—

"And now, my dear ———, what shall I say to you of this wonderful rock? Nothing can exceed the beauty and variety of the vegetation with which its mighty bosom is all over embroidered. What think ye, at this season, of clusters of the white and odoriferous narcissus-polyanthus, and whole beds of lavender-flowers of the deepest purple and most aromatic fragrance? Every five yards you encounter beautiful shrubs, of which I know not even the names; and the broad rough stems and fan-like foliage of the palmetto mingle in wild abundance with the gigantic leaves of the aloe, and the uncouth and unwieldy bunches of the prickly pear. Some parts are all blue with periwinkles; and here and there the wild tulip shows half its bulb, about the size of a turnip, among tufts of the most delicious herbs. Lower down are almond and damascene trees in full blossom, and here and there a noble old pine waves in gloomy majesty side by side with the light and feathery cork-tree. The atmosphere—it is indeed Paradise to breathe it! All is fragrance, verdure, and bloom. The indescribably beautiful Almeyda, with its geranium hedges and gorgeous coloured flowers, occupies the broad esplanade at the base; while the blue surface of the Mediterranean, backed by the solemn outline of the Granada and Barbary hills, finishes the picture.

"You have no idea what a nice, little, clean, pretty, bustling town Gibraltar is. The fortifications are a source of astonishment and delight to me. Their extent, size, and beauty, must be seen to be appreciated. And as for the streets—there you behold a daily masquerade of nations! You are absolutely bewildered with the incessant variety of feature, com-



plexion, and costume, which you encounter at every step. The noble countenance of the Spaniard, shadowed by his black steeple-hat; the turbaned Moor, with his clear olive cheek and large eye; the scarlet scull-cap of the handsome Greek; the African Jew, with his hideous cowl of striped cloth; the Turk, the Negro, the Italian, and, though last not least, the well-fed, fair, and comely Englishman, mingle in the variegated gala of this romantic town."

This was in January, and the contrast with our cold and humid clime, and our numerous chilling winter-features, no doubt operated upon our clerical author's feelings and notions; so as to deck the rock with beauties and interesting objects to his imagination, which might not have been perceived or relished on a second or third and prolonged visit. Even in Malta he found a delightful and refreshing oasis.

"The gardens of San Antonio, the Governor's country palace, form a delightful oasis in this unpleasing shadeless tract. There you enjoy a cool shelter in the airy corridors filled with the geraniums and every rare exotic, and their arcades hung with the most graceful parasitical plants; while in the orange and lemon groves, of a size rivalling our apple and cherry-orchards, you are permitted to quench your burning thirst with the most delicious fruit, just as in England you would pull gooseberries. It was in these gardens that, among a thousand rare shrubs, I first saw the caoutchouc, or India-rubber plant: it was of the size of a timber-tree, its leaves enormous, forming a perfect parasol; and by piercing its bark, from whence issues a white milky liquor, we soon ascertained its affinity to that substance which, in my childhood, I implicitly believed to be manufactured out of the hide of the rhinoceros. In less than two minutes it became tough and elastic. Some magnificent fountains were also set playing here; and, combined with the luxuriant shadows of the golden fruit-trees, formed a most grateful antidote to the intense heat of these blue and glowing skies. There are several gazelles allowed to rove at liberty in these noble gardens; and I fed one of these beautiful creatures with rose-leaves, which the graceful and gentle animal munched with much avidity out of my hand. It appeared to be passionately fond of them; and as each successive handful was consumed, it turned up to me its large soft eye with such a look of fondling entreaty as I found to be utterly irresistible."

Take our author on his approach to Rome:—

"From Terracina you enter the dismal, the interminable Pontine Marshes; a long, straight, dull avenue of poor-looking trees, forming for thirty miles your only screen from the dreary and pestilent Campagna. The inhabitants of this fatal region painfully attest its deadly climate. Squalid, haggard, stunted, and torpid, it makes one's very heart ache to see them. In fact, the entire approach to Rome on this side affects one with profound melancholy. For miles before you enter the gates, you traverse an extent of bleak and barren turf, studded with every variety of ruin: tombs, towers, temples, and aqueducts, expose their forms of swarthy

brick-work, naked and grim as ghosts upon the shores of Styx, without a single tree to wave over their storm-stricken walls, a tuft of shrubs to fill up their rugged chasms, or a mantle of ivy to veil them as they fall.

“*It*, however, Rome needed a herald to proclaim her majestic wonders, and usher the stranger, with feelings somewhat corresponding with her paramount magnificence into her towery gates, her aqueducts alone would answer that purpose. Extending their endless colonnades of arches, tier upon tier, range after range, until their proud sweep dwindles in the distant horizon—rivalling the ramparts of Aurelian in height, and resembling, in their architecture, the porticos of a palace, (supposing the Titans to have ever built a palace,) the imperial aqueducts of Rome form an admirable epitome of that insatiable luxury which made even convenience a tributary to taste, and compelled even the necessities of life to participate in the spread of its ostentatious grandeur.”

What a picture or rather what pictures in a few lines! How definite, firm, and fine the strokes! Now hear how our Anglican churchman deals with the pomps and ceremonies of Holy Week:—

“Well, the Holy Week, with all its elaborate pomps and ceremonies, is begun! Yesterday being Palm Sunday, I had my first view of his Holiness in the act of blessing the palm-branches and delivering them to the Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, Princes, &c., who were to bear them in procession. He had on his silver mitre; and much resembled a muddled old woman. He is a bloated-looking person, with a very disagreeable physiognomy: and when mounted on his canopied litter, in his white mitre with lappets like those of a nightcap, his eyes shut, and his face drawn into a peculiar grimace, which might be either laughing or crying, the effect was so purely ludicrous that nothing but considerations for the sanctity of the place enabled me to keep my countenance.

“Nevertheless, my passion for magnificent costumes and gorgeous colours was completely satiated. Never did my eye behold, or even my imagination picture, anything approaching the costliness, beauty, and splendour, emblazed upon the ceremonial robes of the higher ecclesiastics. Cloth of gold and cloth of silver, their splendid tissue interwoven with silk of Tyrian purple, scarlet, violet, light blue, crimson, and yellow—satins, damasks, and velvets, embroidered with golden branchwork, brocades so massive that their wearers seem to be sheathed as in a panoply—floated down the nave of St. Peter’s in a blaze of pomp to which the rainbow is a faint simile. And where the sun, streaming down upon the gorgeous gloom of the cathedral, kindles this chaos of colours into living light, the dazzling display absolutely bewilders one. But there ends (at least, it did with me) the effect produced by this

‘Heavy lightness, serious vanity.’

Not one thrill of devotional awe, not the least impulse of veneration, not the slightest effect upon the heart, is even for a moment produced by all this glittering ostentation. It is the sense of seeing only that is gratified to satiety; and I for one, who had been led to imagine that my soul was to be stormed through my senses, was surprised to discover myself more than

once in a state of yawning listlessness. Indeed I had now witnessed the Roman ceremonial in all its forms ; and confess myself at a loss to conceive what people can mean by styling it so very imposing. If my travels had produced no other good effect, they have at least succeeded in stripping this overweening hierarchy of all that prestige with which my imagination had enrobed her revolting superstitions. I am now riveted in my veneration and love for our own beautiful and stately Church, walking, as she does, majestically in her white and comely attire, equally removed from the fig-leaf nakedness of Geneva on the one hand and the trumpery *over-dressing* of Rome on the other."

And yet he found certain superiorities and primitive decencies in the Romish forms and features, such as he conceived represented genuine Catholicity:—

"The Basilica of St. Peter's eminently deserves the title Temple of the Universe; not so much from its mighty and magnificent dimensions, as because her everlasting doors are always 'lifted up,' and because her glorious altars are for ever open, with indiscriminate welcome, to the king and the beggar. Go when you will, no jealously-revolving gate regulates with hireling tenacity your admission to the aisles of this empress of cathedrals. You may see the sun kindle upon her gorgeous pillars with the joyous sparkle of the morning, and you may linger among the enchantments of painting, sculpture, architecture, the gigantic graces of her penetralia, until daylight in coloured shadows take its pensive leave. Surrounded by every object that can enlarge the heart and ennoble the intellect—eye and soul filled with the most vivid illustrations of the vast, the beautiful, the splendid, and the sublime—you are at full leisure either to indulge the gratification of taste in the variety of those masterpieces which surround you, or to pour out your heart in that tone of devotion to which those objects have attuned its chords, in adoration of that Great Unseen from whom alone all that is great and glorious can be derived, and in whose honour all are here displayed.

"While thus engaged, you will probably perceive at your side a poor labourer, his brow still beaded with the sweat that earns his daily bread, a pale woman, with scanty and worn if not tattered raiment, or a child scarcely old enough to be acquainted with all the sin and misery to which he is heir, kneeling in simple adoration; and you are disposed to forget that their orisons are addressed to dead men, and that they are obstructed instead of forwarded by that phalanx of human intercessors which they have placed between themselves and that God who has said,

"'I Am the Lord: that is My Name; and My glory will I not give to another, neither My praise to graven images!'

"These two eminent features of genuine Catholicity, universal opportunity for daily prayer and universal equality in the house of prayer—these two chief jewels of ancient Christianity—are, alas, wanting to the otherwise beautiful garments of the Anglican Church.

"As regards the first of these, the too prevalent cry in the present day is 'who will show us any good' in daily prayer? \* \* \*

"But the other breach of Catholicity in the Church of England is too glaring to be shielded by the most obstinate prejudice. What painful thoughts, for instance, are suggested to every affectionate son of that pure and apostolical branch of Christ's holy Catholic Church, by a comparison of the aristocratic divisions in cathedral stalls, or the curtained sanctity of the squire's pew in the village-fane, with the ever-open and impartial area of a Roman Catholic church.

"The one abashing and mortifying the poor Christian with the spectacle of his rich brother's superiority forced upon him, even in the very house and in the immediate presence of Him who is the Maker of them all; the other elevating the poor man's estimate of his importance in the scheme of salvation, when he beholds all difference (elsewhere so striking) between the wise, the wealthy, the noble, and himself, here entirely obliterated, and feels a foretaste of that which remains for him when all the glories of the temple and its worshippers shall be as if they had never existed."

Mr. White would prefer the picturesque to the convenient and the orderly. Let us now have a sample of his criticism in the department of art:—

"I saw this morning, in the Church of San Gaetano, the most affecting picture of the Martyrdom of St. Laurence; which, from the tone of colouring and the touching expression of the young Deacon's fine countenance, I should attribute to Guercino. It is quite a departure from the general representations of this very favourite subject; where you mostly see the sufferer stark naked, and tossed about in true beef-steak style, on a most accurate gridiron, by one or two ruffians with fiery red skins and two pronged pitchforks: but here the dreadful but somewhat culinary engine of punishment is kept back, and is scarcely denoted by a bar, beneath which a dull smouldering red is kindling from the torch of an executioner; two others have seized and thrown down the martyr, and are stripping him; as usual, he is represented in the gorgeous vestments of his order; and though, doubtless, his attire was in fact of a far more simple description, yet the gorgeous cloth of gold and purple, and the exquisite texture of the white shirt which the tormentors are dragging downwards, form with their dishevelled splendours a fine contrast to the upper part of the martyr's person, of which the arms and breast are naked, and where one knows not whether more to admire the exquisite delineation of the flesh or the masculine beauty of its mould. It is his *face*, however, which engrosses one's attention: in those upturned features there is no saintly grimace—it is the expression of a manly spirit glowing with affectionate faith, shaded, not shaken, by the certainty that he is about to undergo the most horrible torture that nature could sustain. It is a most poetical picture indeed!"

Learn how a picture may chase away romance and correct prepossessions:—

"I have seen to-day a portrait of that unhappy Doge Foscari; and am reluctantly forced to confess that it has gone far toward dispelling the hal-

lowed prestige with which his fate invested him. Gorgeously arrayed with such a robe and bonnet of crimson cloth of gold embroidery as these degenerate days cannot expect to look upon either in the massive substance of its flaming web or the vast branchwork of its flowered pattern, old Foscari has a fat foolish face, with ponderous flabby dewlaps, and an eye which, as far as the wrinkles of fat will permit it, twinkles with selfish fatuity, while the mouth (that decisive feature of every face) is most unquestionable as to its expression of timid, time-serving weakness. There is not one single elevated trait in the whole countenance. It is a regular corporation-face; and if hung up in half the town-councils in the Isle of the Blest, might be identified with as many mayors. It is, in short, just such a sensual, heartless, mean physiognomy, as one would attribute to the chief magistrate, who, yielding to the intimidation of his tyrant subjects, suffered himself to preside over the torture of his own son; and who, when even that horrible acquiescence in injustice, that violation of nature, that compromise of principle, proved insufficient to secure him in his paltry supremacy, died because the corno was taken from those imbecile temples which it should never have adorned. I am reconciled to his fate; he did not deserve the euthanasia."

Few tourists have threaded, at least few have given any such description of the interior canals of Venice as that which we now quote and close with:—

"I thence directed my gondolier to row under the Bridge of Sighs, through the intricacies of the interior canals: and if ever a man wishes to be fed to the full with solemn, ay, appalling gloom, he may be gratified by following my example. From the weltering surface of a labyrinth of channels, let him look up, till it wearies him, to the awful roofs of the mansions, whose walls of immeasurable height and scarfed with black masses of shadow and glaring moonlight, seem to close over his head and to barricade his path, as they interlace and confound each other in endless circuits; and he will have quite enough to kindle the torch of his darker imagination, even if he did not know those tremendous gulfs of masonry to be Venice, and those heart-sinking portals and windows of barbaric sculpture, the homes of her inexorable oligarchy. Yes, you may anticipate Naples, you may picture to yourself Rome, and Florence may have fulfilled much of your previous fancies; but no conceptions can prepare you for Venice."

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ART. III.—*Memoirs and Confessions of Francis Volkmar Reinhard, Court Preacher at Dresden.* From the German. By O. A. TAYLOR. Boston.

THIS pleasant and instructive volume is partly an autobiography, contained in the letters of the remarkable man to whom they relate, and styled, with no very obvious propriety *Confessions*; and partly a delineation of his character compiled by the translator of the *Letters* from original sources. Altogether it is a most acceptable publica-

tion. Students of any profession may read it with improvement; and students of divinity cannot carefully peruse it without receiving the most valuable hints for the pursuit and practice of their profession. Reinhard has long been revered on the continent as a distinguished preacher; but although he died so far back as 1812, and the present Memoirs have been for several years before the American public, yet, we believe, the particulars which we are about to notice are not so well known in Great Britain as to render it probable that they will be received with indifference. The single fact that for many successive years he published an annual volume of sermons, is sufficient to excite curiosity to know more of him.

It is no strange thing that a man should write and preach a sufficient number of sermons to form a volume, year after year; but it is passing strange that he should be able to write such as would find readers. The strangeness disappears only when we become acquainted with the man, and learn the fertility of his resources, the industry, ardour, and perseverance with which he devoted himself to the profoundest and most various studies, and the enthusiasm with which he alike mastered philosophy, philology, literature, rhetoric, and theology. The account of his indefatigable studies puts to shame our notions of hard labour, and gives a picture of one of the very few men who appear to have believed practically with Cicero, that it is requisite for an orator to be a diligent student, and familiarly acquainted with all subjects. It is the frequent infirmity of eloquent men to trust to their gifts and to shun toil. They are too readily seduced to prefer the showy to the profound, and to live by occasional excitement, rather than by steady application. Not such was Reinhard. His education was most rigid, his training most severe, and the intellectual discipline to which he subjected himself before commencing preacher seems to have surpassed that which most men undergo during a long life. The habits of application thus formed he did not permit himself to lose, but kept to them strictly and methodically in the midst of his fame. Thus it was that he not only became but continued to be a great man; not only acquired, but sustained his popularity. Let our scholars and professional men observe how he spent a day.

He rose at six, throughout the year, and employed the first hour in committing to memory his next sermon,—for he always preached *memoriter*, and the getting by heart was a wearisome drudgery which never grew less, as he grew older. Then followed until dinner the study of the Scriptures, composition, and professional business; and one hour always he devoted to speaking. Hear this, ye spouters, young and old, who fancy there is no necessity for this practice, but that you can easily become Ciceros without it! Then he dined, allowed a few minutes to the newspapers, and twice a week looked at the public journals. At three o'clock he returned to his studies;



at six or seven took a little exercise ; passed the evening in study and in writing letters of business, and "closed the evening by reading, or causing his wife to read to him, some easy, enlightening, soothing piece." This course must have occupied not less than twelve hours ; and those who are aware how much may be accomplished by four hours' hard study a-day, who remember that Priestley, for instance, accomplished his multiplied works by means of six hours a-day, will not wonder, that the regular adherence to a plan, which proposes twelve hours of study, should enable such a man as Reinhard to do all that he is said to have done. In order to form some idea of what this was, let it be noted, that he wrote and committed to memory a sermon every week, read and gave a written judgment on some thousands of printed works every year, while a professor at Wittemberg delivered four lectures daily, besides other academical duties, occasional authorship, active duties in the church government, and an extensive correspondence. This too in the midst of constant ill health.

"He was ever active in business, but his activity was not of a tumultuous, extravagant character, reckless of the laws of nature, and calculated to exhaust and ultimately to annihilate the body. On the other hand, the day was divided into the most regular order, and in such a manner as to save the most time. Every hour had its destination. From this order he was always unwilling to deviate. As soon as the hour arrived he went about his business, as soon as it had elapsed, he left it ; nor could the choicest company chain him beyond the stated period. Nor was he mechanical in his habits of this kind ; for his hours were alternated with reading, writing, study, walking, &c. ; so that the day was agreeably diversified, while his strength was preserved from one day and hour to another for regularly prosecuting his works."

This punctuality, method and perseverance were the cardinal points on which his eminence rested.

It is a pleasant and profitable thing to read from a man's own pen, the history of his intellectual growth, and the various processes by which that growth was retarded or promoted. He is undoubtedly as liable to commit some error in writing about himself as another would be in writing of him. To know and to tell of one's self, or of any one, the truth, the exact truth, and nothing but the truth, is obviously impossible. But there are some items in every one's intellectual and moral theory which can be made known only by himself. If he speak of himself, therefore, with a tolerable degree of fairness, he will not fail to give instruction to those who honestly desire to know the secret workings of another's mind and heart, in order to be aided in the management of their own. Reinhard has set before us in his Confessions, a picture of his processes and principles of study, and the various contrivances, if we may so term them,

by which he became equal to the great tasks imposed upon him, and especially by which he fitted himself for that commanding place which he so long held as a preacher. Some of the details of his rhetorical methods are pregnant with invaluable hints. They ought to be pondered by all of that indolent and mistaken generation who think that excellence in writing and speaking is a natural gift, and who fill our pulpits with commonplace, tiresome, rambling harangues, proving nothing so strongly as their own utter unacquaintance with all true notions of effective speaking and impressive teaching. The thing required is not words, words, words,—but thought, much thought, deep, fervent, extensive and choice thought, long meditated, thoroughly digested, strictly arranged, compactly expressed thought, brought forth for use by one qualified to utter it, through the laborious discipline of patient practice. How many are there who could give of themselves an account similar to the following? Yet how evidently would discipline like this purify and elevate pulpit oratory? After expressing regret that he had been led to neglect a certain course of instruction, Reinhard proceeds thus:—

“That without a knowledge of these rules, I have been able to produce so many sermons and give them at least a tolerable form, is owing to the diligence with which I read the ancient orators and rhetoricians, and the no less diligence with which I applied myself to philosophy. I had early made myself acquainted with the old systems of eloquence, particularly those of Cicero, at school. When at the university I not only read them again, but with them connected Quintilian and Aristotle. With the theories of the ancients respecting eloquence, I compared their discourses, particularly those of Isocrates, Demosthenes, Æschines, Lysias, and Cicero; and I have always thought, that the study of these proved of more use to me than lectures upon homiletics would have done.

“Here I must remark, that it was reading the ancients which formed in me that idea of genuine eloquence which afterwards always remained with me, which still appears to be the only true one, and which in my labours I have ever endeavoured to keep before me, though I have come far short of it. I spent some years at the university before I became acquainted with the Grecian orators. Until then, my notions of eloquence were drawn chiefly from Cicero’s works. I looked upon him with admiration as the greatest master in this department, excepting, that, on comparing him with the concise Haller overflowing with thought, I could not avoid occasionally pronouncing him somewhat verbose.

“Excited by him, I finally began to read the Grecian orators; and how astonished I was on finding in the most celebrated orator of all antiquity, a man, who, for accomplishing his object and producing the greatest effects, never uses a single flower or far-fetched expression, a conceited and remarkable phrase; or anything that bears the least resemblance to poetical prose;—who, on the other hand, says and delivers every thing in those terms which are the most natural; correctly distinguishing, and strikingly descriptive, and hence a man in whom are to be discovered no traces of

affectation, or struggling after wit and surprising turns, or of that audacity so pleasing to many, and said to be the companion of genius ;—a man, on the contrary, who chains the attention of his hearers by a diction, strong, manly, and unincumbered with a single superfluous word ; who overpowers, as it were, the understanding by the strength of his thoughts, the force of his reasons, and the superiority with which he develops them ; and finally bears every thing away with him by means of an eloquence, which rolls forth in periods, which are perfect in themselves, are harmonious, and fill the ear."

In connexion with this, he was equally studious of the philosophers, ancient and modern, thus accustoming his mind to vigorous, acute, and patient thinking. Even while a student, he says he devoted a great part of his time to philosophy.

"With the systematic study of practical philosophy I began occasionally to combine reading the ancient moralists ; particularly Plato, Aristotle, Arrian, Plutarch, and Seneca. He who is acquainted with these writers, knows what treasures of moral truths are heaped together in their works, and what life, power and practical utility may be derived from a systematic knowledge of ethics, if with it we combine a profitable reading of these writers. Many of them, particularly the *Dissertationes Epictetæ* of Arrian, the moral treatises of Plutarch, and some works of Seneca, became of so much importance to me in these circumstances, that I read them often, and always with additional profit in respect to the enlargement and correction of my ethical information. In general, practical philosophy became more interesting to me, the longer I occupied myself with it. Afterwards, I gradually passed over to the best moralists of modern times ; and, what proved of very great usefulness to me, began to read the best historians and poets of every age, with an exclusive reference to ethics."

It is probable that some of our readers may be of opinion that Reinhard cherished too high an estimate of the writings of the heathen moralists ; and that the benefits to be derived from (query, a vain) philosophy are at best of a negative character ; the truth being that they could neither point out the road to heaven, nor teach men their duties here on earth, to their Creator, to their neighbour, nor to themselves. But still it is to be borne in mind that the "Court Preacher" took an enlarged and combined view of ethics ; and that much of his time daily is said to have been given up to the study of the Holy Scriptures. Early habit also must be taken into account, and all the associations of academical education.

He was born at Vohenstruss, in the dukedom of Salzbach, 1753. His father was the minister of that place, an excellent man and a scholar, whose superintendence of the boy's education was such as to give him an early love of the classics, and to fix habits of diligence and accuracy in study. The young Francis was an apt and an eager scholar, and gave indications of uncommon talents. At the age of

fifteen he was placed at the Gymnasium Poeticum at Regensburg, where he spent four years and a half, and then entered the University of Wittemberg. Here at the age of twenty-four, he became lecturer in Philosophy, was soon made Professor extraordinary, and at the age of twenty-nine, received the additional appointment of Professor of Theology. Two years afterward he was promoted to the provostship of the University Church, which obliged him (the translator says *obligated*) to preach once every sabbath and festival, in addition to all the duties of his two professorships. Until now he had scarcely preached at all,—not more than sixteen or twenty times. His extensive studies, however, and his habits of lecturing, had prepared him to find this labour easy and to make it successful. During these years he was not only a teacher greatly admired and eagerly followed, but was an anxious inquirer and student himself; and both in philosophy and theology passed through trying exercises of mind which resulted in important modifications, if not changes of previous opinions.

In 1792, he became chief court preacher at Dresden,—a station of great ecclesiastical importance in Saxony, which he occupied till his death in 1812. Here he obtained that celebrity as a preacher which has rarely been equalled. Crowds thronged to hear him, and stenographers attended to report his sermons, as regularly as the debates of parliament are reported; and although their skill is said to have been such, that their copies often agreed word for word with the original as it was afterwards printed, yet the preacher felt compelled in self-defence to publish authentic copies of what he had delivered. And thus for many years he printed what he preached, until the number of volumes amounted to thirty-nine. Many of these discourses are written upon the same texts; a circumstance accounted for by the very singular and, we think, absurd regulation alluded to in the following passage:—

“In the year 1808, Reinhard was commissioned by the highest authority, to select a new course of texts for two years, which, united with the old one, should constitute a regularly returning series for three years, to be used throughout the kingdom. This new course commenced in 1809. The evangelical Court Church, however, was a year ahead of the other churches in this respect. For this church, therefore, Reinhard was commissioned to make a new selection for the year 1811, in order that they might all come together in 1812. This gave Reinhard an opportunity to preach from three new series of texts for three years in succession, and enabled him to speak upon many subjects, which he would not otherwise have done; and hence this series of his sermons is particularly valuable and of especial importance. Reinhard was extremely fond of the historical texts which he had selected for the first year's course, and preached seventeen sermons of great value upon the most useful narratives of the Acts. The selections which he made for the church have since been most fully approved of, and as they had all

along been called for by the age, cannot in the strict sense of the word be considered as his. He himself could have preached twenty years longer from the old series, as is evident from a book in which he has entered his themes."

Besides his numerous labours already adverted to, he made frequent appearances as an author. His most extensive and valued works were, his "Plan of the Founder of Christianity," and his "Christian Ethics," in five volumes, which was left in an unfinished state, but is described as a treatise of the highest character. His smaller works were numerous.

Having lately concerned ourselves in some degree about the Rationalism of Germany, and noticed some of its extravagances, we may take the opportunity which the mention of Reinhard's "Plan of the Founder of Christianity" offers, of giving some account of the purpose and the argument of that work; from which account it will appear that scepticism in Germany is ever ingeniously seeking out new and different modes of assailing the Christian faith; and that when driven from one point the enemies of revealed truth instantly leap to another, and perhaps to a wilder and more untenable position.

A sketch of this work first appeared in Latin, in 1780, and the first German edition was published in 1781. It was occasioned by a work which made a great noise in Germany, viz. the "Wolfenbüttel Fragments," and particularly by one on the "Object of Jesus and his Disciples," in which the ground was taken, that Jesus and his disciples were impostors, and that the object of the former was not the establishment of a universal religious institution, but was wholly of a political character; that he made use of the Jewish popular prejudice and expectations respecting a Messiah, for the purpose of overthrowing the existing state, and founding a merely earthly kingdom among the Jews; but, being defeated and put to death, his disciples continued the imposture in another shape by attributing to him a moral object and the idea of a universal spiritual kingdom on earth.

In opposition to this theory, and to similar views subsequently advanced by other German infidels, Reinhard wrote his book. It is accordingly of the nature of an apologetical performance, and might on this account perhaps, and particularly from the views above named, be thought to possess only a local and temporary interest. But as the author conducts the discussion on general principles, the work will be found to have a general and permanent value as a positive contribution to the truths of the Christian religion. And the more so, because the subject is presented in a point of view which had not before been distinctly considered.

The general *character* of Jesus, and the *salutary effects* of Christianity in this world, have indeed been very common sources of

evidence in favour of the Christian religion. It had not, however, been distinctly considered that the *mere plan* conceived by the Founder of Christianity for the good of mankind is of such a nature as to mark him for the most extraordinary individual that has ever appeared on earth. The conception of such a plan in the mind of Jesus is a fact altogether without a parallel. No human mind before him ever conceived the idea of establishing a universal spiritual kingdom of God,—a kingdom of truth, morality, and happiness:—“the idea of radically curing all the evil with which humanity is afflicted, and of raising up for the Creator an entirely new and better generation. No sage, no ruler, no hero of antiquity was ever capable of such enlargement, such elevation of thought.” The question then is, whether there is any adequate solution of the existence of this plan, conceived and formed in the mind of Jesus, except by regarding him as inspired by God;—whether we are not justified in considering him not only as the most exalted sage and greatest benefactor of mankind, but also as a most credible messenger of the Deity. And though these considerations may not afford incontestable proof of the divine origin of Christianity, yet they create a reasonable presumption of it, and form an important addition to the mass of evidence on this great subject.

Such is the scope of this work in which throughout, contemplating Jesus as *any other great man* of antiquity, the author compares his object and plan with the benevolent views of other venerable men, in order to show that his plan is the greatest, the most elevated, and most benevolent that has ever been conceived. The discussion is conducted with the clearness, lucid order, and logical connexion by which all Reinhard's works are distinguished. The subject is treated in three Parts. The First contains a sketch of the plan devised by Jesus for the good of mankind, in regard to its compass, its character, and the means by which it was to be effected. Its *compass*.—The plan of Christ embraced mankind at large. This is attempted to be shown from the conduct of Christ—from his explicit assertions, and his instructions to his disciples, and also lies at the foundation of the doctrines which he embraced. Its *character*.—Jesus declared that he came to establish the Kingdom of God on earth. That by this, however, he understood no such earthly monarchy, as many of his countrymen expected, but a universal, spiritual, and religious institution is evident from his conduct and his declarations. The plan of Jesus embraced the improvement of mankind in regard to religion, morality, and society. In regard to *religion*,—by destroying the prevalent superstition and spreading everywhere the doctrine of the one God as the Father of mankind, and thus rendering religion clear and simple, and introducing a worship of God in spirit and in truth. In regard to *morality*,—by resolving it into love to the Supreme Father, and to men, his



children ; a love consisting in a disposition to imitate God and promote the general good. Thus he placed morality in its true relation to religion, rendered it universally intelligible, purified it, and secured it against fanaticism and extravagance. In regard to *society*,—by means of this principle of love to God and man, Jesus aimed to improve and exalt mankind in all the social and civil relations, connecting them together as closely as possible and leading them to the highest degree of cultivation and perfection. The *manner* in which this plan was to be *effected*.—Here it is shown that Jesus did not propose to effect this plan by *power* ; nor is there any reason, either from his instructions, or his private life, or the language of his friends, or their conduct after his death, to adopt the theory which some have held, that Jesus intended to effect his plan by means of a Secret Society. On the contrary, his language and his directions to his apostles point only to the influence of instruction, persuasion, example, and the institutions adapted to promote morality.

Having thus described the *plan* of Christ, the Second Part is devoted to a comparison of it with the plans of the founders of states, the legislators, the kings, the statesmen, the heroes, and philosophers of antiquity : which are all shown to be either deficient in benevolence or in comprehension, and that no great man of antiquity, before Jesus, ever devised a benevolent plan for the whole human family.

In the Third Part, the practicability of the plan of Christ is discussed, and it is shown that the idea of establishing a universal religion, when contemplated under its proper conditions, is not chimerical. This religion is moral, intelligible and spiritual ; and it possesses every requisite for a universal religion, inasmuch as it can be expressed in any language, and, losing nothing by being divested of all secular power, can adapt itself to every form of civil government.

Such a plan for the good of mankind demonstrates its author to have been the greatest and most exalted of men, possessing in the highest degree, and greatest harmony, true wisdom, strength of soul, power of will, and expansive benevolence. We look in vain for anything like it in the history of the world.

The question now forces itself upon us, *whether* these qualities were or could have been developed in Jesus according to the ordinary laws of human nature ? The question has been answered in the affirmative. Reinhard, however, attempts to show that such could not have been the case.

The meaning of the question, he says, is not whether, considered in general, it is possible for divine wisdom to project and arrange a series of natural causes, by the operation of which, according to the natural laws of the human mind, such a character could be deve-

loped as Christ's was. Left in this indefinite state, no one will wish to deny it; for who would not in general admit it to be possible for divine wisdom and power to operate by any means and arrangements which do not imply a contradiction? But the question is, whether, considering the *individual circumstances and relations* in which Jesus lived, ordinary causes could have produced as great effects as they must have done, in order to the formation of his mind.

It is then shown that all the advantages which Jesus actually enjoyed, according to the testimony of history, or may be supposed to have enjoyed, with some appearance of probability, come far short of accounting for the formation and development of such a character and plan; that the opposers of the supernatural character of Jesus have attributed a greater influence to these circumstances than they could have had; and that many obstacles in the way of the natural education of Jesus have been passed over in silence. And the *conclusion* from the whole is this, that, "*if God was not with this man*, it is not easy to see how he became what he was; how he could possibly have acquired that heavenly dignity, greatness, and elevation with which he stands forth unequalled and alone in the vast space of history, far surpassing all that is worthy of admiration upon earth."

Such is the course of argument pursued by Reinhard. The work has been considered by eminent men in Germany as the best apology for Christianity that modern times have produced; although we are free to admit that the character of the controversies at the time when the work was written gave it an importance and interest which it will not possess at this day in this country. Nevertheless, it affords another striking example of infidelity, whenever it rears its head in any shape, and by whatever talent and ingenuity supported, promptly receiving an overthrow, and such an answer as serves to strengthen, if that be possible, the foundations of human belief in Christianity, and of clearing away any sort of mist that may be supposed to have gathered around revealed truth.

We have already stated that Reinhard died in 1812. His decease was preceded by a severe and languishing illness. From the numerous traits of his character contained in the volume before us, we select a few of the most interesting:—

"The answer to the question, By what means did Reinhard, weak and sickly as he was, succeed in accomplishing so much? must be sought for in his self-control, temperance, regularity, and careful attention to business.

"Always very severe towards himself, he had acquired such a habit of struggling with pain, as seldom to permit it to interrupt his labours. During his residence at the Gymnasium in Regensburg, he was twice brought down with a burning fever, which almost deprived him of exist-

ence ; and so weak was he, that his friends tried to persuade him to relinquish all thoughts of ever entering the ministry. His whole life at the university was a constant scene of struggling with poverty. He then had but a groat a day to live upon, and often went entirely destitute of warm food. Nor did he fare much better during the commencement of his professorship at Wittemberg. Great earnings in this case were not to be thought of, so that notwithstanding the rich feasts daily presented to the mind, the poor body was often suffered to go empty. His self-denial in these respects, united with his great efforts, in spite of the regularity of his life, and the systematicalness of his studies, unquestionably created the germs of those stubborn corporeal diseases, which he bore for years in silence ; but which, united with the misfortune he met with in 1803, ultimately occasioned his death."

"He was a spirited companion, and excellent in conversation. The weapons of dialectics which he knew how to use with such effect in his examinations and oratorical exercises, in such cases also served him an excellent purpose, furnished him with witty turns and remarks, and rendered him victorious without wounding. His faithful memory retained an abundance of pleasing and interesting narratives, which he told with great animation and effect, and he was daily drawing new ones from reading the ancients and moderns, and hence was in no danger of making repetitions. He was very agreeable in jesting, and fond of pithy turns and witty remarks on public occasions, and had a quiver full of them himself, though he made a cautious use of them ; by taking which course, he preserved his own dignity, and always remained within the bounds of the strictest politeness, while he added to the enjoyment of the table."

"Reinhard had a great number of letters to write upon theological, literary, and other important subjects, which were altogether dry and unattractive, and yet required extensive preparatory investigation. Saxony, long distinguished for her men of learning and acuteness, had had more literary characters than any other German state, in whom had been awakened the desire of authorship. Called as he was by the station he occupied to exercise a general superintendence over the institutions of the country, it was natural that his opinions should be sought for by all who carried this desire into effect. Hence, of almost every work, great or small, in his department published in Saxony, and of many published in foreign countries, during the last twenty years of his life, numerous as they were, he received a copy from the proprietor or author, with an earnest request for a preliminary notice or essay. With critical institutes, from the moment that he became general superintendant, he refused to have anything to do. To the requests he thus received, however, he conscientiously attended, without respect to person, knowledge, or country, for he made it an invariable rule to write a friendly letter to every author of such requests, in which he either approved of the work, or kindly pointed out its errors ; and many there are in Saxony and elsewhere, who must acknowledge themselves greatly indebted to his counsel and encouragement in this respect."

"Many were the calls he received from the wretched who awaited him in their places as he passed along the street, nor were they ever left

unsatisfied. From the pecuniary aid thrown into charity boxes on particular days in which he preached, he had for good reasons, as he thought, added to the amount of his spending money, until it enabled him to support one hundred and twenty poor people. The assistance, however, which he received in this way was very small, and he increased it by various extraordinary contributions. His name was to be found on every subscription list for a benevolent object and on liberal terms." . . . . "Respecting the worthiness or the unworthiness of the objects of his charity, he seldom entered into any minute or extensive examination." . . . . "He contributed with the greatest generosity and pleasure to the support of new schools and institutions of instruction ; and though he considered the system of giving stipends as in many respects defective, as it gives rise to abuses and hypocritical pretensions, yet he yearly disposed of considerable sums by way of stipends to poor students, who were either his god-children or had been recommended to him."

We must now stop, our purpose being served, viz., that of calling attention to an example worthy of the imitation and admiration of every student, and of every minister of the Gospel. We have not felt it necessary to describe his theological creed, nor the modifications which occurred in it; neither have we illustrated by specimens or by particular criticism the character of his eloquence. Our other and principal object is of sufficient importance of itself to occupy a paper, and to set the mind upon a distinct and an attractive sphere of thought.

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ART. IV.—*An Essay on the Influence of Welsh Tradition upon the Literature of Germany, France and Scandinavia.* By ALBERT SCHULZ. Llandovery.

THE Translator's Preface commences thus,—“ In the List of Prizes offered by the Society of the Abergavenny Cymreigyddion, for 1840, the following notice appeared,—‘ For the best Essay on the Influence which the Welsh Traditions have had on the Literature of Germany, France, and Scandinavia, a prize of eighty guineas. The Essay to be written either in Welsh, English, German, or French.’ ” It would appear that several Essays were received from different parts of the Continent, written principally in German and French. “ These compositions were transmitted to His Excellency Count Bunsen, Prussian Minister Plenipotentiary at Bern, who had consented to undertake the office of judge, and whose eminent literary attainments rendered him peculiarly qualified for the task. After entering minutely into the respective merits of the compositions, his Excellency concluded his report to the Society by awarding the prize to the Essay by Professor Schulz, at the same time passing upon it a high eulogium, and strongly recom-

mending its publication in the English language." In consequence of this selection, the Essay has been translated from the German, by whom we do not know, into English ; some account and portions of which, we think it is advisable to enter into our pages ; for the antiquarian and lingual learning which it displays is worthy of prolonged study, and an exactness of knowledge which few possess.

The Introduction to the Essay is deserving of attention. It says that, in the intellectual life of a people, Heroic Tradition forms a separate organization, to which belong its own laws of development ; that there are four points especially to be considered, and which have been observed in the pages before us. First, that History is the principal basis of Tradition ; and that at a later period it is from History that the elements for the further development of Tradition are drawn. That History springs and grows at a period when Poetry and History itself are confounded together, and when the truth of Tradition is never doubted. That it is on this account we see historical personages appear in the Land of Fiction, and historical facts appropriated to fabulous heroes, often occasioning the greatest anachronisms and most heterogeneous combinations. Secondly, that the organic life of Tradition is seen in the tendency to unite different tales which were previously altogether independent of each other ; and hence the want of that unity which belongs to poetic fiction. Thirdly, that Tradition "grows and increases both from the repetition of favourite histories in a modified form, and from multiplying and amplifying the deeds of heroes, so that if we possess only recent compilations, it is often very difficult to distinguish the original matter from that which is added at a later period." This is the first indication of a departure from the essentially poetical principle of Tradition. Fourthly, that from the change in customs, and the principal tendencies and political and intellectual interests of the age, another and a later point is to be considered, viz., that there is to be discovered a mode of explaining the continual variations in the Traditions of the same people at different epochs, and the still greater changes in those countries where they had been introduced, and where, by such modifications, it tends to gain a new nationality. In observance of these points the very learned Professor conducts his arguments and researches in the pages before us.

He begins with the Influence of Welsh Tradition on the Literature of France, by dividing his disquisition into periods, and taking for the first that of from the year 600 A.D. to 1066, when Arthur is considered as "The National Hero ;" he being the centre of the ancient national Traditions of Wales, "the single root of a gigantic tree, whose branches, for nearly ten centuries, spread over the whole of Europe, until in modern times it withered away together with the last remains of chivalry."

The *pure* traditions, as Professor Schulz calls those which had their birth and were current in Wales concerning this national hero, are short and meagre. Some of them, however, are sufficiently marvellous, such as his expedition to Jerusalem, and having made a cross of the same dimensions with the real cross, and his slaying 840 enemies with his own hand. He is not only represented as having been always victorious at the head of the Britons against the Saxons, and the Pagans with whom he waged war, but to have been invested with a miraculous sanctity. It was even believed of him that he was to become alive again, and to restore his race from a state of servitude to liberty. It is unnecessary to mention that the existence of Arthur is after all a questionable matter historically speaking; and that his deification alone may well throw doubt upon all the legends that have found at any time currency relative to such a champion. One thing appears to be established by ancient chronicles, that in the ninth century he had been raised from the simple ground of history, on which he originally stood, and had entered the region of fable, where henceforth he and his companions are to be followed. But here these questions occur, "To whom do Arthur and his warriors owe their poetical resurrection,—to the Welsh, or to the Bretons? And why should Arthur be selected above all others? Was it in Wales, or in Brittany, that he was chosen as the centre of this new creation?"

To these questions the author of the Essay before us addresses himself, and in the course of discussing them indicates how Welsh tradition came to have a remarkable influence on the literature of France; thus conferring an honour upon the ancient Britons which their real or supposed descendants in Wales will even at this day fondly enough accept.

He happily observes that tradition is not wafted from country to country, like a light seed at the mercy of the winds; for that it is a part of the intellectual life of a people to whom it belongs, and cannot take root beyond the limits of the material and intellectual power of that people. The Professor adopts the general doctrine, that the first inhabitants of Britain were Celts, and that Armorica, the country between the Loire, the Seine, and the sea, was at the time of Julius Cæsar inhabited by this race as well as Britain. During the wars with the Romans in this country, and also afterwards when the Picts and Scots penetrated into Wales, there were interchanges between the inhabitants of that part of the island and Armorica. At length the emigrations from Wales to the latter are supposed to have been often repeated, and to have continued when Britain was invaded by the Angles and Saxons. Pestilence also frightened and chased away numbers, who settled in the province formerly called Armorica, and now the Lesser Brittany. It was therefore most natural, observes our author, that the remembrance



of the last battles of the Britons against the Anglo-Saxons should be preserved in Armorica by the refugees ; nor is it surprising that they should paint the past in glowing and exaggerated colours. If we allow that the Welsh nation loved to cherish with the utmost warmth and fidelity the remembrance and the traditions of their heroes, of whom Arthur was the great representative and ideal model, we cannot reasonably deny that these feelings and recollections would be cherished in Brittany. Bards were common to the two nations ; and dexterously, no doubt, they entwined authentic history with tradition ; and hence it becomes not only very difficult to know how much is to be allotted to truth and how much to fancy, but to distinguish between what is purely of Welsh origin and what of Breton.

But to the question, Why was Arthur chosen as the centre of tradition ?—our author's answer is, that he owes this preference to Merlin, who pronounced the prophecy that " Arthur will re-appear." " The bards of the sixth century," says the Professor, " do not overwhelm Arthur with glory and praise, but they name him as the principal chief, and commander-general who headed the expeditions. Do we not see at the present time that the deeds of inferior warriors are attributed to the commander-in-chief, and the acts of ministers to kings ? Posterity required a centre, around which she could group her recollections of subordinate heroes. The national centre was the king ; and what stronger consolation could be afforded to an oppressed people deprived of their chiefs and heroes, and what more enlivening hope could accompany a fugitive nation in its new country than that of its prophetic bard ? He, the king, will return to reconduct the emigrants to their ancient country, to restore them from their present misery to their former glory. This tradition was very generally known in the twelfth century, and considered even then very ancient."

Having traced Arthur and his companions in their primitive and historical character, and followed them in their transit from history to fable, the second period of influence, according to our author, we find the hero invested by the French romances with new attributes, and fiction busy in surrounding him with personages of different character from those of pure and patriotic warriors. These compositions belong to the twelfth century, but according to their own testimony, the greater part of them are compiled from more ancient tales, especially Breton. Now Arthur is no longer made to appear as a fighting hero of the Welsh, but is more commonly merely a spectator, the superior of a wealthy court, a rewarder of exploits, which are often merely in pursuit of personal glory, and the renown of knighthood. " The ancient Welsh character of these romances is thus obscured, and they indicate a time when another great and general interest had dimmed the pristine lustre of the first remem-

brance of Arthur." Tradition, the Professor also remarks, does not develope itself by capricious starts, it leaves no intervals; "for like the mind of man it does not advance suddenly, but proceeds from one step to another, according to its own laws." There must have been a period of transformation in the character of the Arthurian legends, during which the hero began to lose his patriotic importance, and his companions to become gallant knights; and our author is of opinion that this change from the ancient tradition to the numerous French romances took place subsequent to the year 1150, and that it was essentially prepared and effected in Brittany. From thence he traces the influence of Welsh tradition upon the literature of France. We shall here quote our author at considerable length. The extract will exhibit the professor's antiquarian learning to advantage. With a true German industry and talent he must have pursued the study of languages foreign to him, and with the zeal of a perfect book-worm explored many a library, and deciphered many an ancient document.—

"In returning to the French romances, we must again first distinguish between the romances of the twelfth century, in which we can still recognize the primitive Welsh and Breton elements, and those trivial and more recent works, which, mingling the traditions of Arthur with the Fable of the Sangraal, formed with these materials a sort of literary tower of Babel.

"We reckon the following among the most ancient of the principal Romances :—

- "1. The first part of the *English Romance of Merlin*.
- "2. The *Tales of Arthur*, related in the Chronicle of Geoffrey, and which describe his own particular exploits; they were much amplified in the second and more modern part of *Merlin*, and in the *Morte d'Arthur*.
- "3. The *English Tristan* of Thomas Brittanicus, from which Godfrey of Strassbourg (about 1217) composed his German poem of *Tristan und Isolde*; and the *French Tristan*, which was the model of the work composed by Eilhart von Stolbergen about 1180 or 1190.
- "4. *Iwain, the Chevalier au Lion*, which was composed in French about 1180, by Chrestien de Troyes, and about 1200 in German by Hartmann von Aue, from Welsh allegories. (nach Wälschen Verbildern dichtet.)
- "5. The English *Lancelot du Lac*, communicated by Hugo de Morville, who was imprisoned with Richard Cœur de Lion, at Vienna, to Ulric von Zatzikofen, a German.
- "6. The *Welsh Geraint* (Erek) see the *Mabinogion*, by Lady Charlotte Guest, which was probably put into French by Chrestien de Troyes, and (about 1200) into German, by Hartmann von Aue.
- "7. *Peredur*, the *Percival* of the French, who became the hero of several Romances, and whom we again see in his purely Welsh character, in the *Mabinogion*, lately published by Lady Charlotte Guest.

"In all these romances, we find the heroes represented as warrior-

adventurers assembled round Arthur, either in his suite, or as his vassals. Invincible courage in battle, an unwearying desire to fight, an insatiable passion for the most extraordinary adventures, an inordinate ambition, love in its most engaging aspect, an unequalled splendour, the most refined courtesy and gallantry, the *Service des Dames*, in the most whimsical and refined form, mingled with the deepest devotedness.—Such are the characteristic traits of these romances, as they are those also of the most perfect and brilliant chivalry in general.

“None of these compositions are older than 1150, but all, as we have already said, refer to more ancient traditions; therefore feudal and chivalric institutions must have been mentioned in such traditions. Now, it is true, that a sort of rude and scarcely defined feudalism existed in England during the latter part of the heptarchy, and until 1066, as it did in France and Germany, under Charlemagne and his successors; but it nevertheless appears that the introduction of a regulated and legal feudal system into England must be attributed to William the Conqueror, who likewise introduced the true spirit of chivalry with his numerous followers. It is for this reason that we are inclined to deny a higher antiquity than 1066 to all those poetical compositions of the Welsh, which breathe this spirit, notwithstanding certain names and passages which might belong to an earlier period.

“In Provence, during a peace of nearly two centuries, which was never interrupted by the wars in the rest of Europe, where a wise administration, the intellectual habit of life of the people, and great affluence were not disturbed by hostile incursions, but strengthened and encouraged by commerce, a bright sky, and a fertile soil,—there, we maintain, that laws, manners, language, and every branch of civilization must have expanded and prospered.

“Poetry attained its highest perfection at the end of the eleventh and beginning of the twelfth century. It sung of war, adventures, religion, and love. Chivalry arose and obtained its proper character in the Provençal poetry. Chivalry was the ideal of Poetry, and in real life, feudalism corresponded with it, and was dignified by it.

“This Provençal spirit soon communicated itself to the North of France, and the first Crusade, which emanated principally from Provence, drew with it the inhabitants of the North of France. The Normans had not lost in their new country, that ancient love of adventure which had conducted their ancestors to the shores of England, France, Spain, Italy, and Sicily, even to the heart of Russia and Constantinople; they had not abandoned their love of heroic tales; but they forgot their ancient Pagan fables, and their Scandinavian and Germanic traditions, and turned with avidity, under the serene sky of France, to the Frankish tales of Roland, Formun, and others. The Romance of Rollo does not yield in antiquity to the oldest romances of the North of France. These most ancient traditions of Wales and Brittany, which, after 1066, the *Cantores Historici* carried to them, (bringing them, no doubt, in greater number, in consequence of finding an attentive and admiring public,) here found a fertile and well prepared soil, in which they would easily take root. The chief character of Provençal poetry was lyric, and although the epic was not

unknown to them, (as Mr. Paris asserts in the preface to the first volume of his *Garin de Loherain*, contrary to M. Fauriel, *Sur l'origine des épopées chevaleresques du moyen âge*,) it is however certain, that the epic did not prevail in Provence; but, like the people of the North of France, the Provençals seized with avidity on the Welsh and Breton traditions, they possessed themselves of them as valuable and full of interest, imparting to them, however, a new character according to their own peculiar nationality, —a character which had hitherto been foreign to them, viz. the spirit of French chivalry. In this manner Arthur, the champion of Wales against the Saxons, was transformed into the brilliant representative of every chivalrous virtue; his court became the seat of the most luxurious, distinguished, and chivalrous life, and the heroes of his round table, the faultless models of courtesy and gallantry.

“It may here be asked, Why, when the Provençal lyric poetry was abandoned for the epic, a foreigner, as Arthur was, should have become the nucleus of this poetry instead of their own national hero, Charlemagne? For in fact a royal centre of this kind was necessary for the *épopée* of chivalry, because the knights, thirsting after deeds of valour, as much required a king and master who would accord them the crown of glory, and feudal privileges, as adventures to enable them to merit that glory. Kings and princes were the supports of chivalry, and representing it in the most brilliant and perfect form.

“It is true that Charlemagne was as much the object of national poems, among the Franks in the tenth century, as Arthur was in Wales, and in the eleventh century the traditions concerning him were continually extending; we will only mention the Tales of Roland, of the sons of Haincos, of Bertha au Gros Pied, of Guillaume au court Nez, &c. where the poets overwhelm him and his paladins with all the glory and splendour of chivalry; but, according to an ancient and unchanging tradition, Charlemagne lived for ever in their memories as the patron of Christianity,—the invincible barrier against the assault of Paganism. It is on this account, that the romances which represented him fighting against the pagans, could not assign him any other place than that which tradition had already accorded him. Tradition in that case would have been its own destroyer. This would have been an easier task for those romancers who described his expeditions against his vassals; but there also, tradition rested upon historical and unvarying foundation, and following its general purport did not yield to the tendency, which had become general, of *making the description of chivalry in itself the object of the epic*, and creating for it an ideal world of its own. It was on this account that poets abandoned themselves so easily to another circle of traditions entirely new to them, and which, because it was new, was the fitter for that transformation, which could not originate in Wales, for the same reason that prevented the French from altering the traditions of Charlemagne. Still less could the Norman-Franks receive the Saxon poetry which they met with in England. The ancient poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, took its origin in the Scandinavian and German Mythology. This is proved by *Beowulf*, the Battle of Finnsburg, *Cædmon*, the Traveller's Song, and other fragments of ancient poetry which are still extant. The different bodies of emigrants from the North, from

Norway, Denmark, and Friesland, did not carry to England a complete and national history, but merely separate traditions of different colonies and families. The more modern poetry of the Anglo-Saxons partly revived their ancient poems, mingled with them the elements of Christianity, and partly selected the deeds of their kings, as the object of *historical poems*; we cite the Battle of Brunabourg, (p. 937,) the poems on king Athelstan, of which William of Malmesbury gives many fragments, and the exploits of Beorthnoth, who fell in battle against the Danes 990. But under William the Conqueror, the people were animated with a new spirit, which became dominant under their new rulers. The heroic songs of a people who were now subjugated could not satisfy, especially as they recalled the memory of Paganism.

"We have already mentioned why these times and circumstances were favourable to Breton Minstrels and Raconteurs, enabling them to throw a new splendour over Arthur, and to present him in this guise to the allied Normans. The Celtic imagination, which could only be compared to that of the East, awed the Normans and French, who listened with admiration, as Giraldus, and Geoffrey, have proved by translations from British books. Henry II. one of England's most powerful kings, (1154—1189,) was the son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, Count of Anjou, and Matilda, daughter of Henry I. His eminent talents early displayed themselves under the excellent guidance of the wise and learned Robert of Gloucester, whom Geoffrey in his Chronicle terms his protector. He became Duke of Normandy, and at the death of his father, Count of Anjou, Tourraine, and Maine. He married the celebrated Elcanor of France, who after having been repudiated by Louis le Jeune, (1151,) brought him the sovereignty of Guienne, Poitou, and Saintonge. She was grand-daughter of William IX. of Poitou, Duke of Aquitaine, who was equally celebrated as a poet and a warrior, (1071—1127.) This acquisition of a great part of France, and especially of the countries where the Langue d'oc (or Provençal) was spoken, would necessarily have the greatest influence not only over the manners, tastes, and opinions of the nobility and knighthood of the united countries, mingling the tribes and uniting their poets and minstrels at the English court, but it would naturally attach the separate interests of the kings of England and France to the cause of literature. If Henry and his court delighted in hearing the tales of Arthur, would not the French and Provençal poets make themselves masters of these tales? Henry liberally rewarded such efforts, and he gave Robert Wace a prebendal stall in the Cathedral of Bayeux, for the dedication of his Roman du Rou. Geoffrey of Monmouth also eulogizes the young prince in his Chronicle. Other poets addressed him in a still more flattering strain."

The Professor treats of Arthur in connexion with the fable of the Sangraal, as constituting a not less fertile source of romance in the twelfth century than the traditions of the Welsh hero and his Round Table; this union and combination occupying a third period.

Some have supposed that the fable in question is also of Welsh origin, and belongs to that of Arthur. But the author of the present essay is of a different opinion, maintaining that it did not at

first exist in those countries which preserved the Arthurian traditions, viz. Britain, France, and Ireland, and calling it the *Primitive Fable of Provence*, in opposition to the change which it afterwards underwent in the North of France. This change, he says, evinces so much connexion with the Order of Templars, that it must have taken place after the institution of that body.

The Graal included many mysteries and sacred symbols. "It is the impenetrable mystery of faith," at one time; the Graal even becomes the divinity himself; "Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table represented *temporal knighthood*; the Templars of the Graal the *spiritual knighthood*;" the heroes in a Christian chivalry, expressing miracles, mysteries, and doctrines, by attaching them to poetical and historical traditions, and using strange symbols. There is the holy Cup, the miraculous Vase. It presents eastern mysterious emblems, and some of its elements must have passed westward through Spain. This miraculous mystery Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table are represented as having set out to discover. But the search proved always in vain excepting to such as were ordained to it. The castle of the Graal was sometimes found out, and the mystery would appear in resplendent glory, and would even feast the knights with most exquisite delicacies. But every thing is done in the most forced manner, and the romancing poets could make the Graal perform nothing but "*sans rime et sans raison*."

But we shall not further detain our readers with an abstract of parts of the Essay relative to Arthurian traditions, and the transformations to which they were subjected. These traditions and changes belonged to certain conditions of society and developments of the human mind, till at length such extravagant romances were no longer credited or relished. We quote a specimen of our author's theory, philosophy and manner concerning fable, especially the Mabinogion, which Lady Charlotte Guest's translations have in some measure made known in our pages.—

"In recapitulating the results at which we have so far arrived, we should say that the immediate influence of the Welsh traditions upon the literature of France was effected by their passage through that country, where they became imbued with the spirit of French chivalry, and formed a perfectly new style, of which the tendency was to represent the true life and spirit of chivalry. But there is also another equally important element, which passed into France with these traditions, and like them became diffused over Europe; this is the ancient popular belief of the Welsh and the Bretons,—the ancient Celtic mythology it may be called,—the wonderful and interesting World of Celtic Tales. For, the beneficent fairies who educated Lancelot du Lac, the giants conquered by Owain, Tristan, and Peredur, the enchanted fountains, the miraculous trees, the dragons and serpents, the magic rings, the sorcerer Merlin, the Fay Morgana sister of



Arthur, these aërial spirits which once more resumed their power under Shakspeare, do not come from the North nor from the East—they are Celtic—and all these powers and beings which are still religiously preserved in the poetic memory of the people of Brittany and of Wales, who have always been so remarkable for their attachment to their ancient literature, are of a nature totally different from those which have passed from Asia to the West. In the German and Scandinavian religion, belief takes an animated nature, which shows itself even after the introduction of Christianity. In them nature and genius are not yet separated, and, in this primitive union, nature appears poetic from the mountains and rivers down to animated life. The miraculous beings of the East form still more a world apart, and foreign to man; magic does not exist as an elementary spirit in nature, these superhuman beings represent less the powers of nature than human passions; trees and flowers do not in themselves possess an intellectual life, but they shade the dwelling of the God, or serve to express these mysteries to man; they are symbols, but they are not beings; we see throughout less of internal life than of exterior marvels.

“Supposing that, after the twelfth century, this style had entered by Spain from the East into the ideas of the people and the chivalric poems, and that these elements had given a certain tinge mingled with these ancient fabulous beings, and with the belief of the Celts, still we must decidedly deny that all is of oriental origin. This cannot be conceded, except in so far as that the Celts, like all other nations in Europe, had their primitive home in Asia, and might have brought with them certain remembrances, of which they partook equally with their brethren of the East.

“A belief in superhuman and demoniacal beings, in hidden powers of nature and means to possess oneself of them, is common to every people, and penetrates harmlessly more or less into every religion, if it be not perverted by repulsive superstition. Jacob Grimm, in his unappreciable work on German Mythology, has shown in what manner this imaginative World, of which we speak, and which is here called the *Fabulous Kingdom of Tales*, had its first origin, and a well founded and reasonable meaning in ancient paganism; how, at first, notwithstanding the bloody baptism by the sword of Charlemagne, christianity insensibly bordered on pagan ideas, how places sacred to the pagans were chosen for christian chapels, how they gradually made the pagan divinities subordinate to the one true God of christianity, degrading them to powerless demons and diabolical beings, or to goblins and gnomes, and how, at last, the ancient belief in these beings was discarded by more enlightened minds, and dismissed to the nursery, to people the fresh and infantile imagination with those changeable and ethereal beings which we meet with in these tales. We do not doubt that we could demonstrate a similar progress of the ancient belief from the altar of nature to the nursery, amongst the Cymry and Bretons, and that we should find amongst these people, described to us as possessing such lively imagination, and delighting always in fantastic speculations and curious philosophisms, many more documents than among the Germans, where the sources are very scarce, and are often derived from the Scandinavians; although such a research would present another peculiar difficulty, viz. that the Celts

very early experienced a Roman, German, and Scandinavian influence, which produced a picture much more varied and complicated than in Germany, and we feel assured that the ancient pagan belief was transformed among the Celts much earlier in the Children's Tales, because christianity penetrated much sooner into Wales and Armorica than into Germany and Scandinavia.

"But we must not here enter more largely into the history of this civilization, we must confine ourselves to unravelling these stories only as far as they are mixed with the traditions of Arthur; for it is those traditions that have occasioned the circulation of these tales throughout Europe. We find that this species of poetry is, at first, exclusively displayed in the most ancient continental poems, of which the subject is the achievements and adventures of Arthur's Knights. These poems correspond so entirely with those Welsh stories called Mabinogion, that we have only to resolve the question whether the Mabinogion are the origin of the French romances, or vice versa, that is to say, feeble imitations of those eminently poetic creations of the period when chivalry was at its height.

"The word Mabinogion is translated Tales for Children, or by Tales in general; and Lady Charlotte Guest, in a very pleasing letter, has dedicated her translation of the Mabinogion to her own children, but we doubt whether this title would have been employed in the twelfth century in the same sense. Tradition and fables are always supposed to contain faith and doubt. A tale is a dream of truth, with the full consciousness that it is but a dream. The relater knows that he repeats an imaginative poem. The manners of nations are reflected in the lives of individuals, and as, in mature age, man can only return to the fancies and pleasures of childhood and youth as to a dream, so, in like manner, a people cannot look upon their past history and historical traditions as fables, until they have long since passed that period, and have advanced to a much higher degree of civilization. In the poems of the most ancient bards, we find Owain. Peredur, Geraint, and others, mentioned as warriors, fighting with Arthur against the Saxons; these persons belong to history equally with Arthur. In the Mabinogion their historical character is annihilated with that of Arthur, who here appears in the same light as in the French romances, a spectator of the exploits of his companions; his court is the rendezvous of his heroes, whose adventures no longer appear as patriotic expeditions. So long as the people faithfully believed in the truth of the traditions of Arthur and his heroes, these Mabinogion could not have been composed. But we are aware of the tendency of tradition to amplification. This tendency does not show itself capriciously, but follows the general laws of nature, and only operates when the mind and body are satisfied. It consequently appears in this case, that tradition could not proceed to separate and enlarge on the histories of persons who had hitherto only acted a secondary part, until the glory of Arthur had attained its height, and the people began to find a monotony in the constantly repeated history of one person, and sought to replace it by fresh subjects. The bards and minstrels would then endeavour to revive their feelings with respect to this ancient personage by the addition of new facts, over which they diffused a higher interest, by interweaving them with ancient and celebrated occur-

rences. We have already seen, from the testimony of Nennius, the manner in which, as early as the ninth century, the original Arthur and his histories are amplified. In the Welsh Archaology p. 167, 175, &c. we find dialogues between Arthur, Kai, and Glewlwyd, between Arthur and Gwenhwyvar, between the latter and Eliwlod, and between Tristan and Gwalchmai, which the learned Turner places in the tenth and eleventh centuries; they prove that these historical heroes, like their chief, often received a fabulous glory, but we do not find any trace of those elements of chivalry which we shall hereafter describe more minutely. While traditions were thus added to, the Celtic fables and tales would also require a greater extension, as well as a poetical worship, for a stationary condition cannot be imagined where a real existence is demonstrated; it is only in Wales, or perhaps in Brittany also that authentic proofs could be produced, of where and at what time they were combined with ancient historical remembrances. In the Mabinogion in general, the opposition still exists, —Christianity and Paganism are completely opposed to each other. The giants and black men, those savage, sanguinary and inhuman beings who so often appear, belong to Paganism, while the heroes of the tale are always good Christians, but the dogmatic tincture of Christianity is always wanting in these stories, and if their antiquity and purely Welsh origins, were not even still more evident from the intimate connexion with the localities, manners, and customs of the country, we should say that one of the strongest proofs of it existed in our inability any where to discover in them the hand of a priest or even of a monk. Courage and strength form the basis of chivalry; faith, honour and love, only serve to give it a higher vocation or consecration. Strength and courage are also the characteristic traits of the heroes of the Mabinogion, but *Faith* remains at the bottom, even more than in our own Niebelungelied; it never forms the motive of actions; Honour is not yet very sensitive or refined, it is only introduced into the Mabinogion to prove strength and courage; and with regard to *Love*, the women appear more exacting than the men, who constantly say that there is no lady whom they love more than such a one, or such a one, but do not always prove it by their actions. In the Mabinogion we can, therefore, only discover the first slight traces of the dawn of Chivalry. These Heroes are called Marchawg, which Lady C. Guest, in speaking of Owain, translates, and, no doubt justly, *Knight*. But they are knights before whom the Seraphim of the Crusades had not yet carried the cross, —Knights whose hearts had not yet been softened by the soft gales of Provence and Spain, although they were more prepared to receive them than the bards of the sixth century, who knew nothing of this species of adoration. In the ninth century the bards had probably exhausted in the histories of the deeds of Arthur, the interest which this avidity for achievements and physical strength had excited, but they gained a variety by recalling this ancient world of fable: there they found giants and dragons to combat, demoniacal powers to contend with, fairies to amuse them; in short, a world made expressly for these indefatigable and invincible warriors. In this consisted the interest that procured for these tales, which must, of necessity, have existed in the eleventh century, that extraordinary reception from the French and the Normans, who were their

untiring auditors. This reception would, on the other side, animate Wales and Brittany to improve still further in this fertile branch of poetry. William the Conqueror profited by this thirst for exploits in order to subdue England; the Church for the expeditions against Toledo and the Saracens, and for the Crusades in the East; and it did not cease so long as chivalry existed, and bodily strength retained its full value. The dignity of knighthood was not hereditary, but purely individual; it was the reward of merit, and its value depended on the person who bore it. Bodily strength and the sword procured glory; which was the greater, if the hero withstood the attack alone and without succour. The heroes of the Mabinogion are knights-errant, who all seek adventures separately, and it was this, which above all, engaged the attention of the listening knight, who, placing himself in the situation of the hero, ruminated over the wonders of the tale as if he himself had witnessed them."

Our author's disquisition on the influence of Welsh tradition on the literature of France, with regard to construction, and also his views relative to the same influence on the literature of Germany and of Scandinavia, must be sought for in the Essay itself. These are his conclusions in briefest form, viz.: First, "That the French repeated the Breton traditions with a chivalrous enthusiasm; that the Breton traditions rendered the French *Raconteurs* poets:" Secondly, "The Germans inspired the Breton traditions with a German soul; the German *Raconteurs* created poetry from the Breton traditions:" and Thirdly, "The Scandinavians received the Breton traditions as poetry, and disseminated them as such." These, according to the learned and philosophic Professor, were the differences in the manner in which the traditions of Wales influenced the poets, and the poets influenced tradition in the three nations mentioned. Let an extract now close our paper. The subject is the Fall of Chivalry.

"While in the ancient poetry of the East, we trace its slow development, and see its astonishing preservation during entire ages, and observe in ancient classic poetry a progressive movement, until, having arrived at its highest point, it sinks gradually into barbarism;—in modern poetry, on the contrary, each successive fall only appears to be the foundation for a new and hitherto unknown flight. The tales of Arthur, short, confined within narrow limits, and in the commencement of slight importance to the world, passed into Brittany. After five centuries, we find them, separated from their historical foundation, forgetting their patriotic signification, and on the point of degenerating into fanciful and arbitrary fables—revivified in France by a combination with chivalry, and gaining with it universal importance. Again, when the first charm of the fantastic richness of the subject was over, when the want of reality in the characters and of a higher and more intellectual principle was felt, and the inspiring elements of chivalry were nearly exhausted, poetry rose again on the wings of faith by an union with the tradition of the Graal. It was poetry

that preserved the remembrance of Arthur's heroes, viz., Lancelot, Tristan, &c., and while it flowed on and constantly improved, it extended itself on every side and became an universal literature, until there did not remain a country or a poet in Europe to which it was unknown. From the Tagus to the Archipelago, from Sicily to Iceland, the romances of Arthur were listened to with delight. But the ancient, religious, and valiant chivalry had perished during the course of three centuries, and an affectation of former habits of life produced but a spiritless and artificial imitation. The ancient language became unknown, and its poetical form inconvenient. It resolved itself into an easy and free prose, and the chivalrous elements of the ancient models were lost in a love of imaginary adventures. The ecclesiastical doctrines had nourished and exercised the absurd faculty of sporting with the most abstract ideas, and the moral element, which, it is true, was but faintly discoverable in the ancient romances, transformed itself into a dull allegory, or was lost in a monstrous mysticism.

"Thus the romances of Amadis represent the modern chivalry of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, without dissimulating their origin viz., the Breton traditions of Arthur; and the supernatural beings of the Welsh are transformed into allegorical personifications of virtues represented by fairies, as the courageous fairy, the energetic fairy, the sincere fairy, &c. and the great allegorical King of the Rats, in the Romance of the Rose, obtained the prize because he could satisfy every wish, however frivolous; thus the more modern history of the Graal extolled the study of that work as a true *arcantum* against the devil, and a sure means of acquiring beatitude, while, on the other hand, the priests declaimed against the improprieties of the chivalrous romances, which became daily more shameless. Nevertheless, all these prose romances had a different influence in France and Spain to that which they had in Germany, and had none whatever in Scandinavia. There was, at a later period, in these countries, a certain splendour of chivalry which was certainly borrowed from the knight of poetry. Fantastic fêtes and processions, ridiculous ornaments both in dress and arms, figures and curious devices, both on the shields and weapons, the most whimsical vows, pilgrimages and tournaments, the most extravagant devotion in love, and the most punctilious observance of etiquette and ceremony, all that the ancient poets pointed out, over-ran life in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; while in Germany, though something of the same kind was seen under Maximilian, it was never carried to this ridiculous height. While in Languedoc, the martyrs of love realised, in an unheard of manner, all the absurdities of heroes of romance; in Germany the airs of the Troubadours spread among the people, inspiring the tame and conventional song with a new truth, and replacing the pedantic courtesy of chivalry by a natural passion. While in France and in England, the knights made vows of the Peacock and Pheasant, favourable to warlike adventures, the Germans remained in ambush in the forest during the winter, and waylaid a rich cargo of merchandize. While in those countries allegorical spectacles, fêtes, and banquets embellished the commerce of life; among the Germans there were only a few games during Lent, and mysteries represented with lively simplicity by thriving artizans. The terrible wars of fanaticism, and the Hussite peasantry, were calculated



to cure the German knights of gallant combats and the enthusiasm of love; while again, the religious Spaniards in the war against the Saracens, when the liberty of their country and religion was at stake, rivalled their enemies in love adventures and courtesy. While in that country, these romances still continue to be a source of intellectual history, and serve to explain both manners and poetry, in Germany they did not represent the usages of society, and no longer interested any but the higher classes. The *Titarel* alone, from the theological and theosophic form in which Albrecht had enveloped the tradition of the *Graal*, still maintained a greater influence. The discovery of the art of printing poured in a new deluge of romances of Arthur and the *Graal*, and this branch of poetry seemed thus to endeavour, from a presentiment of its proximate fall, to guarantee its eternal preservation. In the Appendix No. 3 we add a list of ancient editions until the year 1600, which, however, we do not consider to be complete. The extinction of these chivalrous romances had, in fact, been long since approaching. In the South it took place in a literary sense—in the North politically. While Dante condemned the daughter of Guido di Polenta to the infernal regions, for having been led astray by reading *Lancelot du Lac*, Ariosto in his *Orlando* ridiculed that fantastic and decrepid chivalry with the most cutting irony by conducting it into the region of fable; and Cervantes destroyed the passion for chivalrous romances by his biting satire. The middle classes of the North freed themselves from the feudalism which had hitherto reigned there exclusively; the minds of the people were invigorated by the study of the classics, until the reformation in Germany and in England, destroyed the old world of chivalry, and a new era in poetry arrived, represented by Shakspeare, which, Janus-like, at once looked back on the ancient splendour of the past, and forward to the modern Protestant world.”

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ART. V.—*History of the Life of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, King of England.*

By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. Saunders and Otley. 2 vols.

THE author of the “*History of Charlemagne*,” of “*Edward the Black Prince*,” and now of *Richard the Lion-heart*, not to mention many other works of real and also fictitious history which Mr. James has given to the world, and in which warriors and great political champions have figured, must be imbued with the spirit of hero-worship. Much of this gentleman’s favourite study must have run into the feudal and chivalric ages; and indeed the entire annals of France as well as of England, and of other nations of Europe, appear to have been investigated by him with a true antiquarian zeal and also a romantic fancy. Even in his historical novels Mr. James brings forward a vast quantity of facts and accurate delineation. His characters are often drawn with the utmost attention to existing records; the events, although necessarily highly coloured, are industriously studied so as to bear the stamp of historic truth; and the very landscapes are often painted with that fidelity which an artist can



only bestow who has greedily scanned not only the outlines with his own eye, but caught the characteristics with a graphic skill, so as that the minuter as well as larger and more prominent features are vividly represented.

There is one very considerable fault, however, which we find in Mr. James's historical productions, whether real or fanciful, and which seems to be gaining upon him, at least it is too apparent in the volumes before us to escape any one. He not merely crams into his narrative many subjects of such minor importance in the lives of his heroes as ought to have made him reject them altogether, or to keep them far in the background, and to subordinate them greatly, so as that a slight glimpse might be received of them; but he brings in by the shoulders much that has no immediate connexion at all with the theme in hand. By giving in to this practice he lays himself open to the charge of being a *book-manufacturer*, and so determined to make the most of his reading that the very sweepings of his study must be served up; and this too when frequently what he has to communicate is badly arranged and incomplete, and when also in other well-known and properly appreciated works the matter or subject is fully and authoritatively handled.

In consequence of the tendency, habit, and practice of which we complain, the present two octavo volumes, each containing about four hundred pages, tell us very little of Cœur-de-Lion, except what belongs to his early life, and romantic adventures or career in the south of France against certain discontented nobles. The rest of the massive work, as hitherto published, is taken up with large topics, some of them by no means yet finished by Mr. James; such as a long and elaborate introductory historical view of England from the Conqueror to the death of Stephen. Besides this formal portion as much space is allowed to the reign of Henry the Second, as should have exhausted his Life, although it had been the main and direct theme of the book; nor has Mr. James yet done with that monarch. Pope Alexander and Frederic Barbarossa, too, are forcibly placed upon the canvass, as if the whole of Europe must needs be delineated in the history of an individual. Nay, an account of Palestine itself from the period of the apostate Julian is sketched prefatorily, of course to an oft-repeated history of the crusades and Richard's exploits in the Holy Land. While, however, we have to complain of unnecessary and disproportionate parts, and also of an arrangement that is neither elegant nor very natural, we must admit that the execution of particular chapters or sections is frequently happy and able; for even when there is little novelty of matter, the manner is spirited, although drawn from a number of minute sources; showing the author's power of digestion, and the art of giving a congenial and characteristic nature to what may have come to him in a piece-meal and heterogeneous fashion. Look-

ing forward to the completion of the History with some impatience, we shall now merely present a few samples of what is before us, and without any attempt at analysis, or even striving to convey the principal lineaments of any one branch or topic. We begin with a specimen of sedate and luminous history, belonging to the year 1175, when Henry becomes reconciled with his rebellious sons; a specimen, too, where the historians reconciling skill, in respect of conflicting accounts, may be tested.

“The tranquillity of the king of England,” says our author, “seemed now to be established on a foundation not to be shaken; and he suffered his son once more to visit his father-in-law the king of France, although that monarch was assuredly the most dangerous counsellor which the English prince could meet. No evil, however, resulted at the time; and the younger Henry rejoining his father very speedily, they appeared together during the festivities of Easter, at the town of Cherbourg, displaying towards each other every sign of renewed affection and confidence. They thence proceeded to Caen, in order to meet the Count of Flanders, who desired an interview with the two English princes. The motive of his coming is somewhat differently stated by contemporary writers: and it is very probable that more than one inducement led him to the conference at Caen. He had assumed the cross some short time before in the great church of St. Peter, at Ghent; and the English authors of that day uniformly declare that the cause of this act, which bound him to go in arms to the Holy Land, was remorse for the part he had taken in the war against Henry. The Flemish historians, however, attribute his crusade merely to zeal for religion; and it is very probable that such a cause might operate in some degree. Nor is it unlikely that one of his objects, in coming to meet the king of England at Caen, was to make some atonement for the offence he had committed; although it is certain that another was to regain the pension which he had formerly received from Henry, and to renew his alliance with a powerful monarch whom he had so justly offended. However that may be, in the conference which now took place, he gave up into the hands of the two kings the charter of donation with which the younger Henry had weakly purchased his co-operation, and formally freed that prince from all engagements to himself. In return, the treaty was renewed which had been entered into several years before the commencement of the war between Henry II. and the Flemish sovereign; and the count retired with the assurance that his territories would be safe during his absence on the crusade. His remorse for the blood which he had shed, and his purpose of visiting the tomb of his Redeemer did not prevent him from committing a fearful act of cruelty before he went, if the account of Diceto is to be believed. He is stated, immediately after his return from the conference at Caen, to have taken one Walter des Fontaines in adultery with the countess his wife; and notwithstanding the example set before him by his ally the king of France, we are assured he put the adulterer to death in the most inhuman and barbarous manner.”

Henry and his eldest son returned to England, Mr. James pausing at this period, now that the first unhappy rebellion of Richard against his father was at an end, to notice several events which took place in the years 1173-4-5, that lend some insight into the state and progress of society in those days. The simplicity of the first ages of chivalry, he observes, was at an end, and a more gorgeous and ostentatious epoch was opening. "The generosity and liberality which had been inculcated as virtues of a principal order, had now deviated into profusion and extravagance."

Here is a lively picture of the chivalric ages and their most profuse splendours; let us add, barbaric displays:—

"The arms and clothing of the knights were of the most sumptuous and costly description. Their shields were covered with gold, and painted or enamelled with various colours; their tents also were ornamented in every different way that their fancy could devise; the crests of their helmets blazed with the precious metals, and sometimes with jewels; and the robes and the surcoats which they wore were formed of the richest silks and cendals, of scarlet and every other bright and dazzling hue. Fine linen, which was then a rarity, was eagerly sought among them; and we find from John of Salisbury, that it was becoming the custom in that day to make the garments of the male part of society, when not absolutely in the field, fit so tightly to the body as to resemble a skin. At the great meetings of princes, every sort of pageantry and luxury was displayed: and in the year 1174 one of those conferences occurred, in which splendour and profusion were carried to an excess that more resembled some of the wild follies of the Roman tyrants or the extravagant pomp of Eastern barbarians, than anything that modern Europe has produced. In the course of that year, the Count of Toulouse, as much, in all probability, with the design of being absent from a scene of warfare, where he might have been obliged to take part with one of two princes to each of whom he had done homage, as for the purpose of arranging some difficult affairs on his eastern frontier, retired from his capital towards the Gulf of Lyons, and held what was then called a *cour plenièrre* at his castle of Beaucaire.

"It is affirmed, that Henry King of England himself had appointed to meet the King of Arragon at that place, in order to mediate a reconciliation between him and the Count of Toulouse. The English King, however, was prevented from attending by the war in which he was engaged; and the time passed in festivities and sports. Nearly ten thousand knights are said to have been present on the occasion; one baron alone, named William de Martal, having three hundred knights in his train. Every one endeavoured to surpass the other in extravagance: the Count of Toulouse gave a hundred thousand solidi, or two thousand marks of fine silver, to a knight named Raymond d'Agout; who immediately distributed them among the other persons present. William de Martal required all his repasts to be cooked by the heat of wax-candles. Bertrand Raimbaud ordered the fields in the neighbourhood of the castle to be ploughed, and sown with small coin; in which insane act he scattered thirty thousand solidi: and Ray-

mond de Venous, to add brutality to folly, caused thirty of his finest horses to be burnt before the whole assembly."

Such, says Mr. James, were the amusements of the famous *cour plenière* of Beaucaire; remarking at the same time, that, as out of evil good continually springs, perhaps this extravagant meeting, by the multitude of merchants and dealers which it called together from all parts of the world, gave rise to the well-known annual fair of Beaucaire, which for so many years was one of the greatest commercial marts in Europe. The following reflections are apt and striking, furnishing an example of a kindly and elegant philosophy which we have often discovered in Mr. James's pages:—

"The *cour plenière* of Beaucaire, however, afforded by no means a solitary example. In a thousand other instances, human vanity and pride, unchecked by accurate notions either in taste or morals, and acting in the free license of a state nearly approaching to barbarism, produced results scarcely less wild and extravagant. But although it is always to be lamented that men should fall into such absurdities, yet the consequences are not altogether so evil as they appear. Society has always hitherto vacillated between one excess and another; in some stages going backwards and forwards to the very extremes, and even in more refined and cultivated ages trembling, like a finely balanced lever, at the slightest impulse, and continually passing to and fro over the accurately adjusted mark, without ever pausing at the exact point. But from these continual fluctuations, and from the deviation from what is perfect in taste, in feeling, and in thought, arises that boundless variety which in itself is admirable. One epoch may not always improve upon another; and it occasionally happens that, in consequence of some great convulsion, the world is cast back for many centuries. But in the common course of events, each age, in its deviation from that which preceded it, produces new and beautiful combinations in its progress to the extreme opposite of that which went before. To the extravagant splendour and ostentatious magnificence of these ages, may be attributed very many improvements in various arts, and in none more than architecture. Superstition, indeed, joined with the love of display; but superstition almost always derives its character from the circumstances that surround it; and though it acts upon the spirit of the age, it receives in return an impression from that spirit, which characterises all its efforts, in whatever direction they may be turned. Mere superstition would never have produced the crusades, had not other circumstances given to that impulse a great military development; and though, as some writers have asserted, superstition might have a share in producing the magnificent edifices which at this time rose thickly throughout every part of Europe, yet she might have restrained her efforts to raising the mighty stones of the Druids, or piling up the rubble-temples of the early Saxons, if the ambition of exciting wonder by performing vast and extraordinary things in every course that presented itself to the human mind, had not brought about the second great change in the architecture of modern Europe."

Having had a spirited account and striking illustrations of the barbaric splendours of chivalry, we may appropriately subjoin a passage which describes the system and mode of training that a young man pursued after he had reached fourteen years of age, so as to entitle him to the character of a squire in the feudal age of which Mr. James treats:—

“ Bearing heavy weights, running immense distances, enduring every sort of fatigue, springing on a horse armed at all pieces without putting a foot in the stirrup, and even leaping on the shoulders of a man on horseback with no other aid than a grasp of one arm, were among the performances of the aspirants to chivalry. Besides these feats, we read of others in the historians of those days, requiring equal strength and exertion,—such as mounting by means of the arms alone the lower side of a long ladder, casting complete summersets in heavy armour, and climbing up between two walls at a small distance apart, by the pressure of the hands and feet only. Casting lances to great distances, and striking heavy balls of wood with large rackets or malls, were among the amusements of the youths of Europe at that period, besides that regular practice in the use of all weapons which daily took place. Almost all of their sports and pastimes indeed were of a military character. That which was called the Chicane, and which was practised in several parts of France within the last century, together with dancing, chess, and some few games of chance, were the only exceptions, I believe; and indeed the chicane, which consisted in following a heavy wooden ball, and beating it with malls beyond certain limits defended by another party, might well be considered a military sport, as well as hunting and hawking, from the dangers and accidents which continually occurred in such amusements.

“ Though the tournament, the joust, and the passage of arms, did not admit of any but experienced and mature cavaliers, yet there were many other military pastimes of the day in which the more youthful nobility could take part, and practise against each other a mimic warfare. Among these were the game of the Quintaine; which consisted in running with a lance or sword, either on horseback or on foot, at a wooden figure representing the upper part of a man’s body. This was impaled upon a strong post, on which it turned with the slightest touch; and both arms of the figure being extended, a lance or long sword was found in the one hand, and sometimes a shield or another pole in the other. As in all tournaments and other chivalrous sports, it was held unfair to strike an adversary anywhere but on the chest or helmet, the great object in the game of the quintaine was so to direct the lance or sword with which the player attacked his wooden adversary, as to touch the figure directly in the middle; but if the luckless cavalier chanced to miss his mark and strike too much to the right or left, the automaton instantly took vengeance of his awkwardness by whirling round in consequence of the very blow he gave it, and striking him violently with the weapons it carried in either hand.

“ The Behour was simply another military sport; and consisted in the attack of a small fortress, or redoubt, by one party, and its defence by others; and as in all these amusements many accidents occurred, and

some peril was encountered, strength and hardihood were acquired, and a knowledge of danger and acquaintance with pain were gained, not unaccompanied by contempt of risk and habit of endurance."

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ART. VI.—*Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions.* By CHARLES MACKAY. 2 vols. Bentley.

MR. Mackay's work does not profess to accomplish any philosophical or metaphysical purpose, by tracing and illustrating the innate causes and the actual development of the grosser and more extraordinary delusions to which individuals and communities have yielded their minds and lent credit. He has not undertaken to reduce to any system the characteristics of such errors, or to mark what are peculiar to one state of society rather than to another; although the facts which he has collected, the anecdotes which he retails, and the sensible—sometimes the original observations which he bestows upon oft-told and well known stories, will be very useful to any philosophic historian of popular delusion. The present author's work is for all sorts of readers, and is amusing, suggestive, and instructive to the most ordinary thinker. In short, he treats popular delusions *popularly*.

The subjects of the *Memoirs* take a wider range than is frequently contemplated by writers on the species of insanities which may properly be called *delusive*. The mention of some of the subjects and classes is alone necessary to introduce so much variety and copiousness of extract as we can allow space for. Well, then, we have first of all an account of the Mississippi Scheme, but to which we shall last call attention. The South-Sea Bubble; the Tulipomania, which at one time was the madness of the Dutch especially; the love of the marvellous, and the disbelief of the true; the admiration of great criminals, such as thieves; the crusades, the witch-mania, haunted houses, &c. compose the subjects, the bare announcement of which not merely directs the mind to the particular species of delusion to be illustrated under each head, but immediately indicates where the reader is to go for what is most novel to him, or best calculated to satisfy his curiosity and awaken his speculation.

We begin with examples of the Tulipomania, as its infection discovered itself in Holland:—

"People who had been absent from Holland, and whose chance it was to return when this folly was at its maximum, were sometimes led into awkward dilemmas by their ignorance. There is an amusing instance of the kind related in Blainville's Travels. A wealthy merchant, who prided himself not a little on his rare tulips, received upon one occasion a very valuable consignment of merchandise from the Levant. Intelligence of its



arrival was brought him by a sailor, who presented himself for that purpose at the counting-house, among bales of goods of every description. The merchant, to reward him for his news, munificently made him a present of a fine red herring for his breakfast. The sailor had, it appears, a great partiality for onions; and seeing a bulb very like an onion lying upon the counter of this liberal trader, and thinking it no doubt very much out of its place among silks and velvets, he slyly seized an opportunity, and slipped it into his pocket as a relish for his herring. He got clear off with his prize, and proceeded to the quay to eat his breakfast. Hardly was his back turned when the merchant missed his valuable *Semper augustus*, worth three thousand florins, or about 280*l.* sterling. The whole establishment was instantly in an uproar; search was everywhere made for the precious root, but it was not to be found. Great was the merchant's distress of mind. The search was renewed; but again without success. At last some one thought of the sailor. The unhappy merchant sprang into the street at the bare suggestion. His alarmed household followed him. The sailor, simple soul! had not thought of concealment. He was found quietly sitting upon a coil of ropes, masticating the last morsel of his 'onion.' Little did he dream that he had been eating a breakfast whose cost might have regaled a whole ship's crew for a twelvemonth; or, as the plundered merchant himself expressed it, 'might have sumptuously feasted the Prince of Orange and the whole court of the Stadtholder.' Anthony caused pearls to be dissolved in wine to drink the health of Cleopatra; Sir Richard Wittington was as foolishly magnificent in an entertainment to King Henry V.; and Sir Thomas Gresham drank a diamond dissolved in wine, to the health of Queen Elizabeth, when she opened the Royal Exchange: but the breakfast of this roguish Dutchman was as splendid as either. He had an advantage, too, over his wasteful predecessors: *their* gems did not improve the taste or the wholesomeness of *their* wine, while *his* tulip was quite delicious with his red herring. The most unfortunate part of the business for him was, that he remained in prison for some months on a charge of felony, preferred against him by the merchant."

An English and philosophical traveller ignorantly committed a deed of spoliation, about as ludicrous as that of the sailor, and similarly serious in the result:—

"This gentleman, an amateur botanist, happened to see a tulip-root lying in the conservatory of a wealthy Dutchman. Being ignorant of its quality, he took out his penknife, and peeled off its coats, with the view of making experiments upon it. When it was by this means reduced to half its original size, he cut it into two equal sections, making all the time many learned remarks on the singular appearances of the unknown bulb. Suddenly the owner pounced upon him; and, with fury in his eyes, asked him if he knew what he had been doing? 'Peeling a most extraordinary onion,' replied the philosopher. '*Hundert tausand duyvel!*' said the Dutchman; 'it's an Admiral *Van der Eyck*.' 'Thank you,' replied the traveller, taking out his note-book to make a memorandum of the same; 'are these admirals common in your country?' 'Death and the

devil !' said the Dutchman, seizing the astonished man of science by the collar ; ' come before the syndic, and you shall see.' In spite of his remonstrances, the traveller was led through the streets, followed by a mob of persons. When brought into the presence of the magistrate, he learned, to his consternation, that the root upon which he had been experimentalising was worth four thousand florins ! and, notwithstanding all he could urge in extenuation, he was lodged in prison until he found securities for the payment of this sum."

In England the irrational admiration of certain varieties of tulips has been witnessed, and even recently ; but neither here nor in France did the jobbers succeed in carrying it to the madly extravagant height that it reached amongst the Dutch. Still, in our day, says Mr. Mackay, a tulip will produce more money than an oak. In the year 1800, a common price for a single bulb was fifteen guineas. In 1835 one of the species, called Miss Fanny Kemble, brought, by public auction in London, seventy-five pounds. " Thus a flower, which for beauty and perfume was surpassed by the abundant roses of the garden, a nosegay of which might be purchased for a penny, was priced at a sum which would have provided an industrious labourer and his family with food, clothes, and lodging for six years."

*Relics*, not only in what are called the *dark ages*, but even at this day, furnish anecdotes of gross and ridiculous delusions. Europe, for example, still swarms with religious objects of this kind :—

" There is hardly a Roman Catholic church in Spain, Portugal, Italy, France, or Belgium, without one or more of them. Even the poorly endowed churches of the villages boast the possession of miraculous thigh-bones of the innumerable saints of the Romish calendar. Aix-la-Chapelle is proud of the veritable *chasse* or thigh-bone of Charlemagne, which cures lameness ; Halle has a thigh-bone of the Virgin Mary ; Spain has seven or eight, all said to be undoubted relics. Brussels at one time preserved, and perhaps does now, the teeth of St. Gudule. The faithful, who suffered from the tooth-ache, had only to pray and look at them, and be cured. Some of these holy bones have been buried in different parts of the Continent. After a certain lapse of time, water is said to ooze from them, which soon forms a spring, and cures all the diseases of the faithful. At a church in Halle there is a famous thigh-bone which cures barrenness in women. Of this bone, which is under the special superintendence of the Virgin, a pleasant story is related by the incredulous. There resided at Ghent a couple who were blessed with all the riches of this world, but whose happiness was sore troubled by the want of children. Great was the grief of the lady, who was both beautiful and loving, and many her lamentations to her husband. The latter, annoyed by her unceasing sorrow, advised her to make a pilgrimage to the celebrated *chasse* of the Virgin. She went, was absent a week, and returned with a face all radiant with joy and pleasure. Her lamentations ceased ; and in nine months

afterwards she brought forth a son. But, oh! the instability of human joys! The babe, so long desired and so greatly beloved, survived but a few months. Two years passed over the heads of the disconsolate couple, and no second child appeared to cheer their fire-side. A third year passed away with the same result, and the lady once more began to weep. 'Cheer up, my love,' said her husband, 'and go to the holy *chasse*, at Halle: perhaps the Virgin will again listen to your prayers.' The lady took courage at the thought, wiped away her tears, and proceeded on the morrow towards Halle. She was absent only three days, and returned home sad, weeping, and sorrow-stricken. 'What is the matter?' said her husband; 'is the Virgin unwilling to listen to your prayers?' 'The Virgin is willing enough,' said the disconsolate wife, 'and will do what she can for me; but I shall never have any more children! *The priest! the priest!*—he is gone from Halle, and nobody knows where to find him!'—"

Mr. Mackay mentions and illustrates the avidity which has been manifested in all ages and countries to obtain relics of persons who have been much spoken of, even although great criminals:—

"When William Longbeard, leader of the populace of London in the reign of Richard I., was hanged at Smithfield, the utmost eagerness was shown to obtain a hair from his head, or a shred from his garments. Women came from Essex, Kent, Suffolk, Sussex, and all the surrounding counties, to collect the mould at the foot of his gallows. A hair of his beard was believed to preserve from evil spirits, and a piece of his clothes from aches and pains. In more modern days, a similar avidity was shown to obtain a relic of the luckless Masaniello, the fisherman of Naples. After he had been raised by mob-favour to a height of power more despotic than monarch ever wielded, he was shot by the same populace in the streets, as if he had been a mad dog. His headless trunk was dragged through the mire for several hours, and cast at night-fall into the city-ditch. On the morrow, the tide of popular feeling turned once more in his favour. His corpse was sought, arrayed in royal robes, and buried magnificently by torch-light in the cathedral; ten thousand armed men, and as many mourners, attending at the ceremony. The fisherman's dress which he had worn was rent into shreds by the crowd, to be preserved as relics; the door of his hut was pulled off its hinges by a mob of women, and eagerly cut up into small pieces, to be made into images, caskets, and other mementos. The scanty furniture of his poor abode became of more value than the adornments of a palace; the ground he had walked upon was considered sacred, and, being collected in small phials, was sold at its weight in gold, and worn in the bosom as an amulet. Almost as extraordinary was the phrensy manifested by the populace of Paris on the execution of the atrocious Marchioness de Brinvilliers. There were grounds for the popular wonder in the case of Masaniello, who was unstained with personal crimes. But the career of Madame de Brinvilliers was of a nature to excite no other feelings than disgust and abhorrence. She was convicted of poisoning several persons, and sentenced to be burned in the Place de Gréve, and to have her ashes scattered to the winds. On the day of her

execution, the populace, struck by her gracefulness and beauty, inveighed against the severity of her sentence. Their pity soon increased to admiration, and ere evening she was considered a saint. Her ashes were industriously collected, even the charred wood which had aided to consume her was eagerly purchased by the populace. Her ashes were thought to preserve from witchcraft."

Were death suddenly to call hence a certain French Madame, now a prisoner, it is probable that some such regard would be manifested towards relics of her.

In England a morbid love for the relics of thieves, murderers, and other criminals has often been shown. For instance, a guinea per foot has been given for the ropes with which very notorious persons have been hanged. Such was the case when Dr. Dodd, Fauntleroy, and Thurtell were executed. Need we wonder, then, that in earlier times a superstition was attached to the hand of a criminal who had suffered execution? "It was thought that by merely rubbing the dead hand on the body the patient afflicted with the king's evil would be instantly cured." The possession of the hand was deemed to be of great efficacy in the prevention of misfortunes. "In the time of Charles II. as much as ten guineas was thought a small price for one of these disgusting relics." The following are more agreeable and romantic relics; although, as Mr. Mackay justly points out, many a credulous person pays handsomely for counterfeits:—

"Among the most favourite relics of modern times, in Europe, are Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, Napoleon's willow, and the table at Waterloo on which the emperor wrote his despatches. Snuff-boxes of Shakspeare's mulberry-tree are comparatively rare, though there are doubtless more of them in the market than were ever made of the wood planted by the great bard. Many a piece of alien wood passes under this name. The same may be said of Napoleon's table at Waterloo. The original has long since been destroyed, and a round dozen of counterfeits along with it. Many preserve the simple stick of wood; others have them cut into brooches and every variety of ornament; but by far the greater number prefer them as snuff-boxes. In France they are made into *bonbonnières*, and are much esteemed by the many thousands whose cheeks still glow and whose eyes still sparkle at the name of Napoleon. Bullets from the field of Waterloo, and buttons from the coats of the soldiers who fell in the fight, are still favourite relics in Europe. But the same ingenuity which found new tables after the old one was destroyed, has cast new bullets for the curious. Many a one who thinks himself the possessor of a bullet which aided in giving peace to the world on that memorable day, is the owner of a dump, first extracted from the ore a dozen years afterwards. Let all lovers of genuine relics look well to their money before they part with it to the ciceroni that swarm in the village of Waterloo. Few travellers stop at the lonely isle of St. Helena without cutting a twig from the willow that droops

over the grave of Napoleon. Many of them have since been planted in different parts of Europe, and have grown into trees as large as their parents. Relic-hunters, who are unable to procure a twig of the original, are content with one from these. Several of them are growing in the neighbourhood of London, more prized by their cultivators than any other tree in their gardens."

We shall now let our readers have an outline of Mr. Mackay's Memoir of the Mississippi Scheme which the far-famed and notorious John Law projected, and by which he drove the whole of France from its propriety. It is useful that the emptiness and ruinous consequences of all such *bubbles* should be frequently shown, seeing how prone human nature is to be led astray by gilded mockeries, and how infectious delusions prove. Our age is not yet so fully enlightened and well grounded in the principles of political economy and financial science as to be secure against the dreams of sanguine speculators, or the arts of nefarious projectors. But let us see how Law commenced, advanced, and ended; mark how fundamental errors and a readiness to be deceived were the lever to enormous transactions, which were as disastrous as they were enormous. At the very first the Mississippi schemer hoodwinked (no doubt Law was all along partly a self-deceiver) the French rulers and people; for he preached the doctrine that paper was essential to the prosperity of a gold currency, and afterwards that the former might stand in the stead of the latter.

In 1716, by royal edict, this projector was authorized to establish, along with his brother, a bank, the notes of which should be received in payment of the taxes; the capital being fixed at six millions of livres, in twelve thousand shares of five hundred livres each, purchasable one-fourth in specie, and the remainder in *billets d'état*. Our author goes on to remark that,—

"Law made all his notes payable at sight, and in the coin current at the time they were issued. This last was a master-stroke of policy, and immediately rendered his notes more valuable than the precious metals. The latter were constantly liable to depreciation by the unwise tampering of the government. A thousand livres of silver might be worth their nominal value one day and be reduced one-sixth the next, but a note of Law's bank retained its original value.—The consequence was, that his notes advanced rapidly in public estimation, and were received at one per cent. more than specie. It was not long before the trade of the country felt the benefit. Languishing commerce began to lift up her head; the taxes were paid with greater regularity and less murmuring, and a degree of confidence was established that could not fail, if it continued, to become still more advantageous. In the course of a year Law's notes rose to fifteen per cent. premium, while the *billets d'état*, or notes issued by the government, as security for the debts contracted by the extravagant Louis XIV, were at a discount of no less than seventy-eight and a half per cent. The

comparison was too great in favour of Law not to attract the attention of the whole kingdom, and his credit extended itself day by day. Branches of his bank were almost simultaneously established at Lyons, Rochelle, Tours, Amiens, and Orleans. The Regent appears to have been utterly astonished at his success, and gradually to have conceived the idea, that paper, which could so aid a metallic currency, could entirely supersede it. Upon this fundamental error he afterwards acted. In the mean time, Law commenced the famous project which has handed his name down to posterity. He proposed to the Regent, who could refuse him nothing, to establish a company, that should have the exclusive privilege of trading to the great river Mississippi, and the province of Louisiana on its western bank. The country was supposed to abound in the precious metals, and the company, supported by the profits of their exclusive commerce, were to be the sole farmers of the taxes, and sole coiners of money. Letters patent were issued, incorporating the company, in August 1717. The capital was divided into two hundred thousand shares of five hundred livres each, the whole of which might be paid in *billets d'état*, at their nominal value, although worth no more than 160 livres in the market."

If the Regent and government fell into these snares, it was not to be supposed that the great body of the people would escape the delusion. The scheme was now looked upon as too mighty and grand for any establishment that was not proudly national; and notes were by this authority issued for not less than one thousand millions of livres. To be sure there were individuals who perceived part of the impending danger; and the Parliament began to feel alarmed and to remonstrate. But it was soon overawed by the arrest of the president and two of the counsellors, who were sent to distant prisons; and thus the first cloud upon Law's prospects blew over. He therefore lost no time or opportunity for improving and advancing his scheme, devoting his attention to the Mississippi project, the shares of which were rapidly rising, edicts also continuing to favour it and its author. At the commencement of the year 1719 one was published, granting the Company "the exclusive privilege of trading to the East Indies, China, and the South Seas, and to all the possessions of the French East India Company established by Colbert." In consequence of such monopolies the business and the ambition of the Company increased, one result of which was that fifty thousand new shares were created; Law now holding out the most magnificent prospects, promising a yearly dividend "of two hundred livres upon each share of five hundred, which, as the shares were paid for in *billets d'état*, at their nominal value, but worth only 100 livres, was at the rate of about 120 per cent. profit."

Considering the hold which the delusion had taken of the national credulity, it is no wonder that the bright vision, now enlarged and rendered more imposing, should excite the highest enthusiasm, and



the most keen cupidity. "At least three hundred thousand applications were made for the fifty thousand new shares." The residence of the projector, which at this time was in a narrow inconvenient street, was beset from morning till night, not only by jobbers and stockbrokers, but by dukes, marquises, counts, with their duchesses, &c., who would wait in the streets for hours every day before Law's door to learn the results. Every day, too, the value of the old shares advanced; the thoroughfare was choked up; and mean dwellings in the immediate vicinity of the temple of the new Plutus were taken in order to command ready access to the god. Other hundreds of thousands of shares were created; fifteen hundred millions of livres being deemed necessary in order that the Regent might pay off the national debt. "Thrice the sum would have been subscribed if the government had authorized it." Law had removed to the *Place Vendome*, where booths and tents were erected for the transaction of business and the sale of refreshments. Here inconvenience was also experienced from the throng. He next entered into a treaty for the hotel of the Prince de Carignan, which had a garden of several acres in the rear; the purchase being concluded at an enormous price, the prince at the same time reserving to himself the gardens as a new source of profit; for no sooner was the schemer installed in his new magnificent abode than an edict was published, forbidding all persons to buy or sell stock anywhere but in the gardens. About five hundred pavilions were erected among the trees, each of which was let at the rate of five hundred livres a month.

Law had by this time become the most important personage in the state: he was at the zenith of his prosperity, and the people at the zenith of their infatuation,—a necessary concomitant. Courtiers, judges, and bishops forsook the antechambers of the Regent, thronging to the Hotel de Soissons, where they were content to wait for six hours in the hope of seeing Monsieur Law. If, in the neighbourhood of his first domicile, a hump-backed man earned considerable sums by lending his protuberance as a writing-desk, ludicrous stratagems were now resorted to in order to have an opportunity of speaking to the paper Plutus:—

"One lady, who had striven in vain during several days, gave up in despair all attempts to see him at his own house, but ordered her coachman to keep a strict watch whenever she was out in her carriage, and if he saw Mr. Law coming to drive against a post and upset her. The coachman promised obedience, and for three days the lady was driven incessantly through the town, praying inwardly for the opportunity of being overturned. At last she espied Mr. Law coming, and pulling the string, called out to the coachman, 'Upset us now! for God's sake upset us now!' The coachman drove against a post, the lady screamed, the coach was overturned, and Law, who had seen the *accident*, hastened to the spot to

render assistance. The cunning dame was led into the Hotel de Soissons, where she soon thought it advisable to recover from her fright, and, after apologizing to Mr. Law, confessed her stratagem. Law smiled, and entered the lady in his books as the purchaser of a quantity of India stock."

The price of shares sometimes rose ten or twenty per cent. in a few hours; and many persons who had been poor in the morning went to bed rich at the close of the same day. The population of Paris vastly increased, and a temporary impetus to trade was given. Law's alliance was sought by the noble and the princely. He was advanced in the state on conforming to the Catholic faith; and great was the display at his confirmation.

The system of this celebrated projector continued to flourish till the year 1720; the Regent's ignorance of financial science and his confidence, the people's enthusiasm, and the temporary brilliant effects sustaining it. But if the prosperity was sudden and unrivalled, the reverse and the retrogression were to be not less remarkable. If the infatuation was as mad as gold and brilliant visions could render it, not less terrible was to be its chastisement:—

"The first slight alarm that was occasioned was early in 1720. The Prince de Conti, offended that Law should have denied him fresh shares in India stock, at his own price, sent to his bank to demand payment in specie of so enormous a quantity of notes, that three wagons were required for its transport. Law complained to the Regent, and urged on his attention the mischief that would be done, if such an example found many imitators. The Regent was but too well aware of it, and sending for the Prince de Conti, ordered him under penalty of his high displeasure, to refund to the Bank two-thirds of the specie which he had withdrawn from it. The Prince was forced to obey the despotic mandate. Happily for Law's credit, De Conti was an unpopular man: everybody condemned his meanness and cupidity, and agreed that Law had been hardly treated. It is strange, however, that so narrow an escape should not have made both Law and the Regent more anxious to restrict their issues. Others were soon found who imitated, from motives of distrust, the example which had been set by De Conti in revenge. The more acute stockjobbers imagined justly that prices could not continue to rise for ever. Bourdon and La Richardière, renowned for their extensive operations in the funds, quietly and in small quantities at a time, converted their notes into specie, and sent it away to foreign countries. They also bought as much as they could conveniently carry of plate and expensive jewellery, and sent it secretly away to England or to Holland. Vermalet, a jobber, who sniffed the coming storm, procured gold and silver coin to the amount of nearly a million of livres, which he packed in a farmer's cart, and covered over with hay and cow-dung. He then disguised himself in the dirty smock-frock, or *blouse* of a peasant, and drove his precious load in safety into Belgium. From thence he soon found means to transport it to Amsterdam. Hitherto no difficulty had been experienced by any class in procuring specie for

their wants. But this system could not long be carried on without causing a scarcity. The voice of complaint was heard on every side, and inquiries being instituted, the cause was soon discovered. The council debated long on the remedies to be taken, and Law, being called on for his advice, was of opinion, that an edict should be published depreciating the value of coin five per cent. below that of paper. The edict was published accordingly; but, failing of its intended effect, was followed by another, in which the depreciation was increased to ten per cent. The payments of the bank were at the same time restricted to one hundred livres in gold, and ten in silver. All these measures were nugatory to restore confidence in the paper, though the restriction of cash payments within limits so extremely narrow kept up the credit of the Bank. Notwithstanding every effort to the contrary, the precious metals continued to be conveyed to England and Holland. The little coin that was left in the country was carefully treasured, or hidden until the scarcity became so great, that the operations of trade could no longer be carried on. In this emergency, Law hazarded the bold experiment of forbidding the use of specie altogether. In February 1720 an edict was published, which instead of restoring the credit of the paper, as was intended, destroyed it irrecoverably, and drove the country to the very brink of revolution. By this famous edict it was forbidden to any person whatever to have more than five hundred livres (20*l.*) of coin in his possession, under pain of a heavy fine, and confiscation of the sums found. It was also forbidden to buy up jewellery, plate, and precious stones, and informers were encouraged to make search for offenders, by the promise of one-half the amount they might discover. The whole country sent up a cry of distress at this unheard-of tyranny. The most odious persecution daily took place. The privacy of families was violated by the intrusion of informers and their agents. The most virtuous and honest were denounced for the crime of having been seen with a *louis d'or* in their possession. Servants betrayed their masters, one citizen became a spy upon his neighbour, and arrests and confiscations so multiplied, that the courts found a difficulty in getting through the immense increase of business thus occasioned. It was sufficient for an informer to say that he suspected any person of concealing money in his house, and immediately a search-warrant was granted. Every epithet that popular hatred could suggest was showered upon the Regent and the unhappy Law. Coin, to any amount above five hundred livres, was an illegal tender, and nobody would take paper if he could help it."

We now quote a few passages more to show by what steps the ruin and alarm advanced and ripened, and also what were the vain efforts devised to check private and national reverses.

The shares of the Mississippi stock had fallen greatly and rapidly. An effort was therefore made to restore confidence in the tales of the immense wealth of that region. For this purpose,—

"A general conscription of all the poor wretches in Paris was made by order of government. Upwards of six thousand of the very refuse of the population were impressed, as if in time of war, and were provided with

clothes and tools to be embarked for New Orleans, to work in the gold-mines alleged to abound there. They were paraded day after day through the streets with their pikes and shovels, and then sent off in small detachments to the out-ports to be shipped for America. Two-thirds of them never reached their destination, but dispersed themselves over the country, sold their tools for what they could get, and returned to their old course of life. In less than three weeks afterwards, one-half of them were to be found again in Paris."

The Regent's arbitrary measures, and his increasing infatuation as well as vacillation, served to plunge the country into deeper and deeper difficulties. Between February and May notes were fabricated to the amount of upwards of £60,000,000, and all payments were ordered to be made in paper. It was his object to depreciate coin, but it rose in value on every fresh attempt to diminish it. The alarm once sounded, the people could not again put reliance in paper. Edict upon edict was published; sometimes in the course of a few days one contradicting the other, and the government flatly stultifying itself. Law had now deeply incurred the hatred of the nation; he was dismissed from the ministry and disgraced by the Regent in public, although consulted by him in private, and for a time shielded from popular fury in the Palais Royal.

The Chancellor, who had been dismissed in 1718 for his opposition to the projects of Law, was at length recalled to aid in the restoration of credit :—

"On his arrival at Paris, five counsellors of the Parliament were admitted to confer with the Commissary of Finance, and on the 1st of June an order was published, abolishing the law which made it criminal to amass coin to the amount of more than five hundred livres. Every one was permitted to have as much specie as he pleased. In order that the bank-notes might be withdrawn, twenty-five millions of new notes were created, on the security of the revenues of the city of Paris, at two-and-a-half per cent. The bank-notes withdrawn were publicly burned in front of the Hôtel de Ville. The new notes were principally of the value of ten livres each; and on the 10th of June the bank was reopened, with a sufficiency of silver coin to give in change for them. These measures were productive of considerable advantage. All the population of Paris hastened to the bank, to get coin for their small notes; and silver becoming scarce, they were paid in copper. Very few complained that this was too heavy, although poor fellows might be continually seen toiling and sweating along the streets, laden with more than they could comfortably carry, in the shape of change for fifty livres. The crowds around the bank were so great, that hardly a day passed that some one was not pressed to death."

Lives had been lost in the crush of the crowds that had thronged around Law's dwelling when his glory was at its height; but now

not less than fifteen persons were killed in one day in consequence of the revulsion which had taken place. We must now bring the narrative to a conclusion, and do so by following the outcast projector to Venice, where he died in 1729 :—

“ Law himself, in a moment of despair, determined to leave a country, where his life was no longer secure. He at first only demanded permission to retire from Paris to one of his country-seats—a permission which the Regent cheerfully granted. The latter was much affected at the unhappy turn affairs had taken, but his faith continued unmoved in the truth and efficacy of Law’s financial system. His eyes were opened to his own errors, and during the few remaining years of his life, he constantly longed for an opportunity of again establishing the system and upon a securer basis. At Law’s last interview with the Prince, he is reported to have said—‘ I confess that I have committed many faults ; I committed them because I am a man, and all men are liable to error ; but I declare to you most solemnly that none of them proceeded from wicked or dishonest motives, and that nothing of the kind will be found in the whole course of my conduct.’ Two or three days after his departure the Regent sent him a very kind letter, permitting him to leave the kingdom whenever he pleased, and stating that he had ordered his passports to be made ready. He at the same time offered him any sum of money he might require. Law respectfully declined the money, and set out for Brussels in a post-chaise belonging to Madame de Prie, the mistress of the Duke of Bourbon, escorted by six horse-guards. From thence he proceeded to Venice, where he remained for some months, the object of the greatest curiosity to the people, who believed him to be the possessor of enormous wealth. No opinion, however, could be more erroneous. With more generosity than could have been expected from a man who, during the greatest part of his life, had been a professed gambler, he had refused to enrich himself at the expense of a ruined nation. During the height of the popular frenzy for Mississippi stock, he had never doubted of the final success of his projects, in making France the richest and most powerful nation of Europe. He invested all his gains in the purchase of landed property in France—a sure proof of his own belief in the stability of his schemes. He had hoarded no plate or jewellery, and sent no money, like the dishonest jobbers, to foreign countries. His all, with the exception of one diamond, worth about five or six thousand pounds sterling, was invested in the French soil ; and when he left that country, he left it almost a beggar. This fact alone ought to rescue his memory from the charge of knavery, so often and so unjustly brought against him. As soon as his departure was known, all his estates and his valuable library were confiscated.”

ART. VII.—*A Run through the United States, during the Autumn of 1840.*

By Lieut.-Colonel A. M. MAXWELL, K. H. 2 vols. Colburn.

THE discovery, colonization, growth, condition, and prospects of the United States of America, must ever be subjects of vast historical importance; furnishing themes for most interesting investigation and illustration within the immense range of social and political development. But at no past period, except it may have been during the struggle for independence, have these states offered points and questions of such an arresting character, as they do at the present moment.

The *discovery* of North America, whether as the claim is maintained by the Northmen or others, has long and often engaged inquirers into historical epochs. But as this subject has much divided writers, we need not more particularly allude to it in the rapid glance which we are taking. Suffice it to say, that whatever has befallen the great American continent, or any portion of it, since its aboriginal inhabitants were first disturbed by *white men*, bears not singly upon the history of that continent, but has been more or less connected with, or the result of, movements and phases in European States.

The *colonization* of North America is a theme that directs us to the adventures and efforts of the Spaniards in that part of the world; to a consideration of the introduction of slavery into Virginia by a Dutch vessel; to the history of Gallic geographical discovery; and, what is by far the most interesting topic to the people of Great Britain, to the progress of English discovery and settlement. Confining our few observations with regard to colonization to particular States, and, in order to indicate how European events bore upon American history, let the earliest successful settlement of Maryland be taken into view. Here Lord Baltimore, an opulent Roman Catholic, who was driven from Virginia on account of Protestant tests, and where slavery appears to have greatly aided to force upon the colony and to perpetuate feelings and institutions in some measure consonant with those which prevailed in England, obtained from the British crown a charter, conveying almost the entire powers of a feudal prince, which powers he exercised with such liberality that he granted perfect religious freedom to all. Still, the colony that set forth to people that province consisted of the various grades of society as they existed in Europe; and therefore to this day it presents its own peculiar and primitive features, some of them clearly aristocratic.

But most marked and distinct of all the earlier settlements, perhaps, is that of New England, which the Puritans, people who were as strong Republicans in politics, as they were Independents in



religion ; establishing and furnishing the great model of the democracy of the United States. Pennsylvania, again, had its peculiar complexion, and was still more free in certain parts of its constitution ; receiving the characteristic stamp of the sect called Quakers. And not to enumerate all the States, and such as were the offspring of the rest, with an endless variety and amalgamation of European infusion, we only further allude pointedly to Georgia, a comparatively recent plantation, and at first an asylum for the persecuted and the destitute ; where the philanthropic pioneer was the excellent Oglethorpe, and where the dawnings of that enlarged charity and benevolence which has since been so eminently displayed by the British nation, seem to have begun to beam with a fixed and intelligible light. In all of these different colonies there were characteristic principles recognized, peculiar struggles encountered, and remarkable triumphs achieved, which have bequeathed to this day their proper fruits, affecting the growth and modifying the progress of the several communities.

Having last of all alluded to Georgia, it may be satisfactory to append to our very general observations the eloquent and affecting description which is to be found of the departure of the Moravians for this settlement, as given in that standard work, "The History of the United States," not yet finished, by Bancroft. The narrative is so beautiful, concise, and full ; and the particulars which it details are so uncommon and admirable, that we shall here quote the passage, throwing it into our larger type ; for it is worthy of appearing in golden letters. Says the historian,—“ While the neighbouring province of South Carolina displayed ‘ a universal zeal for assisting its new ally and bulwark,’ the persecuted Protestants, known to us as Moravians, heard the message of hope, and, on the invitation of the Society in England for propagating the Gospel, prepared to emigrate to the Savannah. A free passage, provisions in Georgia for a whole season, land for themselves and their children, free for ten years, then to be held for a small quit-rent, the privileges of native Englishmen, freedom of worship—these were the promises made, accepted, and honourably fulfilled. On the last day of October, 1733, ‘ the evangelical community,’ well supplied with Bibles and hymn-books, catechisms and books of devotion, conveying in one wagon their few chattels, in two other covered ones their feebler companions, and especially their little ones, after a discourse and prayer and benedictions, cheerfully, and in the name of God, began their pilgrimage. History need not stop to tell what charities cheered them on their journey ; what towns were closed against them by Roman Catholic magistrates ; or how they entered Frankfort-on-the-Maine, two by two, in solemn procession, singing spiritual songs. As they floated down the Maine, and between the castled crags, the vineyards, and the white-

walled towns that adorn the banks of the Rhine, their conversation, amidst hymns and prayers, was of justification, and of sanctification, and of standing fast in the Lord. At Rotterdam they were joined by two preachers, Bolzius and Gronau, both disciplined in charity at the Orphan House in Halle. A passage of six days carried them from Rotterdam to Dover; where several of the trustees visited them, and provided considerately for their wants. In January 1734, they set sail for their new homes. The majesty of the ocean quickened their sense of God's omnipotence and wisdom; and as they lost sight of land, they broke out into a hymn to his glory. The setting sun, after a calm, so kindled the sea and the sky, that words could not express their rapture; and they cried out, 'How lovely the creation! how infinitely lovely the Creator!' When the wind was adverse they prayed; and as it changed one opened his mind to the other on the power of prayer, even the prayer 'of a man subject to like passions as we are.' As the voyage excited weariness, a devout listener confessed himself to be an unconverted man; and they reminded him of the promise to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at the word. As they sailed pleasantly with a favouring breeze, at the hour of evening-prayer, they made a covenant with each other, like Jacob of old, and resolved, by the grace of Christ, to cast all the strange gods which were in their hearts into the depths of the sea. A storm grew so high that not a sail could be set, and they raised their voices in prayer and song amidst the tempest; for to love the Lord Jesus as a brother gave consolation. At Charleston, Oglethorpe bade them welcome; and in five days more the wayfaring men, whose home was beyond the skies, pitched their tents near Savannah. It remained to select for them a residence. To cheer their principal men as they toiled through the forest, and across brooks, Oglethorpe, having provided horses, himself joined the little party. By the aid of blazed trees and Indian guides, he made his way through morasses; a fallen tree served as a bridge over a stream, which the horses swam for want of a ford; at night he encamped with them abroad round a fire, and shared every fatigue till the spot for their village was chosen, and, like the little stream which formed its border, was named Ebenezer. There they built their dwellings; and there they resolved to raise a column of stone in token of gratitude to God, whose providence had brought them safely to the ends of the earth."

Surely this is a narrative which should be studied and copied as a companion to that of any given of the going forth of the Pilgrim Fathers; even of George Bancroft's account of that noble and Christian enterprize.

With respect to the wondrous *growth* of the United States, it would be idle for us at present to utter a word; while, as regards

their existing *condition* and *prospects*, we shall cite some parts of Colonel Maxwell's picture and insinuated predictions, after a short critical preface relative to his tone, disposition, and style of narrative.

Never before was such a roseate picture offered of the United States, or rather of the people of the New England and Middle States, as that designed, executed, and framed by the gallant Colonel. His Run is so kindly that a suspicious person might be ready to surmise he had previously received a handsome retainer for special pleading ; for not only does he overlook, or turn away from, whatever might offend the most indulgent, good-natured, and forgiving tourist, but almost everything that he deigns to glance at is superlatively attractive and good. Another feature of the Run is so apparent that it cannot escape the observation of any one ; he disclaims that which his narrative and remarks frequently convict him of. For instance, he declares that he had never read any modern travels in the United States, and that he had no notion of what had been the opinions of others, " except by hearsay," of the people of that country ; and yet he very frequently alludes to what has been said by certain Captains, and also by several ladies, married and unmarried, in their caustic accounts of the Yankees. And thirdly, we must state that while his admiration and adulation are wholesale, his particulars, if the reader will be at the pains to weigh many of them, are rather in the face than otherwise of the strong conclusions.

But we must also view the Colonel's narrative with an extenuating as well as with a critical feeling. He is a soldier, and has seen a great deal of service as a soldier ; and while as superficial and frank as any one can conceive an old soldier to be, he appears to tell exactly what first struck him,—he being at the same time good-humoured, for the most part in a pleasant vein, and swayed by no previously imbibed theory. Again, so happy was he during his Run, so smooth, gliding, and well-buttered its course—for Jonathan seems to have *guessed* on all occasions the trim and the weak side of the veteran—that it would have been most ungallant in him had he pried into faults, or even allowed his eye to rest upon palpable blemishes. He is cheerful, sincere, spirited, and obviously a rattling pleasant companion by nature and culture ; and his volumes, whatever be their defects or exaggerations, are throughout amusing. If one could implicitly rely upon his reports, these would be at this moment of no ordinary value. Even with our doubts and the manifest mistakes of the Colonel, he must be deserving of a hearing, seeing that he not only describes many things which directly fall within his professional sphere, but that he has been in command upon the Border, under the Governor of Newfoundland, during the excitement produced by the Maine question.

Having now hastily paved the way for introducing to our readers various extracts, we shall begin with some that are extremely laudatory and unsuspecting; then insert a few of a miscellaneous and light character; and conclude with such as at the present moment have a special claim upon our notice.

Says the Colonel, "I never saw a more delightful country nor more charming people." If it and they had nothing more to recommend them, the extraordinary fact that there are "no drunken men, no impertinent beggars, no insolent boys, no eaves-droppers, no looking after strangers, for all are occupied with their own affairs," was enough for him. Now the volumes are constantly contradicting this assertion when it happens that some other admired feature made an impression upon the *runner's* feelings. With regard to *no drunken men*, and *no impertinent beggars*, we only remark as a set-off, that Miss Sedgwick never saw a shabbily dressed person during her sojourn in England!

The Colonel speaks scores of times in the style of the above and the following quotations:—"I again repeat, and you must bear with the repetition, that a more agreeable, charming, communicative people I never met with than the Americans. Don't look for French grimace or kissing Italians; but have a little patience with them, be civil and undandified, and you will soon find yourself well received and comfortable. I grant there is a little huskiness about their first manner; but that wears off, and gives place to friendly communication and good fellowship. Also, I will again re-echo the assertion, that I have never seen a beggar, nor a drunken man; and I have never beheld a rude or forward action." The term *impertinent* is wholly dispensed with in this *run*.

"I have said that all the American ladies are agreeable, and I'll maintain it; and well-bred too." He was, to be sure, a little startled on hearing one of them, when describing Saratoga springs, state that "all the young dandies there were *considerable humbugs*, she *guessed*." But "she was very pretty, and very young, and that made up for everything." Therefore, *guessed*, *pretty smart*, *considerable*, *calculated*, *go-a-head*, and similar Yankeeisms had an idiomatic charm for him; and if he disapproves of anything that is American, the quarrel must be confined to *fast eating*. A monstrous lover of fish rather vexed him on one occasion:—

"I sat directly opposite a newly-married pair. The bridegroom had, during the morning, been all fondness and attention, but the sight and smell of the viands changed at once the current of his feelings. What a knife and fork the fellow played! He was a perfect cormorant for fish, helping himself to every particle within his reach, and bellowing for more when that had disappeared.

"Now being a lover of the finny race myself, I became rather nettled at this exclusive proceeding of his, and ventured to give him a civil hint

or two upon the subject, in the shape of congratulations, as to the astonishing effects of the lake breezes upon his appetite. He winked his eye at me good-humouredly, as much as to say he understood what I meant, but continued to clear the dishes as fast as ever. When at length tired-nature could no farther go, he very deliberately turned round to his fair bride, and resumed his billing and cooing, in a matter-of-fact, straight-forward manner, that diverted me excessively."

We must find a companion racer to the performer in the last heat:—

"Clam Soup, a thrill of admiration shakes my pen as it traces the short, the unobtrusive, the humble-looking words, Clam Soup! My dear friend, one single table-spoonful of it is a payment in full for all the trouble of a voyage across the Atlantic; one basinful of it would recompense a man for circumnavigating the entire globe! They *say* it is made of some sort of shell fish, some mussel which is in abundance here. I don't believe it! It must be something sent down direct from the skies, to bless and support the American ladies: and oh, my dear fellow! to see, as I did to-day, thirty or forty of the dear, fair-haired, gentle-eyed, and pale-cheeked angels, looking so excessively lovely, and eating Clam Soup so excessively fast! such heaven-born food! such celestial feeders!—it is a sight, indeed! But I feel that I dare not trust myself on either of the two subjects, still less on the two subjects combined. Come and behold! come and eat!"

Yet how wondrously delicate are even the American chambermaids, at least at New York, although they may transgress when any of the finny race are before them:—

"This morning I requested one, whom I met in passing along the immense galleries in which are the dormitories, to fetch me a jug of water. She looked aghast at the request; but soon, with a smile of compassion at my ignorance, said she would tell one of the waiters to bring it. Soon after I accosted another, and, as it was very hot, requested her to remove the counterpane from my bed. She said it was morally impossible; that it would be as good as her place was worth; but that a waiter should come and do it.

"I was vastly amused with this refinement of delicacy in a class which, in other quarters of the globe, is not always characterised by an excess of it; and to investigate the subject still further, I attacked a third young lady, whom I encountered; and asked her if she would do me the favour to sew a button on the collar of a shirt which I proffered to her. She started back from the dilapidated vestment, dangled her two hands from her wrists, looked aghast, and, uttering that universal word of American astonishment, 'Lawk!' turned away, and told me she would send a man for '*the thing*.'"

"In short, I soon found out that for a single gentleman to expect that a single chambermaid—and there are no double ones—would answer his bell, was an indecorum of the most atrocious sort."

Sometimes when the sanguine and kind-hearted Colonel wishes to praise the Yankees excessively, and to express his entire approval of what he saw or heard, his views and prospects imply what may not be very flattering to Jonathan. For instance, he is delighted when making himself almost sure that the Republic, at least as a Union, will ere long fall to pieces, and that a large slice of it will hail a monarchy. He never met with stauncher admirers of Old England, or more decided aristocrats, although in the meanwhile they call themselves republicans. He speaks thus in one passage,—

“ This I know, that *all*, absolutely all, as if it were a mania lately and spontaneously sprung up, have either been recounting to me the deeds of their ancestors, as connected with the mother country, or claiming and proving a direct descent from her. All-republican as they believe themselves to be, I consider them the proudest and most aristocratic people I ever beheld; detesting and turning up their noses at what they consider and stigmatize as *parvenu* and plebeian. No coterie of old maids ever scrutinised birth, parentage, and pretensions more fastidiously than do the Americans. Wealth is eagerly sought for by them, perhaps *more* eagerly than in many other countries, and great respect is shown to it occasionally, but it has no chance against descent—no, not the least.”

Military affairs and warlike condition in the United States, especially when described in the report of a recent traveller, a soldier, and a man of great professional experience, must interest every reader in Great Britain. The Colonel's notice of Springfield, where American muskets are manufactured, will supply us with some of the required information:—

“ Walking up a broad and beautiful street, we turned to the left amidst Dutch cottages with tastefully laid-out parterres, and thousands of sun-flowers bending to the breeze; seeing all around us innumerable places of worship, with noble country-houses in the distance. The streets were well watered, with rows of majestic and graceful elm-trees on each side; and were it not for the intense heat, Springfield would be a perfect paradise. The hill we mounted is crowned by magnificent buildings filled with workshops. The armoury is situated apart, and contains 91,000 stand of arms, simply but neatly arranged. The average price of each musket is eleven dollars—fie upon England!—I mean *Old* England, that gives so much more niggardly a price. They are all in high order and with agate flints, the flat side uppermost—a plan which I cannot get my fellows to adopt.

“ This noble national establishment is calculated for 250 operatives when in full work; at present only 140 are employed, earning from thirty-five to fifty dollars per month. Some work by the day, others by the piece. The shops are opened at the ringing of a bell at half-past four both in summer and winter. Those who work by the day must perform ten hours’



labour, and no intemperance is permitted; for a man observed to be the least excited by liquor is instantly discharged.

"A most obliging and intelligent operative, who walked round with us, explained everything; he first showed us the barrel, stock, &c., piece-meal, and then the musket complete. We went to the proving-house, very simply and well arranged, where fifty barrels are proved at a time; the first charge is the sixteenth part of a pound, or one ounce; the second twenty-two drachms. Each barrel weighs four pounds five ounces; the whole complete, with fixed bayonet, ten pounds and a half. The bayonet enters on a pivot and is then turned, and all have brass pans.

"I blushed when I thought of *Brummagem* jobbing and contracts; for here all, every, and each component part of a firelock are made according to pattern and in one mould. The stocks, all turned from the walnut by the same machine, and at the same time a spring is fixed for the ramrod; the locks are all tested in a steel gauge; the hammers, pans, pins, barrels, stocks, &c., undergo the minutest examination; there being a chief inspector in each shop and for each article: thus every part may be taken at random, and will supply any deficiency that may occur.

"They have no armourers, with their regiments, but have depots in each state, so that when a soldier breaks or spoils any part of his firearm, his piece is immediately taken into store and replaced by another. It would, I conceive, be a better plan to furnish a certain number of each part to the quartermaster of every corps, and make him charge the soldier for such as are issued to him. Everything we saw appeared to be of the best, and all forming part of a great whole. Their powder is also *first-rate* and beautifully glazed.

"Why does not our Ordnance Board now and then take a hint from other countries—abolish contracts, and set up for itself?

"We had inquired before we set out whether it was necessary to offer any fee: the answer was, that the Americans like themselves to see, and to show to strangers all that is going on in their public works without payment; and that the proffer of money would offend.

"Ye Tower *Beef-eaters*, hide your diminished heads! Ye well-tipped Swiss at St. Denis and elsewhere, keep your well-greased palms for ever shut! and ye pampered lacqueys at England's proud show-palaces, take a leaf out of John Ford's book—from whom we parted with mutual kind feelings and gracious smiles; we thankful for the valuable information he had clearly and concisely given us, and he delighted with our approbation of all we had seen."

The following particulars also belong to the war department:—

"After breakfasting at Buffalo, we walked up to the barracks, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, where we found Colonel Bankhead mounted on a fine old white charger, and saw him received with all the honours of a reviewing general. The line, with a half battery of artillery on its right, presented arms, &c.; and after he had ridden up and down it in the usual manner, it broke into open column right in front, but not by facing about, or wheeling backward, but by each company facing to its

right, and then right-wheel round their respective markers, and then half front. They next marched past in slow time, the officers saluting by dropping their swords, but not touching their caps; and I thought it had not so graceful and military an effect as our mode.

"The column was again halted on their original ground, formed line, again broke into column as before, and passed in quick time; the half battery galloping past. They then performed a variety of parade movements. Their words of command are prolix, and their style of movement not so compact as ours, being generally file-marching; although I admit they were well *locked up*. Their system is taken almost entirely from the French. The guns were admirably manœuvred.

"They then marched out to an open space in front of their barracks, and went through a variety of evolutions, covered by a brigade of guns. Their firings were steady and excellent, and the men were taught to level *very low*.

"When they were dismissed, we accompanied the colonel round the barracks. Everything appeared clean, comfortable, and admirably arranged.

"Each company has a store-room, which is also the quarters of their colour-serjeant, and where every kind of necessary is kept. They dine in their mess-kitchens, which are clean, large, warm, well-ventilated rooms. We tasted their soup, bread, and meat; each excellent of its kind. Their pay, clothing, and food, are all on the most liberal principle. Many of the companies had well-chosen libraries; and there was a sutler's store, where a soda fountain and other harmless luxuries are kept for the men, and where each man has the liberty of having a credit account to a certain extent, which is paid by the paymaster monthly: but this only under the proviso, that the officer in command of the company to which he belongs has no charge against him for extra clothing or repair of arms, &c.

"One dollar per month is stopped from each private's pay for the first two or three years of his service: this operates as a great check on desertion. The accumulated sum is handed over to them when they obtain their discharge, even if they do not complete the prescribed period of service, which is five years.

"The commanding officer's power of punishment, without court-martial, is very limited: but no disadvantage is found to result from this; and the most laborious and distressing part of his duty, in the shape of orderly-room legislation, is rendered easy, by having a daily court-martial, composed of the captain of the day, the officer on guard, and the next in waiting; the proceedings of which are submitted for approval to the commanding officer. The hospital also has every appearance of being well and systematically conducted.

"As I have before remarked, the government of America treats her defenders most liberally, and takes the greatest care of them. The colonel commanding has extra pay and double rations, with forage for four horses; and each major has forage for three. I was introduced to all the officers, and received the greatest attention and civility from them. I afterwards accompanied Major Payne, the senior major, to the exercising ground: he was on the sick-list, having lately returned from Florida. I found him a

fine intelligent old soldier, and received from him much valuable information connected with the internal economy of his corps and the Florida war.

"The United States' regular army consists of two regiments of dragoons, four of artillery, and eight of infantry, making a grand total of 735 commissioned officers and 11,800 non-commissioned officers, and privates. With this force they have to garrison 64 military posts and arsenals!—that is to say, in the eastern division, which extends over the immense tract of country I have already mentioned, there are 37 forts or castles, and three barracks or establishments not fortified; and in the western district, one range of barracks, nine forts, and fourteen arsenals! The eastern division is General Scott's command; and he has his head-quarters at Elizabeth Town."

Colonel Maxwell makes the few observations we now quote upon the above details:—

"You will say this is a somewhat small force for so respectable a slice of the habitable world as the United States. True, but then you must be pleased to add a few militia men to the number, viz. sixty-seven thousand commissioned officers and one million three hundred and twenty thousand seven hundred and thirty-three noncommissioned officers and privates!! Union is strength, and this is strength with a vengeance!—twenty-six states and three territories, as they call them—but will it last? Free states and slave states, will they continue to pull together?"

He gives us also some amusing particulars and anecdotes relative to the Yankee militia-men:—

"The whole of this day we have been passing through bands of warriors, and such drilling, such manœuvring, I have seldom before witnessed! Here you see the drill-serjeant in his smock-frock, with a large cudgel in his hand, d—ing, swearing, fugging, throwing himself into the most grotesque attitudes, and working himself up to a perfect military phrenzy, whilst his pupils seem to take it very coolly.

"The dresses of some of these militia heroes were most comical. On their plain coats they had sewn two large lumps of white worsted, to represent epaulettes. Some had caps; but others round hats, in which they stuck most tremendously long white feathers. This playing at soldiers, as some of our facetious fellow-passengers styled it, procured us many amusing Yankee yarns. One fellow told us of a militia corps, formed by a Colonel Pluck, where the men had swords ten feet long, and a trumpet twelve. This troop was formed some years ago at Westpoint as a satire on the system."

Not less worthy of British attention is Colonel Maxwell's testimony at this moment with regard to the feeling which prevails in America towards this country, on the part of the eminent, best informed, and most influential men in the Union, than that which he bears with regard to their military condition. He was present

at a celebration of Havard University, where the love of all that is truly English abounds, and he thus reports in reference to that occasion :—

“ I had a long and interesting conversation with my new acquaintances opposite, President Quincy and Judge Story, and we agreed that we belonged to the same great national family, and were bound to consider ourselves near relations. The Boundary question was brought forward, and they all seemed to be aware of the responsible part I had played in it. Other topics were introduced, all breathing respect, good feeling, and affection for our mutual fatherland.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ A General Sumner talked to me enthusiastically about England ; and General Dearborne was warm in his expression of good feeling towards us. He appears a most talented and well-informed person, with the frank and open bearing of a soldier. He touched on the sympathizers and their despicable deeds, on our late border feuds, and on the friendship existing between General Scott and Sir John Harvey, with some well-timed praises of the latter.

“ I cannot recollect, nor, if I could, have I time or space to enumerate, one half of the persons I conversed with ; but all, both male and female, I again repeat, seemed anxious to make out a pedigree connecting them with Old England, towards which they universally expressed the warmest regard and attachment : and I can truly say, that during the entire day I have not encountered a single disagreeable or vulgar person.”

Hear also part of what is told even of the often named General Scott, who is “ a very tall, handsome, well-set-up, soldier-like personage : ”—

“ On our road home the conversation turned upon the subject of peace or war, on which General Scott spoke in a noble and disinterested manner. He said he never could believe that any Englishman would wish to see their country plunged in war for the chance of getting a riband or a star, nor would the greatest reward that his country could give induce him to desire it.

“ He then expatiated on the great loss that would be sustained by both countries ; that America took annually seventeen millions of our manufactures ; and that, although his country had the expectation this year of a most superabundant harvest, and many speculators expected England to have a bad one, yet still the idea that any advantage to America could result from a rupture with us was a mistaken one, for he considered the interests of the two nations to be so blended, that on the prosperity of England depended that of the United States, arguing from the great effect a dearth would have on the currency question. This he did clearly and forcibly, but I have neither time nor political economy enough at my fingers' ends to do his argument justice.”

The Commander-in-Chief of the American Army was not less warm and generous in his views and expressions with regard to the

relations which ought always to exist between the two countries. Even a principal officer, whose station was in the centre of the Border ardour itself, spoke and had acted in a manner that was highly satisfactory to Colonel Maxwell, who thus testifies:—

“On my return to the hotel, I spent the evening with Colonel Bankhead, the colonel of the regiment, as well as the commandant of this frontier district; and a more straightforward, hearty, frank, intelligent soldier I have seldom met with. His beautiful and engaging daughter, with the whitest and smallest hand I ever beheld—a Georgian brunette—rendered this agreeable evening still more delightful by her presence; and good-humouredly permitted her honoured sire and myself to smoke cigars and suck mint juleps; whilst I listened to his manly and honourable opinions about Sir George Arthur, the acts of his own government, and the manner he had endeavoured to deal with the wretches whom he had detected trying to involve the two countries in war. I was greatly pleased to find that his opinions were an echo of what General Scott had so repeatedly and emphatically stated to me.

“Colonel Bankhead, who commands under the General, gave me most ample proof of the correctness of everything he advanced: and of this I am firmly convinced, that so long as the military command is in the hands of men as honourable as the two I have named, we have nothing to apprehend from the ruffians and wretches who, whilst they call themselves patriots and sympathizers, are labouring only to stir up the evil passions of their deluded followers.”

And if ever a subject of the British crown who has visited the United States of America, and afterwards published an account of what he observed and felt in the course of his tour, deserved to be quoted as a hearty peace-maker between the two countries, the mother and daughter, that subject is the Colonel. Listen to a portion of the speech which he addressed to a dinner party in New York:—

“‘I myself was nursed and brought up to look upon you as nothing better than lucky rebels; and I came to this country prejudiced against the blood of my fatherland: and, as I have ventured to tell the men I have conversed with—nay the women too—I thought before I landed on your shores, that I was coming amongst a parcel of uncouth, uncultivated savages!’ Here roars of good-humoured laughter and applause interrupted me; and ‘What do you think of us now?’ was exclaimed from all quarters.

“‘What do I think of you now? Why, that personal observation and other circumstances have made me (as I hope it will millions of my countrymen) change my tune. And I prophesy that America and England must and will be firm, steady, and close friends; and that the feelings of national pride, national industry, national independence, liberal institutions, international commerce, and enlightened minds, must make us respect and love each other; besides being drawn together both by birth and by language.’

“ I added, ‘ I admire France, I love Italy, and I could willingly end my days, if necessary, in Germany,—in all of which countries I have spent many years,—I glory in England, Scotland is my own, my native land; but my visit to the United States has filled me with astonishment and enlarged my mind, and most heartily do I rejoice that I came here to judge for myself.’ ”

At the commencement of our observations relative to the present volumes we noticed the strong testimony which the Colonel bears towards almost every thing he witnessed during his Run; and we cannot do better than conclude with two more specimens of his oft-repeated admiration :—

“ There is, I assert it for the tenth time, a feeling of love and veneration for the land of their ancestors inherent in the breast of every American; and *it is strongest with those who are the most eminent for talents and learning*: it is their pride and their boast; and let but England meet these generous sentiments in the way they merit, and the union between the two nations must be indissoluble.

“ A great danger hangs over America,—the danger of breaking into parts, not only from the discordant interests of the Northern and Southern States, but from the vast and still increasing extent of her territory. If she weather this, and continue to hold together, she must become one of the greatest and most powerful countries in the world: and England and America united, as they ought to be, with the same common lineage, the same language, and the same faith, might bid defiance to all the kingdoms of the earth !”

Again,—

“ Often and often was I told, before I started on this tour, ‘ Oh, you like respect and attention,—you are rather sensitive,—you’ll be put out every instant: the levelling system won’t suit you; you’ll be daily and hourly annoyed by their vulgarity and want of refinement.’ Now, in reply, I have only to declare, to make use of an American phrase, ‘ I have never yet had my dander up, my choler excited, or my bile disturbed:’ I never was where I found more to like and less to quarrel with.”

Having now exhibited the good and hopeful Colonel with all possible fairness, we may be allowed to append a word or two of our own with regard to the existing relations between Great Britain and the United States, and the probable future. The result of Mr. M’Leod’s trial, coupled with the release of Grogan who was illegally seized by some Canadian volunteers on the American side of the boundary, are very recent events which have given the highest satisfaction in this country. The strictness and perfect fairness of the forms by which M’Leod was tried, and the unmolested, yea kind treatment that was shown him after his acquittal, are circumstances which not only demonstrate that the American nation is not so



unreasonable, jealous of England, rapacious and wanton as had been generally given out, but proofs that cannot fail to remove much of the soreness of British feeling which constituted real difficulty in the questions still pending between the two countries. The present sentiments in England, at least, are most favourable to the preservation of peace; but it would be a great mistake to imagine that peace has been completely secured by the release of Grogan and M'Leod. Two accidents have passed over without producing war, but the angry feelings on both sides of the frontier still exist, and the main questions and disputes are by no means yet settled. Time, opportunity, and calmness, however, have been gained; and therefore an unexpected turn has taken place, that affords room for friendly negotiation, which surely the peace-makers on both sides of the Atlantic will improve, and which if the two governments neglect great will be their folly and deep-dyed their crime, viz. that of gross omission.

Without a doubt there are elements in activity and matters for delicate treatment of no ordinary tenderness in relation to the *mother* and her *daughter*. Just think of the people on both sides of the Border,—their character and propensities: take the Volunteers of Canada as a body,—why they have all the recklessness and the undisciplined violence of freebooters; while there are multitudes of American citizens on the other side of the boundary, who are not only equally beyond regular control, but who are infuriated refugee rebels, from Great Britain, that are ever stirring up petty brawls, or ready to take advantage of an *émeute*.

As to the difficult and delicate questions which are still unsettled, it is only necessary to mention that of the *boundary* misunderstanding. Here a point of honour is so deeply involved as to require the arbitration of a third party. But, not to dwell upon this point, think how peculiarly situated the governments are on both sides. It now appears, it has been proved, that the State of New York, for example, is beyond the control of the United government, and yet that province may at once bring the Union into a dilemma at any time, which nothing but a national decision can dispose of. Now here is an anomaly, a defect which requires definition and amendment on the one side. But mark what is the condition and peculiar character of the Canadas! These colonies are solely retained by means of a strong military force; and, not to be more particular, the misgovernment of the said colonies has produced and kept alive, created and fomented on the part of the French descendants and others, a state of things that is as much to be feared as any designs and feelings exterior or beyond the line of national demarcation. In a word, now is the time and opportunity for friendly negotiation; and still there are questions of extreme nicety and pressure to be set at rest. We hope, and we fear.

ART. VIII.—*The Library of the Old English Prose Writers.*  
Cambridge, U. S.

THREE or four volumes of this Transatlantic *Library* present to us subjects and contents that may worthily occupy a few pages of the *Monthly Review*.

The old English poets have been much more known to general readers than the prose writers. While the former have been published in collections more or less complete, and many of them in separate and elegant forms, recommended, too, by the labour of critics in notes and corrections of the text, and by extracts and biographical sketches, a considerable part of the old prose was rarely to be found but in its original form, and in the larger public and private libraries, where everything is expected to be laid up, and where few but deep readers are supposed to go. This remark is not intended to apply to the works of one or two men of commanding minds, who have so impressed themselves upon the philosophy and literature of their countrymen, upon their very habits of thinking and inquiring, that they can never cease to be modern, to be read and studied; nor of others of inferior rank, whose subjects are so stirring at all times, that they are as a matter of course always kept before the public by one party or another in the church, in politics, or on the arena of popularity. We may, for example, refer to the somewhat unobtrusive company of wits, moralists, and fictionists, and also the sound practical preachers, as well as the chroniclers and observers—the satirists of the day—men of retirement and study, and of quiet, original, and desultory reflection, who, with great intrinsic merit, besides being among the fathers of our literature, might yet have been expected to become gradually unfashionable, and not be generally missed when they were out of the way.

And yet much hid treasure was to be found in them, which might be safely and usefully turned to account. Much was there that a patient investigator of truth could not prudently overlook in tracing the history of opinions and their alternating diversified aspects,—in watching the close connexion between the seemingly careless suggestions of some early writer, and the doctrines that afterwards came into vogue, or that have agitated the highest minds; much was there that the curiosity of the mere scholar would lead him to study with a zeal as ardent and as well recompensed as was ever devoted to the more artfully wrought remains of ancient classical literature.

In our times, the zeal to which we refer has become more common, more general, than in past generations. Readers out of the student's hall, and never dreaming of making a book, a lecture, or

a review, have yet the patience to go through large venerable volumes for the thoughts' sake, and for the many indirect aids they may furnish in the professions—for the pleasure of exploring the heaps or disorderly profusion of facts, opinions, fancies, inventions, and feelings, just as they crowded from the writer's mind,—inviting to such an exercise of powers, if one would experience all their richness and beauty, as would enable the student and reviewer to throw them into new, and, it may be, happier groups. Nature herself will ever inspire, as she lies beneath the eye of man; and the smaller artist may select and arrange the particulars which have been greedily and confusedly collected by some giant hand, and think himself a creator.

Such thorough readers are the last to endure what are called beautiful extracts, the gems of an author, to serve as specimens. These are thought to be delusive. They tell you only the selector's preference of this and that. A star may lose none of its beauty, and even gain in man's estimation, when seen alone, divided, as it were, from the populous realm of orbs to which it belongs. But it is not so with a fine literary fragment. A beautiful thought is here separated from much that would increase its effect and character; and more than this, you give it something of a nature and value to which it has no rightful claim, that do not belong to it in its place; so that when you take up the whole work, as you may be tempted to do, you will be on the outlook for such passages all the time, to the neglect and undervaluing of the rest of the book. Therefore what you admired so much before may never pass afterwards for its true worth, from your having taking it for something it was not. And here we must observe, that the edition of the *Old English Prose Writers*, named at the head of this paper, gives us entire works; so that, in as far as we go into an author's productions, a fair view is afforded of his genius, and of the particular performance mentioned, preparing us for a thorough study of all his writings.

Some may think that one good effect of a publication conducted on the principle of the one before us, will be to undeceive us, as to the real worth of many a writer, who has been ostentatiously referred to for years by learned men, as if he were their property, and they the only competent judges of his merit. Their word was the only pledge that his name should be celebrated among the many. Once there was a degree of mystery thrown over the less accessible books in our language, and a natural homage paid to what the initiated few alone could know. Thus, no doubt, a great deal of vague, exaggerated, and factitious praise has been bestowed by some modern critics upon these obscure writings in the belief, we must suppose, that the public, that the many, would never look into the matter. The studious few may, in their turn, have had a

false distinction conferred upon them for their exclusive possession and professed knowledge of a presumed great secret. But let not the pretender exult, nor the simple and credulous be entire idolaters. The older literature has been for some years working its own way out of dingy recesses. The rare and heavy folios have been opened and thrown into portable octavos, even pocket-sized shapes ; and the notice of general and also of dainty readers, as well as of critics, scholars, and professional men, has been commanded. That prevailing activity of mind which makes men seek for truth and for what is hid in every direction, and for gratification in every variety of thought and style, has not only put the living upon endless researches and inventions, but awakened our English dead to set forth fresher forms of ideas and expression, closer sentences of practical wisdom, more luxuriant imagery, and more apt, though frequently quaint or grotesque allusion, than their followers may readily match.

And even if these our less known ancients tell us much that is not new, either having been said before in Athens or in Rome, or been made familiar to us in the writings of their later admirers, who have not scrupled to borrow as well as praise ; and if their most remarkable sayings often take the form of brief, careless, unpretending hints, whose full import might have surprised their authors, and one of which, in these days of complete views and expanded discussion, might fill a volume and establish a writer's name ; yet all this does not and should not lessen our desire to see these men at work, to learn their ways, and listen to their very words. Their diction makes no small part of their originality, attractiveness, and value. Let the thought be nowise remarkable, yet it shall be expressed in a way that will draw attention and make deeper impressions—render the mind active upon related things, and see as if in a clearly conceived and distinctly executed picture what in other writers might be only a floating generality, or a confused and feeble combination—a bald abstraction, a truth to be admitted, but not felt or dwelt upon.

Long acquaintance with the elder prose need not and will not necessarily render our modern English speech too picturesque. The revival of an antiquated word or turn of expression need not be countenanced. All that we want is that the spirit of the earlier masters should be upon us, and not that we should ape their manner, or borrow what was merely outward and unessential.

In one of the volumes before us is to be found Sir Philip Sidney's "Defence of Poesy," which suggests a few observations.

It may be asked, for instance, how could this "Defence" be suggested or needed in the reign of Elizabeth, the greatest poetical age of England ? How could he, who, with Raleigh, was the friend and almost the idol of Spenser, have thought that such a man's art

required apology or a champion? And as to the encouragement it might be supposed to offer to the great minds of the era, could Shakspeare ever have regarded Sir Philip's views of dramatic poetry, and yet written plays that were so at variance with them? To leave questions and to come to the fact; the young chevalier seems to have girded himself for a battle against the pride and narrowness of the schoolmen, and the prejudices of the ignorant and bigoted, arraying against them learning, argument, expostulation, and satire; and not forgetting gentle appeals to those who had not yet decidedly gone over to the barbarians.

Sir Philip has gone to his work with all his heart; not to write a didactic treatise on poetry, as if such a work were no more called for then, than in the days of Aristotle, Horace, or Boileau: but to correct a present fatal error in some, to prepare the eyes of many more to look steadily on a new and powerful light; in short, to accomplish a great purpose at that time in the certainty that if his countrymen were once put in the right way, all would go on very well afterwards.

The object of the "Defence" is to state the claims of poetry strongly, even to the putting down of history and philosophy, should they pretend to equal agency on the minds of men. "Neither philosophers nor historiographers," he says, "could at the first have entered into the gates of popular judgments, if they had not taken a great disport of poetry." In prosecuting this object the ripe modern reader may see that Sir Philip has fallen into some puerilities, some injustice to other studies, some excess in pushing a simple thing too far and that barely deserved mentioning at all. In speaking of the different forms or classes of poetry, he does not always go enough into their essence or whole character. But he is full of spirit upon the one great point that poetry is the power to move the mind—to kindle and elevate it, to mould and purify it—to give impulse rather than direction, and pictures rather than facts and opinions. "The philosopher with his learned definitions," he says, "be it of virtue or vice, matters of public policy or private government, replenisheth the memory with many infallible grounds of wisdom, which, notwithstanding, lie dark before the imagination and judging power, if they be not illuminated or figured forth by the speaking picture of poetry." Again,—

"To be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, herein of all sciences (I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit) is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it: nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the

memory with doubtfulness, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchancing skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale that holdeth children from play, and old-men from the chimney-corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste; which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarbarum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth: so is it in men (most of them are childish in their best things till they be cradled in their graves); glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, and Æneas; and hearing them must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour, and justice; which, if they had been barely, that is to say, philosophically, set out, they would swear they be brought to school again."

It would be hardly fair were we to select more from this little treatise, which every one should read. We therefore leave it with grateful remembrance of the author's wit and devotedness, of his animated and joyous descriptions, and of the beauties of language that are scattered over the whole; of words, phrases, and images which, however antiquated, have yet to those who are little acquainted with, or accustomed to, them, the newness and the gloss of youth, and the greater force and beauty because they are free from every thing like common-place.

The immediate effect of the "Defence" may not be easily settled. But we may believe that so much excellent, generous sentiment, warmly and yet reasonably set forth, and coming from a courtier, knight, scholar, and poet, the loved and admired of all, may have done much to give dignity to an art, which, from Sir Philip's own account, appears to have been in little popular esteem, and which he is constrained to call, "this now scorned skill."

In the same volume where the "Defence" appears is to be found John Selden's "Table Talk," a writer who flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century. What would Sir Philip Sidney have made of such a man as Selden? Courteous as he was, and an admirer of profound learning, still could the knight have pardoned such a view of poetry as this, come from whom it might?

"'Tis a fine thing for children to learn to make verse: but when they come to be men, they must speak like other men, or else they will be laughed at. 'Tis ridiculous to speak, or write, or preach in verse. As 'tis good to learn to dance, a man may learn his leg, learn to go handsomely; but 'tis ridiculous for him to dance when he should go.

"'Tis ridiculous for a lord to print verses: 'tis well enough to make them to please himself; but to make them public is foolish. If a man in a private character twirls his band-springs, or plays with a rush to please himself, 'tis well enough; but if he should go into Fleet-street, and sit



upon a stall, and twirl a band-spring, or play with a rush, then all the boys in the street would laugh at him."

"Verse proves nothing but the quantity of syllables; they are not meant for logic."

The "Table-Talk" is a collection of remarks, &c. that fell from Selden in familiar conversation, and were preserved by his secretary. They are probably well enough reported. They certainly have a marked character throughout. The wit and humour—sometimes a little homely and cynical—the strong sense, the sturdy independence, the easy use of learning, the knowledge of everything that is going on, and a clear opinion about it,—these all belong to one and the same man. But the reader will be most likely to remember his dry quiet way of saying grave things; as in these passages:—"A king outed of his country, that takes as much upon him as he did at home, in his own court, is as if a man on high, and I being upon the ground, used to lift up my voice to him, that he might hear me, at length should come down, and then expects I should speak as loud to him as I did before." "Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest to his feet." "'Twas an unhappy division that has been made between faith and works. Though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat, but yet put out the candle, and they are both gone." "Catholics say, we out of our charity believe they of the church of Rome may be saved, but they do not believe so of us; therefore their church is better, according to ourselves. Is that an argument their church is better than ours, because it has less charity?"

The "Religio Medici" of Sir Thomas Browne is the principal work of one of the volumes of the "Library of the Old English Prose Writers." He is an author who seems to have been more generally read and esteemed than most of the early ones, a circumstance that may be ascribed partly to his peculiar merit, and partly to his life having been written by so popular a person as Dr. Johnson. He is, indeed, a writer and thinker of rare excellence, and the value of what he has left behind him has been proved by the admiration of those who have lived among opinions and manners different from those of his own time. When you first open his book, you perceive at once that you are communing with a mind that has arrived at peculiar results by peculiar processes. The stamp of originality is upon every sentence. Nothing is taken at second-hand, and nothing suggests obvious and familiar associations. The range of his mind is boundless, and he seems acquainted with every province of thought. There is a nobility and grandeur in his ideas and sentiments which show them to come from a mind accustomed to take the most comprehensive views, to compare their

eternal relations, and to construct the potential out of the materials of the actual.

The Religion of a Physician ! What would any person expect from such a title to a book ? Not certainly anything to be met with in this treatise. There is hardly a single sentence in it that is professional. There is nothing of the smell of the gallipot upon any page. It is the reflection of a fine and original mind, enriched with learning and observation, which has meditated profoundly upon its own substance and being, upon its relations to the Creator, to other minds, and to the universe, and delivers its results in a manner which shows that the author is conscious of their value, without falling into the arrogant tone of those philosophers who can only look straight-forward, and consequently imagine that there is but one road to the temple of Truth. He stands upon a high vantage ground, and commands an extensive horizon. He is remarkable for regarding the essential properties of things, and not their accidental forms. He is no Catholic, but he is willing to kneel at mass ; he believes that the Christian religion can sanctify an idle form. A toad or a bear is not ugly in his eyes, " they being created in those outward shapes which best express those actions of their inward forms."

It would be impossible to give anything like an analysis of the production we have particularly in our eye. It is without regular form or definite plan. It is as a picture of the author's mind that we chiefly regard it. Indeed it was not originally drawn for the public eye.

As already intimated, the treatise is not governed according to ordinary thoughts or the common laws of association. Sir Thomas seems to have been writing down upon the spot every fancy that came into his head,—into a peculiarly constructed and developed head. One great charm of his productions arises from the novelty which this peculiarity gives him. In our time a man generally composes for some particular reason, to effect some proposed end, which is kept in view at every period, so that the current of his thoughts is never allowed to wander at its " own sweet will," but is made to flow with a given velocity and in a required direction. But Sir Thomas Browne seems to write because his mind is full to overflowing, and craves such relief as the throwing out of whatever is uppermost will afford.

We make one extract from the "*Religio Medici*," as being a fair specimen of his peculiar manner ;—

" My common conversation I do acknowledge austere, my behaviour full of vigour, sometimes not without morosity. Yet at my devotions I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions which may express or promote my invisible devotion. I should violate my own arm rather than a church, not willingly

deface the name of saint or martyr. At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour. I cannot laugh at, but rather pity the fruitless journeys of pilgrims, or condemn the miserable condition of friars; for, though misplaced in circumstances, there is something in it of devotion. I could never hear the Ave Maria bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt; whilst, therefore, they directed their devotions to her, I offered mine to God, and rectified the errors of their prayers, by rightly ordering mine own. At a solemn procession I have wept abundantly, while my consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an excess of scorn and laughter. There are questionless both in Greek, Roman, and African churches solemnities and ceremonies, whereof the wiser zeals do make a Christian use, and stand condemned by us, not as evil in themselves, but as allurements and baits of superstition to those vulgar heads that look askint on the face of truth, and those unstable judgments that cannot exist in the narrow point and centre of virtue without a reel or stagger to the circumference."

The treatise on "Urn-Burial," which some two years ago we made the subject of an article in the *Monthly Review*, is particularly full of rare and curious learning and splendid thought. Amidst all its details of facts and its quaint speculations, there is an undercurrent of solemn feeling and weighty truth which produces an effect upon the soul, like that with which we might listen to the echoed strains of an organ when evening was deepening the obscurity of the lengthened aisles of some ancient cathedral.

We shall now confine ourselves to the fourth volume of the "Library," and to one old Christian moralist, viz., Owen Feltham. Scarcely anything is known of the life of this singular writer. We have his folio of wit and wisdom, but the man is invisible. We do not say that he is withdrawn from the world, for there is hardly a hint of a world. He has left a few letters, and these are generally addressed to some initials, or to fancy names, to "a friend," or to "a doctor of physic," without dates and almost without a fact that can serve any biographical purpose. A Dedication to the Countess Dowager of Thomond apprises us that most of his "Resolves," were "composed under the coverture of her roof;" and for the author's sake we should rejoice to know something of the patroness. Among his "Occasional Pieces" he has preserved a Latin epitaph upon his father's tomb in Cambridgeshire; and it is an invaluable memorial, for it tells us nearly all that is known with certainty of the family;—that the excellent man, Thomas Feltham, was born in Suffolk; that he left three sons and three daughters; that he died in 1630, at the age of sixty-two; and that Owen was the youngest of the sons. From his epitaph of himself, we learn that he was alive at the Restoration. His "Three Weeks' Observation

of the Low Countries," published in 1661, is said, in the title-page, to have been *written long since*, and that is the nearest approach, which we are aware of, to a date of the Travels; there is not a word of himself, but all is about the country and the people. You may look over page after page of his writings for a name that might enable one to associate him with his great contemporaries at home, and look in vain. His essay entitled, "Of Reading Authors," promises something; but instead of names comparatively modern, there are "the Senecas and Plutarch, the crisped Sallust, the polite Tacitus, the well-breathed Cicero;" none later. A more recent name from the Continent, as Galileo or Montaigne, may be found in his works; but why the silence as to his countrymen? Is it peculiar to the author, or was there generally less sympathy among literary men than now, or more delicacy towards each other?

If Feltham never speaks of his neighbours, none, that we can recall, ever speak of him. We know nothing certain about when he was born, whether he ever followed or studied a profession, where he was educated, to whom he was married, or when he died. In this dearth of facts one learns to set value on so small a thing as a hint in a letter to Sir C. F., that he is in the country and soon going to London; and a note to the Lord C. J. R., about a trial he was engaged in touching "the ancient inheritance of his family." Even the little anecdote of his going to a play in Salisbury Court is something; and also his note and the Earl of Dorset's reply to one, who was superstitiously frightened at the salt's being thrown upon him.

We do not offer these remarks as if we supposed that every literary life must abound in well-known outward facts, or that we cannot get along with a book because the author's history is just nothing at all. But a person may reasonably enough feel a little surprise that a man who lived in a season of great public excitement, and probably to an advanced age,—who, as a man of letters, was not wholly out of the world, nor lukewarm in his religious and political opinions,—who was acquainted with people of note, and moreover a popular writer, if we may judge from the number of editions his principal works went through in his lifetime, should have so little known of him either from record or tradition.

In this absence of all anxiety on his own part and that of his friends to preserve any particulars of what was most probably a very quiet life, we may look to his writings for the truest picture that an author can otherwise leave of himself. Here everything is full, clear, and decided. His "Resolves" are a series of essays upon religious, moral, political, and sometimes literary topics. He wrote one hundred of these (the first century, as he calls them) when he was eighteen years of age; but, being dissatisfied with their "many young weaknesses," he afterwards gave them "a new frame and

various composition, by altering many, leaving out some, and adding of others new." These were republished with another century, in 1628. He says they were all written with the same object, "not so much to please others as to gratify and profit himself;" and "not in the expectation of great applause, but to give the world some account how he spent his vacant hours, and that they might be as boundaries to hold him within the limits of prudence, honour, and virtue."

One might apprehend from the object he thus distinctly proposed to himself, that these essays would abound with the tediousness, flippancy, or amusing vanity of egotism. Far from it. He says very little directly about himself. You have the man's mind as plainly before you as the face of a friend, but this is seen chiefly as it is exercised and affected by its subject. Self appears to be regarded by him as a moral nature to be studied, guarded, and improved; and his meditations extending to almost everything that concerns humanity, are of an exceedingly practical character; and by sincerely consecrating them all to the purpose of strict self-application, he has secured for them the easier access to the heart of every reader.

There is something besides egotism to be feared from a writer's proposing to himself so to order his reflections, that they shall always have some especial practical bearing upon his mind and actions. It is to be feared that he will not be enough absorbed by his subject, will not follow it fully out, will not surrender himself to all that it would naturally suggest of bordering thoughts and varied uses. Fancies of all hues may swarm around him, but he must select what a too narrow purpose has made exclusively pertinent. The mind may long to break forth into many paths, all as safe and happy as the prescribed one, but it must be forced to keep in that. His idea of self and of what is practically useful may be very limited. He who would make everything tend to improve his whole moral intellectual being, must think of a great deal more than how to govern a passion, change a habit, establish a good system of work, or demean himself prudently and kindly in society. The Essays of Bacon and Franklin, all the practical maxims of shrewd observers of life, however fitted to give one equanimity, fortitude, or prudence, may yet leave a great part of the man untouched. And he, after all, may have had a thousand fold more generous moral culture who has grasped the whole of a subject in all its bearings, and exposed his soul to all its well apprehended power, than that man who has ever regulated its influence upon his mind, admitting some of the bearings as congenial, and repelling or repressing others as foreign or alien.

It appears to us that Feltham, without thinking at all about this danger, or the possible evil of the plan he proposed to himself, has

made a happy escape ; that he is thoroughly practical and yet free to contemplate his subject in all its aspects. In one place he says, that his "Resolves" are "written for the middle sort of people ; that they are not high enough for the wisest ;" but it is plain that he wrote them without thinking much of his readers of any class. In his closet, in "melancholy study," as he chooses to call a student's retirement, he gave himself up to perfectly unconstrained reflection.

His distinguishing quality is good common sense, the very plainest sense, and sometimes the very coarsest ; but yet far from being arid or cold. Indeed, a degree of unction, warmth, or pleasantry always shows how closely opinion and feeling were combined in his mind and during his studies. What he conceived vigorously he was ready and willing, according to the taste of the age, to tell in any way that seemed most forcible. He has recourse to illustrations from all quarters ; the merest pedantry comes as heartily from him as the growths of his ever active fancy. All antiquity is ransacked for parallels and enforcements, and with these is blended the most delicate or the strongest painting of what he has himself beheld or imagined. Thought is heaped upon thought, and conceit upon conceit. There is little of modern finish in the "composure ;" little of the rhetorician's completeness, or of the artist's detail and assemblage. He tells all he has to say just as the ideas come uppermost in his mind, with no lingering upon one pleasant image or thought, and no artful transition to another. His particularity is the result of plenty, and not of a desire to be minute or complete. There are few pictures ready made for us, but abundant materials for a thousand, and we may make them for ourselves. It is worth while to read him if but to see how well it is to stop and meditate upon a briefly despatched thought, instead of always following out dilated thoughts with a sense of something still to come, which we are to reach or find wholly by the aid of another, who will not allow us time to tarry anywhere.

It must, however, be confessed that he is sometimes very ordinary and tedious ; at the same time appearing to be as little conscious of it as of his eminent beauties. The amount of common-place is large in most writings ; to disguise it is not very difficult in verse, but one of the triumphs of prose. Feltham cares no more about a poor thing of his own than a good one, and just as much. A pretty fair estimate of his powers and peculiarities might be made from reading a few of his essays ; but we are not content with this ; we become engaged with the character of our tranquil adviser, and the charm of intimacy makes us desire more and more of his writings, with all their inequalities and faults ; and we read them again and again with the same equable satisfaction as we did at first, and as he must have composed them. The serenity or apparent indifference to fame in many of these old authors seems to be a pledge that they will



never utterly perish. They had something to say for our good, and seem to have been willing to wait for the season when the world would perceive their merit, appreciate their intentions, and make a fair allowance for their defects or errors.

Feltham lived when parties in religion and politics were most strongly marked and in deadly hostility; but we have not found that he ever loses a liberal spirit. He could triumph at the Restoration, but not in the temper of a slave, a persecutor, or a fanatic. He was a decided Protestant; but in a letter to Johnson the Jesuit, he says, "I am neither Zuinglian, nor Lutheran, nor Calvinist, nor Papist, but Christian." Again, "I shall take it for a favour if you please to let me enjoy my religion in peace. Then I shall so far go along with your wishes, as to pray for direction in the right; making it further my petition to God that he will vouchsafe to build up his church in truth and unity, and to make us both so members of it here, as we may avoid the errors which exclude from that above, where I shall not despair but that you may be met by me."

Hitherto the remarks we have offered have proceeded chiefly from the view which the "Resolves" present to us of Feltham's mind and character. We could not select half a page from any of his one hundred and eighty-five chapters, which would not give the reader some tolerably distinct idea of him. We quote the closing portion of that entitled, "Of Preparing against Death."

"Lastly. I will endeavour to be prepared. Neither surprise nor stratagems can hurt me, if I be ready for both. He defeats the tyrant of his feast, that is so prepared as not to shrink at torment. The way to die undauntedly is to do that before, which we ought to do when dying. He that always waits upon God is ready whensoever he calls. I will labour to set my accounts even, and endeavour to find God such to me in my life, as I would in death he should appear. If I cannot put off humanity wholly, let me put off as much as I can; and that which I must wear, let me but loosely carry. When the affections are glued to the world, death makes not a dissolution, but a fraction, and not only separates the soul, but tears it away. So the pain and the hazard is more. He is a happy man that lives so, as death at all times may find a leisure to die. And if we consider that we are always in God's hand, that our lease is but during pleasure, and that we are necessitated once to die, as we shall appear infidels not to trust a Deity, so we must be fools to struggle where we can neither conquer nor defend. What do we do living, if we be afraid of travelling that highway which hath been passed through by all that have lived, and must be by all that shall live? We pray, undress, and prepare for sleep that is not one night long; and shall we do less for death, in whose arms we must rest prisoners till the angel with his trumpet summons him forth to resign us? This will not make life more troublesome, but more comfortable. He may play that hath done his task. No steward need fear a just lord, when his accounts are even and always ready drawn up. If I get the son and heir to be mine, the father will

never hold off. Thus living I may die at any time, and be afraid at no time. Who dies death over every day, if he does not kill death outright, at least he makes him tame with watching him."

Feltham appears in somewhat a different light in other works: for example, in his two lay sermons, as we may call them. One of them is full of satire and humour, of learning and gallantry, bestowed upon the power and excellence of woman. Both of them have been omitted in the "Library," nor could they well have been published entire. We quote, however, one passage from the first, which is on Solomon's view of the vanity of all things:—

"What then shall we do, or whither turn to find a repose for the soul? All the mass of creatures put together is too narrow a palace to contain the soul of man. It flies in a moment to the deeps and ocean's springs, not only to the roots of mountains, but in a moment pierces quite through the earth's condensed globe, to the stars and highest convex of the bounding sky. So far as the creature reaches, it goes and finds no rest. God only is capacious; in him do all its vast extensions rest. Unlimited thoughts in him a limit find; and when we do lose the creature, still we do find him. He is farther off than the soul can reach, yet nearer than it can avoid."

The second of these discourses is on the passage in Luke, "And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come." The following extract may give us his idea of the power of beauty, which he calls "the wit of nature put into a frontispiece, the spiritual soul in figure; and in it," he adds, "are the influences of the stars."

"Beauty is an empire without a militia; for needing neither guard nor arms, it imposes whatever does please. Experience can tell us that it has flattered all the strengths of the world. It is mistress of all that is not God; and when it rises to be of holiness, it amounts to be enthroned with him. In woman placed alone, it has done wonders, and taking the world's conquerors by the casque, has rifled them of all their hard-earned wreaths and laurels. Adam's original innocence was not armour sufficient to resist her forces. Samson's giant strength by her was cheated into bondage and servility. David's high-heartedness became inflexed and crooked. And the grave incomparable Solomon, though he could precept the erring world against all the seducing crafts of women, yet we see he could not save himself from being entangled by their demalciations. With this man the devil went his old politic way; for his plot being to gain the man, he sets upon him by his mistress first. No doubt but he who bought the farm had a team, and the other had five of oxen; yet could not all these draw so much as a wife: she is a perpetual enchantment that hangs upon all the retirements of man."

Besides about fifty of the "Resolves," we have in one of the

volumes of the "Library" the "Observations of the Low Countries." The remarks on the Dutch, their country, pursuits, and manners, are in the style of the broadest humour, and at the same time are often distinguished for severe, sententious wisdom. We have already alluded to his letters, which are nineteen in number. His forty-one pieces in verse, or "Lusoria," as he calls them, are of very little value. They are inferior to his translations from Latin author's quoted in the "Resolves." We find in them, however, what we have not observed in his more important writings, the mention of a few learned names among his countrymen. The death of Sir R. Cotton is commemorated in a distinct poem, and a couplet from the lines on the Lady E. M. introduces a still higher name:—

"A sheet of Bacon's catch'd at more, we know,  
Than all sad Fox, long Holingshed, or Stow."

We had occasion before to mention some of the qualities of Feltham's style. For the most part he expresses himself clearly and in short sentences, with very little grace, but still with much that is picturesque in the diction. Sometimes, as if by accident, he gives us a passage of surpassing beauty, and that might satisfy the most fastidious modern ear. Sometimes he falls into the most puerile inversions, and a vicious kind of rhythm. Would any one take what follows for prose?—

"When after sin a Christian once considers,  
He finds a shadow drawn upon his light.  
The steps of night stay printed in his soul.  
His shine grows lean within him, and makes him like  
The moon in her declining wane."

What we have thus marked off as verse, is taken from that which stands as a prose paragraph, in the "Resolves." There is more in the same strain. Such a specimen, however, might not be met with in many volumes.

Feltham's use of language is often as strange and offensive as these singularities of style. Like Sir Thomas Browne, he takes great delight in the coinage of most preposterous words from the Latin. This vile licence is to be discovered in many writers of the age, and is a remarkable circumstance in its literary history. A new use of the settled and popular speech is sometimes the sign of originality; and differences among writers in this particular, may partake of and exhibit intellectual characteristics. But in such instances as the one which we have quoted, there is a downright, wilful, and barefaced departure from current and correct language, evincing a paltry pedantry and sheer affectation. Really the English language seems to have had a more settled, genial, and domestic character in the

reign of Elizabeth than in the two or three that followed. Unquestionably it must have had the principle of life in it and of strong health to sustain itself and preserve in a good degree its old form and genius. The authorized translation of the Bible, as has often been remarked, operated powerfully in fixing the language, and in giving permanence to our good old Saxon mine of wealth. Besides, even the learned barbarisms of the writers we have referred to, are always such distinct blemishes, and so wantonly needless, that they increase instead of impairing the native force and obvious beauty of our mother tongue, and thus indirectly increase a fondness for what is really our own.

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ART. IX.—*The Seaman's Manual; containing a Treatise on Practical Seamanship, &c.* By R. H. Dana. Moxon.

WHEN a landsman at first directs his eyes to the rigging of a large three-masted ship, and to all the paraphernalia of her complete outfit, he is perfectly at a loss to discover the meaning and use of many a part, and wonders even how the sailors can know what they are about, especially in the hurry of a squall when handling the cordage and regulating one rope in preference to another. What if it be during pitchy night, and the hands aloft! If, however, the same raw person happens to fall into the company of a party of mariners who are fully occupied with their professional affairs, and still more if it be his lot to take a coasting trip or to encounter a short voyage, he will find himself utterly bewildered by the nautical phraseology that salutes his ears, and the technicalities of their speech; a speech which, although uttered with stentorian voice, and often apparently angry emphasis, has yet such a distinctive and unquestionable import that he never once calls it vulgar, nor applies to it the term *slang*, in a depreciatory sense. An Englishman, especially, will be the last person in the world to attach the reverse of a kind of romantic partiality to the language and manners of a jolly tar, and will accord a license and lend a hearty laugh on the hearing of certain rough and irreverent expressions, which would meet with stern reproof or disgust if they came from the lips of a land-lubber.

But what would be the condition and feelings of the countryman, whom we are supposing to have little or no experience of nautical affairs, were he, instead of being a curious idler, an astonished looker-on, an amazed auditor, called upon, as we are now, to review "*The Seaman's Manual*," by Mr. Dana, the author of that remarkable and instructive little work, which some time ago excited a *sensation*, in England as well as in America, entitled "*Two Years before the Mast*?" Let us ask our landsman what could he say critically to that chapter in the First Part of the present small

volume which contains rules how "To send down Masts and Yards?" and which, as the chapter is short, has been selected as an example, although, perhaps, more puzzling specimens might have been quoted. We extract the chapter entire, upon which any of our readers may try their reviewing powers:—

*"To send down a Royal Yard.*—If the sail is bent to the yard, furl it, making the gaskets fast to the tye. Cast off the sheets and clewlines, and make them fast to the jack. Be careful to unreeve the clewlines through the quarter-blocks. Cast off the parral-lashing. Overhaul the tye a little, and stop it to the yard just outside of the quarter-block. If stopped too far out, the yard will not hoist high enough to get the lower lift off. Sway away on the halyards, which will cant the yard and hoist it. When high enough, cast off the lower lift and brace, (being careful not to let the brace go,) and make them fast to the jack. Lower away, and as the upper yard-arm comes abreast of the jack, clap a stop round the yard and tye, near the yard-arm, and cast off the lift and brace, making them fast to the jack. Lower away to the deck.

*"If the halyards are not single, the yard must be sent down by a yard-rope, like the topgallant yard.* In some vessels, instead of making the sheets and clewlines fast to the jack, over-hand knots are taken in their ends, and they are let go. The sheets will run out to the topgallant yard-arms, and the clewlines will run to the fair-leaders in the cross-trees. In port, the main royal yard is sent down on the starboard side, and the fore and mizen on the larboard; but at sea, the tye is stopped out on the lee side, and the yard sent down in any way that is the most convenient.

*"To send down a Topgallant Yard.*—Cast off the sheets, bowlines, buntlines, and clewlines, and make them fast to the cross-trees. Reeve a yard-rope through a jack-block at the mast-head, unhook the tye, cast off the parral-lashing, bend the yard-rope to the slings of the yard by a fisherman's bend, and stop it to the quarters of the yard. Sway away, and take off the lifts and braces, as with the royal yard.

*"To send down a Topgallant Mast.*—Hook the top-block to the eye-bolt at the larboard side of the topmast cap; reeve the mast-rope through it, then through the sheave-hole in the foot of the topgallant mast, and hitch its end to the eye-bolt on the starboard side of the cap. Come up the rigging, stays and backstays, and guy the mast-head by them. Hoist a little on the mast-rope, and take out the fid. (The fid should always be fastened to the cross-trees or trestle-tress, by a lanyard.) Lower away until the mast is a little short of being through the cap. Then seize or rack together both parts of the mast-rope just above the sheave-hole; cast off the end of the mast-rope, letting the mast hang by the stops, and hitch it round the mast-head to its own part below the cap. Then lower away to the deck. If the rigging is to come on deck, round up the mast-rope for a girtline; if it is to remain aloft, lash it to the top-mast cap, render the shrouds through the cross-trees, and stop them up and down the topgallant rigging. Sheep-shank the stays and backstays, and set them hand-taut. If the topmast is also to be sent down, take off the topmast cap and send it on deck.

*"To house a Topgallant Mast.*—Proceed in the same manner, except that when the mast is low enough, belay the mast-rope, pass a heel-lashing through the fid-hole, and round the topmast.

*"To send down a Topmast.*—Hook the top-block, reeve the mast-rope through it and through the sheave-hole in the foot of the mast, and hitch it to the staple at the other side of the cap. Lead the fall through a snatch-block to the capstan. Sling the lower yard, if it is to remain aloft, and unshackle the trusses, if they are of iron. Come up the rigging, stays and backstays, weigh the mast, take out the fid, and lower away. If the rigging is to remain aloft, lash the cross-trees to the lower cap. The rigging should be stowed away snugly in the top, and the backstays be snaked up and down the lower rigging.

*"To rig in a Jib-boom.*—Reeve the heel-rope (if necessary), come up the stay, martingale stay and guys; unreeve the jib-stay, station hands at each guy, clear away the heel-lashing, haul in upon the guys, and light the boom on board. In most cases the boom will come in without a heel-rope. Make fast the eyes of the rigging to the bowsprit cap, and haul all taut."

Finding ourselves utterly incompetent to express an opinion concerning the propriety of these rules and directions, we shall turn to one or two portions of the Treatise which are more intelligible to the general reader. Not, however, with the hope that thereby anything like the same or an equal interest can be created on the part of persons, who are neither led by callings, duty, nor affection to sympathize keenly with sea-faring men, that was excited by the author's former work. Still, there is matter in the neat volume before us that has claims upon popular attention, and that may well set profitable speculation afloat.

The investigating and reflecting mind will find that the mere origin, derivation, or literal meaning of nautical terms are in themselves subjects that present curious points. What technicalities and phrases are common to commercial nations, and what not—what peculiar even to one port of England, and what to another—are things which might occupy an etymologist and a philosopher. Then the maritime international laws, as well as those which are in force for one's own country, constitute a large branch of the science and the practice of jurisprudence; and, whether during war or peace, are indexes of the progress of civilization. But, not to go so deeply into principles and illustrations, and to confine ourselves to particular parts of Mr. Dana's purely practical book, it is interesting to perceive how many nautical usages, which are in no way derived from positive enactments, have acquired all the authority nearly of written laws, and which courts of justice recognize. Maritime life affords a large field for the operation of such usages, and therefore great scope for curious speculation.

This volume, we are told in the Preface, is published at the same



time in England and in America ; that in the latter and author's country, it appears, under the title of the "Seaman's Friend," while the "Seaman's Manual" is adopted in the British edition as more significant of the nature of the book ; that very few of the terms or the methods of management in the Merchant Service of America differ in any material respect from those which are used in English vessels—probably less in the sea-language common to both than may be detected as peculiar in the different great ports of the mother-country ; and that therefore the abstract given in the present little work of the rules established in American ships will be found applicable to the practice in our own, and even when they differ may prove suggestive.

This Treatise contains several illustrative Plates, such as one of the Spars and Rigging of a Ship, with an index of references amounting to 131 names ; another of a Ship's Sails ; another of the Frame of a Ship ; another of the various kinds of craft ; and another of Splices, Bends, Hitches, &c. In the volume will also be found a Dictionary of Sea Terms.

The First Part of the Treatise presents a number of short chapters on "Practical Seamanship," in which a great multitude of details in the *working*, &c., of a ship are given. The Second Part is devoted to the "Customs and Usages of the Merchant Service ;" and the Third to the "Laws relating to the Practical Duties of Master and Mariners." In this last part the laws of the United States relative to shipping, of course are considered in reference to the rights and duties of the officers and crews respectively ; but "A gentleman of the legal profession has appended a few notes, with the view of showing points of difference where they exist in the British laws." We now extract several passages from that division of the Manual which treats of the "Customs and Usages of the Merchant Service." With regard to the duties and responsibilities of the Master, we are told that, by the general marine law of all commercial nations, these are great and onerous, although much difference occurs in different ports, as to the part he takes in supplying and manning the vessel. We quote certain specialities and well-conceived suggestions :—

"In the manner of shipping the crew, there is as great a difference as in that of providing the stores. Usually, the whole thing is left to shipping-masters, who are paid so much a head for each of the crew, and are responsible for their appearance on board at the time of sailing. When this plan is adopted, neither the master nor owner, except by accident, knows anything of the crew before the vessel goes to sea. The shipping-master opens the articles at his office, procures the men, sees that they sign in due form, pays them their advance, takes care that they, or others in their place, are on board at the time of sailing, and sends in a bill for the whole to the owner. In other cases, the master selects his crew, and occasionally the

owner does it, if he has been at sea himself, and understands seamen ; though a shipping-master is still employed, to see them on board, and for other purposes. In the British service, the practice is for owners of vessels going on voyages round the Cape of Good Hope to employ an agent, generally called a crimp; to engage the greatest part of the crew. If forty or fifty men are wanted, double that number are brought on board, out of which the chief-mate selects a sufficient company ; the agent then receives a note for two months' wages, which he has, for the most part, advanced to the seamen, either in cash or slops (clothes,) and also his procuration fee, varying from 5s. to 20s. per man, if he have not engaged to provide the crew for a specified sum. In the ordinary course of short voyages, where crews are shipped frequently, and there is not much motive for making a selection, the procuring a crew may be left entirely to the agency of a faithful shipping-master ; but upon long voyages, the comfort and success of which may depend much upon the character of a crew, the master or owner should interest himself to select able-bodied and respectable men, to explain to them the nature and length of the voyage they are going upon, what clothing they will want, and the work that will be required of them, and should see that they have proper and sufficient accommodations and provisions for their comfort. The master or owner should also, though this duty is often neglected, go to the fore-castle and see that it is cleaned out, whitewashed, or painted, put in a proper habitable condition, and furnished with every reasonable convenience. It would seem best that the master should have something to do with the selection of the provisions for his men, as he will usually be more interested in securing their goodwill and comfort than the owner would be.

“ By the master or owner's thus interesting himself for the crew, a great deal of misunderstanding, complaint, and ill-will may be avoided, and the beginning, at least, of the voyage be made under good auspices.”

Again,—

“ The entire control of the navigation and working of the ship lies with the master. He gives the course and general directions to the officer of the watch, who enters upon a slate, at the end of the watch, the course made, and the number of knots, together with any other observations. The officer of the watch is at liberty to trim the yards, to make alterations in the upper sails, to take in and set royals, topgallant sails, &c. ; but no important alteration can be made, as, for instance, reefing a topsail, without the special order of the master, who, in such cases, always comes upon deck and takes command in person. When on deck, the weather side of the quarter-deck belongs to him, and as soon as he appears the officer of the watch will always leave it, and go over to leeward, or forward into the waist. If the alteration to be made is slight, the master usually tells the officer to take in or set such a sail, and leaves to him the particular ordering as to the braces, sheets, &c., and the seeing all things put in their place. The principal manœuvres of the vessel, as tacking, wearing, reefing topsails, getting under way, and coming to anchor, require all hands. In these cases the master takes command, and gives his orders in person, standing upon the quarter-deck. The chief-mate superintends the forward

part of the vessel, under the master, and the second mate assists in the waist. The master never goes aloft, nor does any work with his hands, unless for his own pleasure. If the officer of the watch thinks it necessary to reef the topsails, he calls the master, who upon coming on deck takes command, and, if he thinks proper, orders all hands to be called. The crew, officers, and all, then take their stations, and await the orders of the master, who works the ship in person, giving all the commands, even the most minute, and looks out for trimming the yards and laying the ship for reefing. The chief-mate commands upon the forecastle, under the master, and does not go aloft. The second mate goes aloft with the crew."

The ship-master has the entire control of the discipline of the vessel; nor is it possible with any great exactness to describe the nature of what that discipline ought to be, especially on long voyages. But it is quite evident from what is stated in a variety of passages of the Manual, and was touchingly as well as powerfully illustrated in the "Two Years before the Mast," that if the following suggestions were practically adopted they would furnish an excellent guide in the exercise of almost unlimited as well as undefined authority:—

"The master has the entire control of the discipline of the ship, and no subordinate officer has authority to punish a seaman, or to use force, without the master's order, except in cases of necessity not admitting of delay. He has also the complete direction of the internal arrangements and economy of the vessel; and upon his character, and upon the course of conduct he pursues, depend in a great measure the character of the ship and the conduct of both officers and men. He has a power and an influence, both direct and indirect, which may be the means of much good or much evil. If he is profane, passionate, tyrannical, indecent, or intemperate, more or less of the same qualities will spread themselves or break out among officers and men, which, perhaps would have been checked, if not in some degree removed, had the head of the ship been a man of high personal character. He may make his ship almost anything he chooses, and may render the lives and duties of his officers and men pleasant and profitable to them, or may introduce disagreements, discontent, tyranny, resistance, and, in fact, make the situation of all on board as uncomfortable as that in which any human beings can well be placed. Every master of a vessel who will lay this to heart, and consider his great responsibility, may not only be a benefactor to the numbers whom the course of many years will bring under his command, but may render a service to the whole class, and do much to raise the character of the calling."

The chief mate is the subject of a number of details and observations. For example,—

"While in port, the chief-mate stands no watch at night, but he should always be the first to be called in the morning, and should be up early and order the calling of all hands. In cleaning the ship, as washing down decks, &c., which is done the first thing in the morning, each mate, while

at sea, takes charge of it in his watch, in turn, as one or the other has the morning watch; but in port, the second mate oversees the washing down of the decks, under the chief-mate's general orders.

"While at sea, in tacking, wearing, reefing topsails, &c., and in every kind of 'all hands' work,' when the master is on deck, the chief-mate's place, as I have said, is forward. To give a further notion of the manner of dividing the command, I will describe the evolution of tacking-ship. The master finds that the ship will not lay her course, and tells the chief-mate to 'see all clear for stays,' or 'ready about.' Upon this, the chief-mate goes forward, sends all hands to their stations, and sees everything clear and ready on the fore-castle. The master asks, 'All ready forward?' and being answered, 'Ay, ay, sir!' motions to the man at the helm to put the wheel down, and calls out, 'Helm's a-lee!' The mate answering immediately, 'Helm's a-lee,' to let the master know he is heard and understood, sees that the head sheets are let go. At 'Raise tacks and sheets!' from the master, the mate, and the men with him, let go the fore tack, while he looks after the overhauling of the other tack and sheet. He also sees to letting go the bowlines for 'Let go and haul,' and to getting down the head sheets when the ship is about, and trims the head yards, calling out to the men at the braces the usual orders 'Well the main yard!' 'Topsail yard, a small pull!' 'Topgallant yard, well!' &c. The master usually trims the after yards.

"In reefing topsails, the chief-mate should not go aloft, but should keep his place forward, and look out for the men on the yards. I am aware that it has been the custom in some classes of vessels, as, in the New York liners, for the chief-mate to take the weather earing of a course, especially if a topsail or the other course were reefing at the same time; yet this practice has never generally prevailed, and is now going out of date. I think I may say it is the opinion of all, masters, officers, and men, that it is better for the chief-mate to remain on deck. There is always a good deal to be looked after, ropes to be let go or hauled, rigging to be cleared, and the like, beside the importance of having some one to oversee the men on the different yards; which the mate, standing at a little distance, can easily do. He is also the organ of communication between the yards and the deck, and can look after the reefing to more advantage than the master can upon the quarter-deck, where he must stay to watch the helm and sails.

"The chief-mate is not required to work with his hands, like the second mate and the seamen. He will, of course, let go and belay ropes, and occasionally pull and haul with the men when working ship; but if there is much work to be done, his time and attention are sufficiently taken up with superintending and giving orders."

Then as to seamen,—

"Seafaring persons before the mast are divided into three classes,—able seamen, ordinary seamen, and boys or green hands. And it may be remarked here that all green hands in the merchant service are termed *boys*, and rated as such, whatever may be their age or size. In the United States navy, an able seaman receives twelve dollars per month, an ordinary

seaman ten, and the boys, or green hands, from four to eight, according to their strength and experience. In the merchant service, wages are about the same on long voyages; but on voyages to Europe, the West Indies, and the southern ports, they are considerably higher, and very fluctuating. Still, the same proportion between the classes is preserved, an ordinary seaman getting about two dollars less than an able seaman, and the boys, from nothing up to two dollars less than ordinary seamen, according to circumstances. A full-grown man must ship for boy's wages upon his first voyage. It is not unusual to see a man receiving boy's wages and rated as a boy, who is older and larger than many of the able seamen.

“The crews are not rated by the officers after they get to sea, but, both in the merchant service and in the navy each man rates himself when he ships. The shipping articles, in the merchant service, are prepared for so many of each class, and a man puts his name down and contracts for the wages and duty of a seaman, ordinary seaman, or boy, at his pleasure. Notwithstanding this license, there are very few instances of its being abused; for every man knows that if he is found incompetent to perform the duty he contracts for, his wages can not only be reduced to the grade for which he is fitted, but that something additional will be deducted for the deception practised upon all concerned, and for the loss of service and the numerous difficulties incurred, in case the fraud is not discovered until the vessel has got to sea. But, still more than this, the rest of the crew consider it a fraud upon themselves, as they are thus deprived of a man of the class the vessel required, which makes her short-handed for the voyage, and increases the duty put upon themselves. If, for instance, the articles provide for six able seamen, the men expect as many, and if one of the six turns out not to be a seaman, and is put upon inferior work, the duties which would commonly be done by seamen will fall upon the five. The difficulty is felt still more in the watches; as, in the case I have supposed, there would be in one watch only two able seamen instead of three, and if the delinquent was not a capable helmsman, the increased duty at the wheel alone would be, of itself, a serious evil. The officers also feel at liberty to punish a man who has so imposed upon all hands, and accordingly every kind of inferior and disagreeable duty is put upon him; and, as he finds no sympathy from the crew, his situation on board is made very unpleasant. Indeed, there is nothing a man can be guilty of, short of a felony, to which so little mercy is shown on board ship; for it is a deliberate act of deception, and one to which there is no temptation, except the gain of a few dollars.”

We understand from a note that the *average* of able seamen's wages in British merchant ships may be taken at present at 50s. per calendar month, or £30, while the wages of the able seamen in the Queen's fleet is £23 8s. per annum. In the latter, however, the term is not broken into intervals, caused by the duration of voyages, and that if all things are considered, the seaman earns as much in the year in the navy as in the other service. It would not be difficult to demonstrate that in regard to regularity, comforts of a variety of kinds, discipline, and prospects, the naval is to be preferred to the mercantile branch of maritime life.

There are in the usages of the merchant service a variety of established points of honour. For example,—

“In allotting the jobs among the crew, reference is always had to a man's rate and capacity; and it is considered a decided imputation upon a man to put him upon inferior work. The most difficult jobs, and those requiring the neatest work, will be given to the older and more experienced among the seamen; and of this none will complain; but to single out an able seaman and keep him at turning the spunyarn winch, knotting yarns or picking oakum, while there are boys on board, and other properly seaman's work going forward at the same time, would be looked upon as punishment, unless it were temporarily, or from necessity, or while other seamen were employed in the same manner. Also, in consideration of the superior grade of an able seaman, he is not required to sweep down the decks at night, slush the masts, &c., if there are boys on board and at hand. Not that a seaman is not obliged to do these things. There is no question but that he is, just as much as to do any other ship's work; and if there are no boys on board or at hand at the time, or from any other cause it is reasonably required of him, no good seaman would object, and it would be a refusal of duty to do so: yet if an officer were deliberately, and without necessity for it, when there were boys about decks at the time, who could do the work as well, to order an able seaman to leave his work and sweep down the decks, or slush a mast, it would be considered as punishment.”

“Mr.” is always to be prefixed to the name of an officer, whether chief or second mate. One extract more containing miscellaneous matter:—

“In well-disciplined vessels, no conversation is allowed among the men when they are employed at their work; that is to say, it is not allowed in the presence of an officer or of the master; and although, when two or more men are together aloft, or by themselves on deck, a little low conversation might not be noticed, yet if it seemed to take off their attention, or to attract the attention of others, it would be considered a misdemeanour. In this respect the practice is different in different vessels. Coasters, fishermen, or small vessels on short voyages, do not preserve the same rule; but no seaman who has been accustomed to first-class ships will object to a strictness as to conversations and laughing, while at day's work, very nearly as great as is observed in a school. While the crew are below in the fore-castle, great license is given them; and the severest officer will never interfere with the noise and sport of the fore-castle, unless it is a serious inconvenience to those who are on deck. In working ship, when the men are at their stations, the same silence and decorum are observed. But during the dog-watches, and when the men are together on the fore-castle at night, and no work is going forward, smoking, singing, telling yarns, &c., are allowed; and, in fact, a considerable degree of noise and *skylarking* is permitted, unless it amounts to positive disorder and disturbance.



"It is a good rule to enforce, that whenever a man aloft wishes anything to be done on deck, he shall hail the officer of the deck, and not call out, as is often done, to any one whom he may see about decks, or generally to have a thing done by whoever may happen to hear him. By enforcing this rule the officer knows what is requested, and may order it and see that it is done as he thinks fit; whereas, otherwise, any one about decks, perhaps a green hand, may execute the order upon his own judgment and after his own manner.

"*Stations.*—The proper place for the seamen when they are on deck and there is no work going forward, is on the fore-castle. By this is understood so much of the upper deck as is forward of the after fore-shroud. The men do not leave this to go aft or aloft unless ship's duty requires it of them. In working ship they are stationed variously, and go wherever there is work to be done. The same is the case in working upon rigging. But if a man goes aft to take the wheel, or for any other purpose which does not require him to go to windward, he will go on the lee side of the quarter-deck.

"*Food, Sleep, &c.*—The crew eat together in the fore-castle, or on deck, if they choose, in fine weather. Their food is cooked at the galley, and they are expected to go to the galley for it and take it below or upon the fore-castle. The cook puts the eatables into wooden tubs called 'kids,' and of these there are more or less, according to the number of men. The tea or coffee is served out to each man in his tin pot, which he brings to the galley. There is no table, and no knives or forks, to the fore-castle; but each man helps himself, and furnishes his own eating utensils. These are usually a tin pot and pan, with an iron spoon.

"The usual time for breakfast is seven bells, that is, half-past seven o'clock in the morning. Consequently, the watch below is called at seven bells, that they may get breakfast and be ready to take the deck at eight o'clock. Sometimes all hands get breakfast together at seven bells; but in bad weather, or if watch and watch is given, it is usual for the watch below to breakfast at seven bells, and the watch on deck at eight bells, after they are relieved. The dinner-hour is twelve o'clock, if all hands get dinner together. If dinner is got 'by the watch,' the watch below is called for dinner at seven bells (half-past eleven), and the other watch dine when they go below, at twelve.

"If all hands are kept in the afternoon, or if both watches get supper together, the usual hour is three bells, or half-past five; but if supper is got by the watch, three bells is the time for one watch, and four for the other.

"In bad weather, each watch takes its meals during the watch below, as, otherwise, the men would be liable to be called up from their meals at any moment.

"As to the time allowed for *sleep*; it may be said, generally, that a sailor's watch below is at his own disposal to do what he chooses in, except, of course, when all hands are called. The meal-times, and time for washing, mending, reading, writing, &c., must all come out of the watch below; since, whether there is work going forward or not, a man is considered as belonging to the ship in his watch on deck. At night, however, especially

if watch and watch is not given, it is the custom in most merchant vessels, in good weather, to allow the watch to take naps about the decks, provided one of them keeps a look-out, and the rest are so placed that they can be called instantly. This privilege is rather a thing winked at than expressly allowed; and if the man who has the look-out falls asleep, or if the rest are slow in mustering at a call, they are all obliged to keep awake. In bad weather, also, or if near land, or in the track of other vessels, this privilege should not be granted. The men in each watch usually arrange the helms and look-outs among themselves, so that a man need not have a helm and a look-out during the same watch. A man should never go below during his watch on deck, without permission: and if he merely steps down into the fore-castle for an instant, as, to get his jacket, he should tell some one, who may speak to him at once, if the watch is called upon."

The details and directions quoted, and many others in the book are as plain and pertinent, we have no doubt, as they can be rendered briefly by the pen; and must be so especially to the beginners of a sea-faring life. There appear to be some repetitions, and perhaps the matter of the different parts is not kept sufficiently distinct. But these excellent features characterize the Treatise,—it displays not only much nautical knowledge and anxiety for the prosperity of the profession, but many and pervading are the indications it affords of good sense, clear perception, manly sentiment, and a right spirit. It is thus appropriately introduced and recommended,—

"To all sea-faring persons, and especially to those commencing the sea-life;—to owners and insurers of vessels;—judges and practitioners in maritime law;—and to all persons interested in acquainting themselves with the laws, customs, and duties of seamen;—this work is respectfully dedicated by

"THE AUTHOR."

- ART. X.—1. *New Zealand, South Australia, and New South Wales.* By R. G. JAMESON, Esq. Smith and Elder.
2. *Rambles in New Zealand.* By J. C. BIDWILL. Orr and Co.
3. *Hand-Book for Emigrants and others; being a History of New Zealand, &c.* By John Bright. Hooper.

OUR colonies and colonial system have lately engaged an unusual degree of attention. But within a few days of that when we sit down to review the publications named at the head of this paper, an additional interest promises to attach to the subject. It is rumoured that, among other remedies for the existing distress, Government has determined upon raising a large sum by way of loan, to be applied to the purposes of emigration. Were the number of pamphlets and volumes that have recently issued from the

press relative to the British foreign settlements alone to be taken into consideration, and the hints and schemes therein urged calculated, we might well point to the present period as one of no ordinary importance in the history of colonization. Nay, were we merely to instance Polynesia, and, still further to narrow our glance, to quote New Zealand, we might confidently pronounce it to be a peculiar feature of our day, that emigration, according to principle and to science, is with something like appropriate force arresting the public mind.

The condition and prospects of our colonies are of magnitude and importance at this moment sufficient to absorb the splendid talents and the great energies of Lord Stanley. Look to whatever quarter of the globe can be mentioned,—to the East, to North America, to the African shores, or to the southern hemisphere, and you will find questions large and critical for the Colonial Secretary's legislative powers and vigilant watchfulness. We at present offer no opinion with regard to the activity and policy of the late ministry,—of Lord John Russell, or any of the diplomatists, representatives and agents that have for the last few years been employed in foreign parts, whether in China, Canada, or anywhere else. But assuredly matters of delicacy and difficulty have ripened in whatever direction we may turn our eyes, so as to require the promptest and wisest efforts of the Peel administration, were it only in relation to the well-being and stability of our foreign possessions. The immediate interests of the colonies, however valuable and pressing, are far from furnishing all the questions and matters that deserve speedy and vigorous treatment. Behold the exigencies of the mother country ; endeavour to calculate the number of our starving home population ; estimate if you can the amount of domestic suffering and discontent ; and then try to suggest some grand measure that will effectually and without delay operate beneficently both for the parent and offspring,—for the British Isles, and at the same time for the firmer establishment and the most desirable development of all the foreign settlements which own Queen Victoria's sway.

In striving to fix upon some large and adequate scheme of relief and benevolence, it appears to us that no single measure could be adopted that promises such speedy and practical good, as that to which we have referred when naming the rumoured remedy. If undertaken with a decision and upon a scale such as it seems to us might be devised, the almost unprecedented distress of the three kingdoms, the daily accumulating bankruptcies and privations, the terrible threatenings of the winter months, might, we think, be in a great measure met. The large manufacturing towns would acquire confidence from the mere prospect of relief and of profitable investments. Irish ejectments and assassinations would decrease ; Scottish destitution would be lessened ; and English capital would flow

into wholesome channels ; while concomitant plans of amelioration and reform would act harmoniously and prosperously.

Amelioration and reform, if we are to trust to rumours and beginnings, are forcing themselves upon the attention of the Conservative administration, and will exhibit practical progress in more than one of the national great departments. Law-reform in the Courts of Equity, say the ministerial papers, is to be the subject of the investigation of commissioners, in order to remove notorious abuses ; and thus relief and comfort may be brought home to many a family and bosom, and many irritating evils removed. But what inspires us with still more hope is the fact of a commission having been appointed to examine into the collection of the revenue, with a view to retrenchment and simplification in the system, and the removal of annoying restrictions to commerce. And yet, what we have more immediately to welcome is the rumour about emigration, which if planned upon a comprehensive scale, and according to principles that have recently been rendered familiar to the public by discussion, and tested by experiment, is the statesmanlike idea of offering facilities to the industrious destitute of Great Britain and Ireland who are an involuntary burden to the mother-country, to emigrate to rich, new, and inexhaustible lands, where they would find a happy home and sufficient wealth ; at the same time without an unremunerative taxation,—nay, with a reciprocating benefit that cannot be calculated either in respect of amount or duration,—of immediate or of generative good. The system of emigration that has recently been recommended and tested, to which we allude, is that of converting colonial lands into money for the purpose of emigration, and which conveys along with property to capitalists a sufficient number and variety of mechanics and labourers to meet all the demands of a civilized community, and to afford the germs of unlimited development. If a loan is required at the first to enable government to conduct the scheme of emigration upon a vast scale, the sum would not be very formidable ; or at least a more profitable investment could not be suggested, not merely repaying speculatists speedily, but becoming the source of unlimited returns and benefit for all time coming.

The publications named at the head of this paper (and we might have increased the list of recent works concerning Polynesia) confine us to New Zealand, South Australia, and New South Wales ; especially to New Zealand. But the field, even as thus narrowed, is broad enough to occupy our attention at this time,—yea, and to hold out a theme of marvellous compass if the mind will but try to pursue it and its legitimate bearings.

The theme is nothing less than the trade and colonization of the Southern Hemisphere,—of the *southern* half of the globe, which is at present not half-peopled, not even brought within the grasp of

any well-devised system of occupation and improvement, moral or physical; nay, not contemplated as the future theatre of unspeakable mercantile transactions, not to mention the higher purposes of existence and all the weight of responsibility. In fact, if we are to trust Mr. Jameson's "Record of Recent Travels" in the colonies named by him in the title of his book, "with especial reference to emigration and advantageous employment of labour and capital," there has as yet been hardly a step taken in the commerce that the southern archipelago is capable of starting and sustaining. Nay, according to this gentleman's testimony, whose opportunities as "late Surgeon Superintendant of Emigrants to South Australia" entitle him to much credence, the progress of trade which once subsisted between Australia and India is on the decline. Here is the account by our intelligent author:—

"The main obstacle to the formation of close commercial ties between New Holland and the neighbouring Tropical countries consists in her inability to furnish any commodity suited to their markets. The merchants of Sydney, in importing the produce of these countries, are under the necessity of making remittances in specie; a circumstance extremely adverse to the formation of a continuous and advantageous system of commerce.

"The articles of foreign produce which are in daily use in the Australian colonies are of the following descriptions—

	Whence imported.
Tea . . . . .	China.
Coffee . . . . .	Java.
Sugar . . . . .	Manilla, Java, Singapore, Mauritius, Otaheite.
Rice . . . . .	Java, Bengal.
Arrack . . . . .	Java.
Cigars . . . . .	Manilla, Bengal.
Wheat (in years of scarcity)	Bengal, Valparaiso.
Cocoa-nuts . . . . .	Java, South Sea Islands.
Cured Pork . . . . .	New Zealand.
Potatoes and Maize . . . .	New Zealand.
Timber . . . . .	New Zealand.
Flax . . . . .	New Zealand.

"In their houses, equipages, and dress, the middle and higher classes among the colonists evince a growing predilection for articles of the best description. Scarcely a large vessel now arrives from England without a good London-built carriage, pianoforte, harps, and other musical instruments, besides pier-glasses, plate, and similar expensive furniture. This circumstance is indicative of advancing wealth and refinement; but it is by no means favourable to the consumption of the cheap productions of Hindoo and Chinese labour, which, at an early period, commanded a ready sale in these colonies. Hitherto, from time to time, a necessity has existed for sending to Calcutta for wheat; but this, which might have been con-

sidered as the main pillar of Indo-Australian commerce, will probably be rendered unnecessary in future, much to the advantage of the colonies, by the general introduction of siloes, or underground storehouses, in which the surplus produce of abundant harvests, instead of being lost or wasted, as in former years, will now be laid up to meet the exigencies of an unproductive season.

“ Deprived of this support, the commercial relations subsisting between India and New Holland, although they cannot cease altogether, will exist only in a languid and scarcely animate condition, limited, probably to the importation of a few Arab horses from time to time, or a few bales of bandana handkerchiefs. In like manner it is to be expected that the importation of wheat from Valparaiso, and other South American ports, will be henceforth discontinued, and their commercial relations with the Australian colonies confined to the shipment from time to time of a cargo of horses.

“ There is nothing to regret in the discontinuance of commercial operations, which, by withdrawing from the colonial circulation large quantities of specie in exchange for articles of rapid consumption, had a tendency to cramp the money-market, to diminish mercantile credit, and to divert the attention of the colonists from domestic agriculture.”

Now, this shows how commerce may be impeded by the want of produce which might be turned to most profitable accounts in accessible markets, were these markets fairly and adequately dealt by. Tropical resources must be cultivated with larger views than specie can alone accommodate; therefore Australia must carry out what she appears to contemplate and to have begun, viz. give ample scope and lend every enlightened means to extensive traffic. That such is not a visionary idea may be gathered from the following striking statement:—

“ For many years a considerable number of vessels have found profitable employment in trading with New Zealand, and the countless islands comprehended under the general name of Polynesia. This branch of Australian commerce is of an importance not generally understood and appreciated. The marketable produce of these islands, and of the seas over which they are so widely scattered, consists chiefly of *bêche de la mer*, sandal-wood, and sharks' fins, for the Chinese market; tortoise-shell, pearls, sperm-oil, and pork; besides vegetable productions, such as the yam, the sugar-cane, the bread-fruit, and the cocoa-nut, which denote a soil and climate similar to those of our most valuable Tropical possessions. These islands, which teem with the delicious fruits and vegetables of the Tropics, offer irresistible attractions to those hardy mariners who plough the Pacific in chase of the sperm-whale. Tempted by the love of change or liberty, and by the fertility of the earth, which renders labour unnecessary for the maintenance of life; influenced, too, in some degree by the fascination of beauty—an universal, but rapidly evanescent attribute of the female sex in these genial latitudes—many sailors desert their ships and take up their abode in Polynesia; and it is said that throughout this multitudinous group there are



few islands inhabited and possessed of commodious harbours, whose inhabitants have not among them a few European sailors, with a sprinkling of runaway convicts from the Penal Colonies. It is worthy of remark, that native cannibalism does not deter these reckless wanderers; for on the Feejee Islands there is a little community of white men, similar in character and habitudes to the early settlers in New Zealand. Rude, ignorant, and for the most part vicious, these Europeans are nevertheless, in some respect, objects of interest. In them we behold the primary germs of civilization, borne by the accidents of a wayward life to shores over which the darkness of primeval barbarism has hitherto brooded. Their language and dress are those of the civilized and Christian world; they possess, and by degrees communicate to their native friends, some rudimental knowledge of the arts and advantages of civilization; and thus, although in themselves offering no very edifying example, they become instruments in the change which the native character is undergoing throughout the Southern hemisphere."

Whatever may have been the delay or the retrogression which has attached to the history of the colonization of Polynesia, by Europeans we mean, and especially on the part of the British, who are by far the most capable and desirable of modern settlers in any new country, it is perfectly manifest that not only will British efforts in that way in the southern hemisphere be gradually enlarged, but that these efforts may be greatly improved upon and accelerated. Britons and the offspring of the British race from the United States of America are included in our view and prognostications.

It is impossible to stem the tide of British colonization; for New Zealand alone offers the spectacle of uncontrollable settlement; but which yet might be regulated by government so as to be the least injurious to the aboriginal inhabitants, and the most advantageous to the emigrants. Polynesia presents such tempting regions for Europeans in respect of climate, scenery, products, and natives, that the Anglo-Saxon family seem destined to people its groups, and in the course of time to obliterate, if not to extirpate, the feeble savage inhabitants. Well then, is it not of pressing importance that the greatest commercial and social good should be studied and promoted by the best legislative measures that can be contrived? We have alluded to the American branch of the Anglo-Saxon family, and nothing can be more obvious than that, if the parent tree do not wisely extend itself to the Polynesian fertile shores, the younger nation will go in advance of us.

The recognition by the British crown of certain islands in the southern hemisphere to which individual adventurers have hurried, many of them of the worst description, becomes a necessary step in the course of colonial policy. Runaway seamen and convicts, as well as many daring men who have been willing to go beyond the limits of civilization in search of wealth, have begun to people

Polynesia, carrying with them much moral disease, as well as the knowledge of many of the arts and much of the power of a superior condition. Now it is not only necessary to the well-being of these adventurers themselves, and of the aboriginal races with whom they are to have intercourse, but to the commerce of the old portions of the civilized world, that there be framed systematic regulations and sustained protection. Even before the British Crown may deem it prudent to recognize an irregularly constituted settlement, it seems necessary, were it but for the sake of instituting at an early period good examples, that some organized and well-digested kind of watchfulness should be established for the benefit of all concerned. We have read with approbation the suggestions which have been made in the Colonial Gazette, viz., that the abode must be known to the government to which the emigrants belong, and that support should be supplied with some measure of regularity and accessible effect by that government.

For these purposes two or three steamers might ply throughout the Polynesian archipelago, maintaining a systematic intercourse between the kindred colonists,—lending opportune assistance, affording countenance, and judiciously commanding the respect of the natives, by demonstrating the potency and the paternal care of the national authority. One obvious result of such a scheme, if conducted by means of well-appointed vessels, would be a correct statistical knowledge at head-quarters of the number of settlers, of their affairs and prospects. Thus would not only better settlers be encouraged, but their ties with the mother country would not be broken; or on the contrary be rendered the means of profitable traffic and cheering communication. Regulate and foster, but do not force the process of colonization, appears to be the great principle of wisdom in this department.

New Zealand, which the British crown has now taken under its care, presents, it has been truly said, the master-key not only to the trade of Polynesia, but to that of the southern hemisphere generally; and will, we are confident, at no very distant period, offer the spectacle of a great empire of European birth in those regions. It will powerfully co-operate with the communities which have been establishing themselves in Australia, and those which are destined to be fixed in the Polynesian archipelago; it will be the pioneer and the nurse of that traffic which will press upon the shores even of China, and lend in the eyes of the “flowery people” honour and magnitude to the British name; and, in a word, bring within an intelligible and practicable system the blessings and capabilities of commerce. New Zealand will not merely become the focus and arena of wonderful social, civil, and mercantile development, but it will send forth shoots as well as invite co-operations, the results of which in respect of greatness and brilliancy cannot be foreseen.

Already, we are informed, certain of the islands in the Polynesian groupes have been contemplated as the seat of colonies to be founded as regular advanced posts in connexion with New Zealand ; and thus there may in a short time be a field opened in the south for commerce that cannot be said to be yet unlocked.

Leaving these speculations, and turning to the actual as described in the publications before us, we think it only necessary further to mention with regard to Mr. Jameson's work that he appears to have been an unprejudiced observer of the places and the objects he writes about ; that although his information belongs to 1838-9, and therefore is not altogether new, yet that he has supplied what was wanting in his own experience by drawing from late resources ; and that taking the book as a whole it is interesting and gratifying.

We must in equally favourable terms speak of Mr. Bidwell's Rambles, which are confined to the islands which we are more particularly contemplating in the present paper. His report is like that of a trustworthy witness, and is pleasantly framed. But the peculiarity of his travels is that they took to a considerable extent an untrodden route ; he having penetrated the interior, and visited certain lakes, and ascended to certain volcanic scenes which have not before been made the subject of publication. Take as an example of novelty, and also of the adventurous Rambler's matter and manner his account of the lake Towpo :—

“ Towpo is one of the most superb lakes in the world—not from its size, although that is considerable, but from the extreme magnificence of the scenery surrounding it. Mr. Chapman considers it to be thirty-five miles long, and twenty broad. I do not think it is quite thirty-five miles, but the width is not over-stated at twenty. It is situated in S. lat.  $39^{\circ} 35'$  ; E. long.  $175^{\circ}$  (about). These positions are supposed from the bearings of Mount Egmont as it is laid down in the charts. Mount Egmont is visible from a mountain which rises interruptedly from the lake. The form of the lake is a sort of irregular triangle, with the two most distant angles forming the north and south ends. The western shore is apparently nearly straight, and the third point of the triangle will be about the eastern boundary of the lake ; at this eastern angle is a deep bay about six miles long, running south-east, which is invisible except almost immediately opposite the entrance. The most peculiar feature in the appearance of Towpo is the immense height of the surrounding cliffs ; they are always perpendicular, although in some instances rising in terraces one behind the other, and vary from five hundred to one thousand feet high at several parts of the lake, particularly at the N.N.W. and N.E. sides ; these rise perpendicularly from the water to such a height, that I never saw their tops through the clouds for about five minutes together during the whole time I was on the lake (eight days). There are but few places where a canoe can land, and at those the beaches are very short and narrow : they are covered with pumice and black sand, and always indicate the entrance of a small stream of water. There are a number of small waterfalls round

the lake, but none of any consequence ; the only river or stream of any size which runs into it being the Waikato, which runs in at the only part of the lake (the south end) where the banks for any distance are level and the water shallow. At the north end is a very peculiar fountain, with an outline as regular as if it had been the work of art. At the two extremes of the range are two peaks just alike, and each about one-third the height of the mountain. At about the distance of another third rise two other equal peaks, and in the centre rises the fifth. I suppose it is about five thousand feet high. I am not certain that the centre peak belongs to the same range as the four others. It was undoubtedly considerably farther off, and appeared somewhat bluer than the others. At the south end rose Tongadido, which from the north-east part seemed to overhang the lake ; but when we reached the south end it was invisible, and I did not again see it till after ascending a mountain, which cost us four hours' hard labour to climb. It does not happen above every other day that one end of the lake is to be seen from the other—at least so the natives said."

Mr. Bidwill even ascended Tongadido, although it was *tabooed* ; and the population of the neighbourhood was sufficiently numerous to have eaten him and several others at a meal. But he was uniformly well treated by the natives. The volcano, however, was very threatening :—

" After I had ascended about two-thirds of the way, I got into what appeared a water-course, the solid rock of which, although presenting hardly any projecting points, was much easier to climb than the loose dust and ashes I had hitherto scrambled over. It was lucky for me another eruption did not take place while I was in it, or I should have been infallibly boiled to death, as I afterwards found that it led to the lowest part of the crater, and from indubitable proofs that a stream of hot mud and water had been running there, during the time I saw the smoke from the top. The crater was the most terrific abyss I ever looked into or imagined. The rocks overhung it on all sides, and it was not possible to see above ten yards into it from the quantity of steam which it was continually discharging. From the distance I measured along its edge, I imagine it is at least a quarter of a mile in diameter, and is very deep. The stones I threw in, which I could hear strike the bottom, did not do so in less than seven to eight seconds ; but the greater part of them I could not hear. It was impossible to get on the inside of the crater, as all the sides I saw were, if not quite precipitous, actually overhanging, so as to make it very disagreeable to look over them. The rocks on the top were covered with a whitish deposit from the steam, and there was plenty of sulphur in all directions ; but the specimens were not handsome, being mixed with earth. I did not stay at the top so long as I could have wished, because I heard a strange noise coming out of the crater, which I thought betokened another eruption. I saw several lakes and rivers, and the country appeared about half covered with wood, which I should not have thought had I not gone to this place. The mountains in my immediate neighbourhood were all covered with snow, and much below me."

The valley of the Thames is thus described :—

“ We continued our descent of the mountain, and entered the great plain of the Thames, or ‘ Waiho,’ the most splendid piece of country I have met with for the purposes of colonization. This plain is, I should think, about one hundred miles long, and varying from twenty to thirty broad ; it runs north and south, being bounded on the east by the perpendicular wall of the Arrohow, and on the west by the mountains on the west coast. The river Thames runs through it, and is deep enough to be navigated by track boats or light steamers for a great distance. At the place I crossed it was about five feet deep and one hundred yards wide ; the stream is however so strong, in spite of the apparently perfect level of the country, that it would be useless to attempt ascending it by oars or sails. The whole plain, with very little exception, is clear of wood :—it is abundantly watered, and would, I think, be one of the most splendid situations for a colony that could be found in the whole world. It must not be considered that this plain belongs to the river, for it is evident that such is not the case, as it is impossible so insignificant a river could have scooped out such a valley. The river, it is true, runs through it, but is also formed in it by the innumerable streams which run off its mountainous barriers on both sides ; it in fact takes its rise in the plain, and consequently could not have formed it. The body of the soil is, as are all the best soils in the country, decayed pumice ; but in several parts, more especially on the east of the river, I saw large tracts covered with stones : these tracts, however, formed a mere trifle in comparison with the good parts. The chief fault of the plain at present is its excessive wetness,—about one half is a complete marsh ; but nothing would be easier than to drain it ; and which ought to be done at a very trifling expense, as there are deep water-courses running through the plain in all directions much lower than the marshy spots ; but they have always elevated banks, which prevent their acting as drains for the portions of land which they traverse, but as soon as the bank was cut through, the land would drain itself. The longest marsh we had to cross to-day was about four miles ; the natives wanted to carry me as they had previously done, but I was afraid of their falling with me and making me dirtier than I should be in wading through the mud without their assistance. I nearly stuck fast several times, and was obliged to tie my shoes with flax, in order to keep them on my feet : the mud was in many places three feet deep, of a soft, custard-like consistence, and of a light brown colour, from the decomposed vegetable matter.”

The eligibility of the great plain he has been describing, as compared with Port Nicholson, for the site of a settlement, is the subject of our next extract :—

“ In Port Nicholson the farmer has the advantage of his port-town close to him, whilst on the Thames he is from thirty or forty miles from it, and consequently from his market ; the almost total absence of timber on the Thames will also be a serious difficulty to the farmer, as he will, in most instances, be obliged to bring his wood for all purposes from a distance, besides buying, instead of cutting it upon his own land. The only advan-

tage the Thames has over the Hutt is its plain, admirably adapted for rearing herds of cattle without the labour of cultivation, and I have no doubt, in a few years, it will be so occupied from New South Wales, by persons accustomed to that kind of employment; but I apprehend few from this place would at present feel disposed to embark in such a speculation. I can say, moreover, from all I have seen or heard of the different harbours of New Zealand, Port Nicholson is by far the best for the settlement of a new colony, not only from its geographical situation, but because the site of the town is much superior to any that has yet been found in the country: and there is abundance of excellent land, sufficient for the employment of any amount of population there may be for twenty years to come."

From all we can learn from the latest and most trustworthy sources, Lieut.-Governor Hobson, her Majesty's representative in New Zealand, has made a very bad selection for the seat of authority and the site of a capital; whereas Port Nicholson offers many advantages, and is advancing rapidly.

With respect to the natives and cannibalism, which are so closely connected in one's imagination, it would appear that that monstrous propensity has not yet been overcome: and yet we have heard it stoutly maintained that there were no recent proofs of such horrid feastings. Take, however, Mr. Bidwell's testimony:—

"About six weeks before I arrived at Tawranga, a small party started from Roturoa, and lying in wait near Tawranga, seized a number of people (about twenty, I believe) and cooked them absolutely in sight of the different villages. The place was just at the base of the great hill I have spoken of (Manganorie); and when I visited it, I saw all the native ovens (copper mowries, according to English pronunciation) in which the cooking had been performed, and a portion of the entrails, &c., were strewed about. My companion called me to see a head which was then half eaten by the dogs; but I had seen enough for that day, and did not follow him. This head was removed by the missionaries, as soon as they heard of it, and buried; so that when I visited the place afterwards, every vestige of the late horrid tragedy had disappeared. There are two things well worthy of note in this occurrence, as being totally opposed to English ideas of the New Zealanders. The first is, that a whole tribe should suffer less than a hundred men to come into the heart of their country, where they—the invaders—were surrounded on all sides, and stay ten days or more, killing all the stragglers they could find, and confining the rest in their Pas, and even paddling about the harbour in their canoes in the middle of the day, without making the least show of resistance; and the second, that the natives who perpetrated this massacre and cannibalism in cold blood were not a wild, untutored race, who had never had intercourse with Europeans, (or if with Europeans, with such as are a disgrace to the countries whence they spring, such as those by whom the natives of the Bay of Islands and other places to the northward have been contaminated,) but, on the contrary, had enjoyed the advantage of the residence of missionaries among



them for several years, and those missionaries, too, amongst the most active and zealous of any in New Zealand; indeed, there have been but few white men amongst them, with the exception of missionaries, more especially for the last two or three years, since the murder of the last trader who lived there which prevented others from supplying his place."

The native population of New Zealand, it appears, has been in several places fast decreasing. Indeed the wars which are waged between distinct tribes are often those of extermination; nor could the colonists devise a more effectual scheme if they wished to rid themselves completely of their savage neighbours, than to foment jealousies among the aboriginal people. Probably, like other coloured races, they are doomed to disappear as the white men advance, and civilization makes its incursions upon wild nature. And yet the New Zealanders, like the native inhabitants of many of the other Polynesian islands, are an apt, an intelligent, and highly interesting family of the human race.

We now for a minute or two turn to Mr. Bright's Handbook for Emigrants and others; "being a History of New Zealand, its State and Prospects, previous and subsequent to the proclamation of Her Majesty's authority. Also Remarks on the Climate and Colonies of the Australian Continent."

Mr. B. is a surgeon, who several years ago proceeded to Australia with the view of settling there. He appears to have resided for a considerable time in the Southern colony, and also speaks as if he had a personal knowledge of the older station on the Continent. His health having become affected by the Australian climate he was induced to make a voyage to New Zealand, where he recovered, and then returned to England. His pages naturally present a variety of facts and opinions of a medical character, which are the most valuable portions of the work; for the author is not a man of enlarged views, or accustomed to trace to distinct results that which has come within the sphere of his observation. He does not turn his experience to the most profitable account. Even the arrangement of his thoughts is not skilful, these at the same time being feeble and superficial. We must quote, however, one passage belonging to his professional department:—

"The summer heats of Australia render the frame very irritable, and the extreme changes to which you are there liable endanger health. The European, on landing there, finds the action of the skin greatly increased; the perspiration, incessant, relieves at first, but soon frets the system; in such state any undue excitement or exposure to vitiated air produces fever, increasing arterial action, to be allayed only by death; or in such state, if exposed to the causes of cold, a violent dysentery sets in, extremely difficult to manage; uncertain, often fatal in its results, or causing chronic affections which impede efforts for subsistence. Diarrhoea is frequent, and

a virulent ophthalmia: it is no uncommon thing to witness a blind eye among the aboriginal inhabitants. The North blasts of Australia blow as if from the mouth of a furnace; the soil, finely pulverized, owing to a deficiency of moisture, is shovelled up by the wind; and in addition to the suffocating heat, you are terribly embarrassed by showers of dust poured upon you—eyes, nose, clothes are filled with it. I have known it blow through the shingled roof, and descend in clouds where no ceiling has intervened, rendering food uneatable and linen unfit for use. Spasmodic complaints are frequent: I experienced a severe form of it myself, and the agony was tremendous. It was followed, after frequent attacks, by erysipelas about the legs, and inability to move without pain; at the same time, I attended frequent cases, all alike to my own. I sought a change of climate; and a month in New Zealand renovated me entirely. Meat in Australia becomes blown in a minute. A limb that was amputated was, previous to the operation, covered with maggots, like a liver buried in a pot to produce maggots for angling. Parturition, to the new comer, is not unattended with danger. The dysentery and ophthalmia are the diseases peculiar to the clime, and are highly dangerous; they attack those who are careful as well as the intemperate: as elsewhere, the latter are most obnoxious to disease. The climate evidently tends to a premature development and to early decay; yet old people, whose systems are not sapped by disease, coming from cold climes and avoiding exposure to midday heats and midnight chills, feel an invigoration; and might, if threatened by ill health at home, prolong existence in Australia. I have met with many elderly persons out there who have praised the climate."

Mr. Bright's account is favourable to New Zealand, not only in respect of climate but of soil and productions, being greatly more healthy than Australia, the south of which is particularly intended in the passage we have now quoted. For example, New Zealand, he tells us, is comparatively free from troublesome insects, and altogether so from dangerous reptiles. The following things are also indicated, although vaguely, in the pages before us: the population, both native and foreign, exhibits a low standard, although it is to be borne in mind that Mr. Bright seems to have taken his specimens from very limited spheres, and as far as Europeans are concerned, from the inhabitants of the Bay of Islands, the irregular and motley settlers, many of whom are runaway scoundrels. But he gives a flattering representation of the missionaries, and also defends, yet not to us convincingly, Governor Hobson's choice of a site for the seat of authority, instead of betaking himself to the settlements of the New Zealand Companies. He, however, blames very roundly the conduct pursued with regard to the way in which titles to land have been made out, as well as the mode of investigating these *deeds*, and the delay that has occurred in the process for the protection of the natives, and the security and confidence of the purchasers. Trade, it would appear, has been checked by several unwise measures, and there are many things that one would wish

to see removed or modified and controlled; to all which it will be Lord Stanley's duty to direct his attention. We in the meanwhile hope and trust that in the course of his administration the rumoured remedy for home and colonial evils will be vigorously applied.

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ART. XI.—*A Treatise on the Management of Fresh-water Fish, with the View of making them a Source of Profit to Landed Proprietors.* By GOTTLIEB BOCCIUS. London: Van Voorst.

THIS Treatise, brief although it be, and recommending a system of breeding which has been little attended to, and which many people will at first regard most probably as chimerical, requires only to be read to leave a very strong persuasion that not only all which Mr. Boccius urges is practicable, but might be profitable, and assuredly pleasurable. As a specimen of descriptive clearness and forcibly plain disquisition, it ought to rank high. The subject, too, is one that is in itself curious, requiring no slight acquaintance with the natural history of the fishes mentioned, and which the author has with proper modesty manifested. We shall endeavour to give our readers an idea of the system; but yet not with such particularity as will enable any person who desires to be fully informed to dispense with the neat and thin volume itself.

Mr. B. sets out with stating that Fresh Water Fish are equally nutritious with those of the sea, and are much lighter food; although owing to the old and imperfect state of ponds, the fish are so muddy, earthy, or weedy, that they are not in the repute and request which they might be. He at once, therefore, proceeds to describe his system, which has been in some places tested, particularly in Saxony, where it is the source of a considerable trade.

First, with regard to the Ponds or Stews,—these ought to be three in number, at a considerable distance from each other, in order that the water from the highest to the lowest may have the benefit in its course of the washings of the adjoining fields; the three being connected and protected by flood-gates. The highest pond should be the smallest of the three, Mr. B. suggesting three acres of water—the second to be four acres—and the third five; for at the period of fishing a great portion of the brood escapes with the flood, and as another year must elapse before the water or pond in succession can be fished, too much of the food of the original store would be consumed, were not the second pond, for example, larger, and so capable of receiving the addition.

Very distinct and necessary directions are given with regard to the depths of the ponds—the nature of the soil at the bottom to be preferred—the slant from the edge inwards, so as to afford a large extent of sward to rear food—the manner of regulating the run of

water—the evils that result to the fish from all sorts of foliage, so that trees or shrubs should never be planted on the margins—together with a variety of other advice, which, the moment it is given, is seen to be sensible and informing. If the directions be closely attended to, Mr. B. says the fish reared accordingly will not only prove fat, but of a far superior flavour to those taken from common and ill-regulated stews.

Let us now learn some particulars with regard to the stocking of the ponds :—

“To stock the ponds with brood the following simple calculation is sufficient for direction ; viz., to every acre of water in extent, put in 200 brood carp, 20 brood tench, and 20 brood jack ; thus making 10 per cent. each of tench and jack to the carp ; the brood must be all of one season’s spawn. Therefore to three acres there will be 600 carp, 60 tench and 60 jack, and the succession ponds are to be stocked in like proportions, the second the year following the first, and the third again a year later, so that each pond then comes round in its turn to be fished.

“This first outlay constitutes the whole expense, save and except the guarding against poaching, as there will always be a superabundant quantity of brood or store to restore the stews, and sufficient left for sale.

“It is a well-authenticated fact that no fish of prey will ever touch tench ; so it is also understood that tench act medicinally to other fish, by rubbing against them when wounded or sick. This quality is probably attributable to the glutinous, slimy quality and properties of its skin, for when fish have been wounded by the fangs of another, or struck by a hook, they have been frequently observed and taken when in close company with tench, and this gives rise to the presumption for so believing, and is the reason for recommending the introduction of a few tench into the stews. In Germany the fishermen call it the doctor-fish. Some people consider the tench to be of the carp tribe ; I do not, as the organs of generation, fins, and other parts of the fish differ materially, and the male shows so marked a difference from the female, that as they swim about they can be selected, but this is not the case with carp ; however, tench are particularly delicate, nutritious, and in good repute for the table.

“Jack or pike is well known to be the most rapacious fresh-water fish that exists, but with all its voracity it is absolutely necessary to have a sufficient quantity in the carp-stews or ponds, to check increase.”

There are two species of carp that are recommended for store, each of which is remarkable for the rapidity with which it breeds. The one is known as the English or round-bodied carp ; the other is called in Germany the Spiegal (Mirror) Carp, and which could be easily transported to this. It is the finer of the two both as respects flavour and fatness.

In stocking ponds the jack, carp, and tench must be all of the same season or spring spawn ; and clear reasons are given for this rule, drawn from the natural history and the ascertained habits of

the different sorts. Other fish must on no account be admitted into the stews with those which have been mentioned. Eels particularly must be kept out, says Mr. Boccius. But how is this to be done in many situations; wherever, for example, rivulets are in the vicinity, or well-watered ditches? He must know that in either case, and even where the soil is sandy and moist, these insinuating creatures will penetrate and find their way far from what might be deemed a fishing stream; and therefore would be very likely to reach your ponds in multitudes of the localities of Britain. Having thrown out this idea, we proceed to quote our author's estimate of the profit arising from the rearing of Fresh Water Fish:—

“Returning to the subject of the succession ponds being fished every three years, it is to be borne in mind that the store at that age is fit for market, and the calculation for three years out of three acres, would give on an average as follows:—

600 Carp	. . .	at $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. each	. . .	2100 lbs.
60 Tench	. . .	at $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. each	. . .	240 lbs.
60 Jack	. . .	at 3 lbs. each	. . .	210 lbs.

				2550 lbs.
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Supposing the fish to be worth 1s. per lb., the value would be £127. 10s. for three years, or £42. 10s. per annum; but were only half the price obtained, then as the first expense is the only one, it must be termed a profitable rental, especially as under the old system many gentlemen have large pieces of water which produce nothing.”

With regard to the profit, much will depend, of course, on the value and situation of the land which is covered with water. Then a steady market might not be conveniently obtained; and the price per pound, if breeding were becoming extensive, would probably fall far short of the above calculation. But to a landed proprietor who wished to have a supply for his own table, or to him who takes a generous delight in the study of nature, there would be a never-failing attraction in these ponds.

But still, and even as respects gain, we have some interesting facts furnished by Saxon breeding, which must be noticed. Mr. B. has a friend in that country who possesses twenty-two ponds, the largest being about twenty-seven acres in extent. Out of this pond, in October, 1822, our author saw two breeding carp weighed, which amounted to nearly 100 lbs.:—

“The male weighed 43 lbs. Saxon, the female 48 lbs. Saxon weight is above 7 per cent. heavier than English. In 1833 these carp had increased in size, the male to 52 lbs. Saxon, the female to 55 lbs.: such my friend stated to be the weight when I last saw him in 1835. It is a

rule to weigh the breeders at every draught. In the same year I was present at the draught of my friend's second largest pond, which is seventeen acres; the produce exceeded 4000 lbs. weight of carp, besides tench and jack. In this pond he had left, for four previous draughts, several carp for breeding, five of which in the scale drew 103 lbs. Saxon, the largest of the five, a Spiegel carp, drew alone  $31\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. English; the age of these was sixteen years, but that of the two in the largest pond could not be correctly stated, as they were on the estate when he purchased it some fifty years since: these fish they treat as prize fish, and consider them infinitely better for spawn than younger ones. As carp get older they do not increase in bodily weight in proportion, for the roe and milt increasing with each year, take too much out of them; this will account for the difference of the rapid increase of the young carp compared with those more advanced in years; and it does appear to me that the most luxuriant growth of the carp takes place only up to its twentieth year; after which, from the cause before named, it becomes slower.

“Brood carp well fed, or more properly not overstocked in the ponds, and taken in the autumn of the third year following, will generally weigh from 3 lbs. to 4 lbs.; in six years from 8 lbs. to 10 lbs.; and after that increasing at the rate of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. each year, until they arrive at nearly 30 lbs., when it may be concluded that the fish is about twenty years old: some grow faster than others, especially the Spiegel carp. When fish get to nearly the last-mentioned weight, it seems as if nature then intended them for breeding only, and not for food, as they are hideously coarse, whereas a 10 lb. well-fed carp is a great delicacy.”

There are some curious particulars furnished from the observation and studies of Mr. Boccius relative to the shyness of the fish—their spawning—the manner of handling and removing them when alive—the way of *fishing* the ponds, as it is termed, when the pond is to be cleared of all but its breeders—and how you are to proceed in order to have at your command a regular supply of live fresh-water fish. For satisfactory information on these and other points, recourse must be had to the pages of the Treatise itself, from which we extract another passage that will leave a very favourable impression in respect of the author's practical knowledge:—

“There are two species of weeds which are requisite in your ponds, and on which carp and tench spawn; the one is *Potamogeton natans*, or broad-leaved pond-weed, sometimes called tench-weed; the other is *Ranunculus aquatilis*, or water crow-foot. Against the former, during the period of casting their spawn, they rub themselves, either from an exciting or soothing cause, but they invariably discharge the ova on the crow-foot, which is a long wiry weed, forming at intervals circles of fine leaves: from its toughness and close foliage it protects the spawn and young fry from the attacks of fish of prey. I think it is by means of this weed that wild fowl convey different species of fish from one pond to another, in consequence of the gelatinous nature of the ova causing them to adhere to the feathers of the fowl while feeding, and this will account for fish being found in waters



where none of the sort had been stored. Wild fowl are particularly fond of spawn; they destroy much of it, and seek the weeds encumbered with it. It is among these weeds that the fry are partially protected when they emerge from the ova; for like every thing produced from creation's lot, in the early stage of life being perfectly helpless, so do they swim, or, more properly, float about, for three or four days, with the shell of the ova attached to them, showing a similarity to the umbilical cord in animals, after which it falls off, and then the brood instinctively move in a shoal to the scours, for the protection against other fish afforded by the shallow water, as well as on account of its being warmer and of lighter weight to their small frames. It is during the first movement from the egg that fish of prey, especially eels, are so destructive to the spawn-casts; and I have seen a male trout trailing over and around the layer, open-mouthed, hunting away every other fish that should make its appearance, solely to gratify his voracious appetite. To a casual observer it would appear as if he protected the fry, but this is not the case, as he does not even permit the spawner to approach; and were protection the object, every trout-stream would be swarming with millions of fry, whereas it is difficult to keep a trout-stream in a tolerably well-stocked state. I will however give a remedy which will well repay any gentleman for the little trouble it may give his keeper. Take a box, such as I have described under the head of stew-boxes, and fill the bottom with clean good gravel, not too large; in the month of November, or month before spawning, place in the box a spawner and milter of good size, then sink it in the deep stream where there is plenty of water, so that it may be well covered during the period of spawning, and when the fish have cast, take them out and turn them adrift into the river; then move the box into shallow water, which, being influenced by the early rays of the sun, will bring forth the fry; keep them in the box until they are about half an inch long, then turn them out on the shallows. By this simple process no store would be wanting, and the trout-stream would always be well stocked. I have diverged from my theme of fish-ponds, but I trust the hint will not be objected to by my readers."

Mr. B. having diverged in this pleasant way from carp, tench, and jack, it offers to us an opportunity for remarking that, according to some naturalists, scientific and also practical, even salmon may be raised in ponds. We shall quote a passage from Mr. Yarrell's "*History of British Fishes*," to which our attention has been called, for the purpose of showing what that first-rate authority reports on the subject:—

"I am now enabled, through the kindness of Thomas Lister Parker, Esq., to offer some remarks on the growth of the young salmon in fresh water: and in order to prevent any misconception of the terms employed, I shall speak of the young salmon of the first year as a pink; in its second year, till it goes to sea, as a smolt; in the autumn of the second year as salmon peal, or grilse; and afterwards as adult salmon.

"In the autumn of the year 1835, Thomas Upton, Esq., of Ingmire

Hall, situated between Sedbergh and Kendal, began to enlarge a lake on his property; and in the spring of 1836, some pinks from the Lune, a salmon-river which runs through a valley not far from the lake, were put into it. This lake, called Lillymere, has no communication with the sea, nor any outlet by which fish from other waters can get in, or by which those put in can get out. The pinks when put into Lillymere did not certainly exceed three inches and a half in length. Sixteen months afterwards, that is, in the month of August 1837, Thomas L. Parker, Esq., then visiting his friend, fished Lillymere, desirous of ascertaining the growth of the pinks; and with a red palmer fly caught two salmon-peal in excellent condition, silvery bright in colour, measuring fourteen inches in length, and weighing fourteen ounces. One was cooked and eaten; the flesh pink in colour, but not so red as those of the river; well flavoured, and like that of a peal. The other was sent to me in spirit of wine, and a drawing of it immediately taken. In the month of July 1838, eleven months after, another small salmon was caught, equal to the first in condition and colour, about two inches longer and three ounces heavier. No doubt was entertained that these were two of the pinks transferred to the lake in the spring of 1836, the first of which had been retained sixteen months, and the other twenty-seven months, in this fresh-water lake."

In the valuable history from which we have quoted proofs of salmon being reared for a considerable space of time and with flattering success in fresh-water ponds, we find that Sir F. A. Mackenzie was the assistant and the witness of a breeding process of salmon in a pond. Having caught a certain number of the fish in the spawning season, and imprisoned them in fresh water, he observed them to commence spawning on the day following. He then treated them thus:—

"Caught them carefully. Squeezed gently about 1,200 ova from a female into a bason of water, and then pressed about an equal quantity of milt from a male fish over them.

"Stirred the two about together gently, but well, with the fingers; and after allowing them to rest for an hour, the whole was deposited and spread in one of the wicker baskets recommended by Professor Agassiz, having above four inches of gravel below and two or three inches of gravel above them."

He performed a variety of experiments and ascertained amongst other results the following:—

"On the 19th February, examined the ova; and life was plainly observed in the baskets, wire-bags, and unprotected gravel: both were placed artificially, and were deposited by the salmon themselves.

"On the 19th March, the fry had increased in size, and went on gradually increasing, much in proportion to the temperature of the weather.

"On the 22nd, the eyes were easily visible; and a few of the ova had burst, the young fry having a small watery bladder-like bag attached to the throat.

“ On the 18th April, the baskets and bags were all opened. The bags had become detached from their throats : the fry measured about three-quarters of an inch in length ; and they swam about easily, all distinctly marked as parr.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ There can be no doubt, from the success which has attended the above-described experiments, that the breeding of salmon or other fish, in large quantities, is comparatively speaking easy ; and that millions may be produced, protected from every danger, and turned out into their natural element at the proper age ; which Mr. Shaw has proved, by repeated experiments on a small scale, to be when they have attained about two years of age, when the parr marks disappear : they assume the silvery scales of their parents, and distinctly show a strong desire to escape from confinement, and proceed downwards towards the sea.”

When one reflects on the triumphs of science, the discoveries which have been made in the realms of nature, even with regard to the inhabitants of the mighty deep, and how man's ingenuity can master the hugest monsters, and ensnare, control, and reduce to tameness the shyest creatures, the mind is made to comprehend how by his agency the kingdom of life may be extended, and the efforts of wild nature seconded by his efforts and skill.

Before closing Mr. Boccius's thin volume we shall look into his Appendix, which contains twenty-three German recipes for cooking fresh-water fish ; some of which we quote for the sake of our *house-keeping* readers.

He observes that fresh-water fish are more watery than those of the sea ; and therefore that salt must be used outside and inside, to extract the water ; that the salt, after remaining some time, should be thoroughly washed out with pure spring water, and that the fish should next be wiped completely dry. The following are his *recipes* for sundry ways of cooking carp :—

*“ Carp with Oyster Force-meat.”*

“ When you have thoroughly scaled and cleaned your carp rub in some salt two hours previous to your stuffing ; for which take  $1\frac{1}{2}$  dozen oysters with some flesh of another carp, and mince them together, then take some crumb of bread soaked in milk and squeezed out, five eggs, a sufficient quantity of butter, some chopped lemon-peel, onion or eschalot and parsley, seasoned with pepper and salt ; make up this altogether for your stuffing, and add thereto  $1\frac{1}{2}$  dozen whole oysters, then stuff your carp and sew it up. Put at the bottom of your baking dish some slices of bacon, seasoned with slices of two onions, some cloves, whole pepper and alspice, then place your fish in and bake it to a nice brown. Make a good ragout of the milt and roe, with a few oysters and some mushrooms ; pour this over the fish when dished up for table.

“ Jack and tench are fine this way.

*“ Carp Poulpeton.*

“ Cut off all the flesh of the carp, add one third suet and mince them fine together; then take some crumb of bread soaked in milk and pressed out, an onion, some lemon-peel and parsley chopped fine, seasoned with pepper and salt; mix these altogether and form it into fillets, which fry lightly in butter, then lay them in white coulis or stock gravy. In the mean time boil the roe and milt, which, when done, cut into small pieces and fry in butter, then add some brown coulis well seasoned, place all in a dish and garnish with the tails of crayfish or hot lobster cut in pieces with morels or small mushrooms, then finish in a slow oven and serve it up hot for table.

“ Jack and tench are good this way.

*“ Carp à la Pole.*

“ Clean your carp and wash out the blood with a little vinegar, split it and cut it into pieces, then wash them in water. Take two quarts of wine and water, three whole onions stuck with cloves, some whole pepper, alspice, a small piece of cinnamon, a head of celery, two parsley-roots, two bay leaves, some salt and a lemon cut into slices, put them together in your stew-pan on the fire. Then blue your carp with vinegar, and when the stew boils place the head-pieces at bottom, the middle pieces next, and the tail at top, with the roe or milt; place the fish so that scale and scale lie together; then let it boil quickly and skim it well. When this is done, melt a good-sized piece of butter, add a piece of sugar the size of a walnut, mix the blood with it, and add it to the fish, which finish boiling. Take out your fish, pass all through a tamis over the fish, and serve up the onions and slices of lemon with it.

*“ Carp boiled with small Onions.*

“ Scale and clean your carp; make up your pot of half vinegar and half water, enough to well cover the fish, season with pepper, bay-leaves, cloves and salt; peel some small onions and boil them in part of the liquor, when done serve up the fish and smother it with them.

*“ Carp, to broil.*

“ Clean and scale your carp, lay it in salt for one hour, then well dry it with a cloth, chop some eschalots or onions with parsley, very fine, and mix them with butter, with which fill your fish and sew it up; then melt some butter, and baste the fish all over, put it on the gridiron and baste it continually until done, and then serve it up with sauce Roberte or any other sauce piquante.

*“ Carp, to boil.*

“ Clean and scale your fish, raise the back-bone and rub in some salt, then let it lie in some strong salted spring water for two hours, after which wash it out in clear spring water, then put it into boiling water, with a good handful of salt, and let it boil from fifteen to twenty minutes, with

the milt or roe. Garnish with parsley and slices of lemon, and serve up melted butter with fish-sauces for table.

“ All fresh-water fish boiled as above become firm, and are the better for table.

“ *Carp-Milt, to dress.*

“ It must be salted a little and boiled in vinegar, then cut in into small pieces and add pepper, alspice, butter, lemon-juice, and finely cut lemon-peel ; mix all together with a few bread-crumbs, and put it into scallop-shells and either bake them, or do them before the fire in a Dutch oven.

“ *Carp, stewed.*

“ Scale and clean your carp, wash out the blood with a little vinegar, which save ; cleanse the fish with salt water, then split and cut it into pieces, which fry with the roe or milt until pardone, place the whole when nicely brown into the stew-pan, then add the vinegar and blood, two or three large onions stuck with cloves, some whole pepper, alspice, salt, lemon-peel, and a slice or two of lemon, close the lid, and let it stew gradually, taking care to skim it well ; when done take out some of the liquor and season with eschalot and Chili vinegar, soy, anchovies and ketchup, thickened with a little flour, add two or three glasses of port wine and serve it up for table ; garnish with toast sippets.”

And, to conclude, hear him with respect to Jack :—

“ *Jack with Polish Sauce.*

“ Scale your fish and clean it well, split and cut it into pieces, salt them well and let them remain in it for a good half hour, then wipe them quite dry and clean of the slime and place them in the stew-pan, add some chopped parsley, parsley-roots, two or three large onions cut fine, some alspice and a piece of butter ; then pour over boiling water sufficient to cover the fish, and let it boil away until the sauce becomes thick, should it however not thicken sufficiently add a little more butter with flour, and when done serve up for table.

“ *Jack baked with Anchovies.*

“ Take a large jack, cut off the skin and scales so that none remain, then take bacon, ham and lemon-peel cut in strips, and run them through alternately (the same as larding), well rub the inside with salt and put it into a baking dish ; then chop very fine six anchovies, a few eschalots and some parsley, put these into some oiled butter, baste the jack well with it, then place it in the oven and baste it frequently, so that it does not dry, until it is done. Then take the fish out and make the sauce as follows ; take the dish in which the fish was baked, stir in it some flour, with some good bouillon and a glass or two of wine, cut up a few more anchovies, add the juice of a lemon, and pass the whole through a tamis, then pour the sauce over the fish and serve it up for table.

*“ Jack stuffed or forced.*

“ The fish is not cut open but cleaned through the gills, wash it well with salt and water and wash off all the slime, then make your stuffing of anchovies, eschalots, butter, crumb of bread, three eggs, some alspice, lemon-juice, a little lemon-peel and some sweet herbs, with a little pepper and salt; mix it well together, stuff your fish as full as you can: then rub your baking dish with butter, or lay rashers of bacon with sliced onions in the bottom, place the fish in and baste frequently with finely chopped anchovies and butter; let it well bake, and when done remove the fish, then take the baking dish and brown a little flour in it, add some bouillon and estragan vinegar, and pass it through a tamis, then pour this sauce over the fish and serve it up.

*“ Jack-Cotelettes.*

“ Scale and skin your fish, chop up the flesh very fine with some eschalots, take crumb of bread steeped in milk and squeezed out, stir up some butter, six eggs, and beat the whole together in a mortar with half a lb. of fresh butter, some finely cut lemon-peel and alspice, put it on a dish and form your cotelettes, then baste with egg and bread-crumbs and fry them to a nice brown.

“ Tench and carp are good this way, and jack-dumplings can be made as above and served up with good bouillon.

*“ Jack boiled, with Sauce à l'Hollandoise.*

“ Boil the fish, then take four yolks of eggs, some butter, flour, vinegar, green onions, parsley and alspice, stir this in some bouillon over the fire, and serve it over the fish. In boiling the fish you must use salt, whole pepper, a sliced onion or two and a few bay-leaves.

*“ Jack, salted, with Mustard Sauce.*

“ Salt your fish for twenty-four hours and boil it twenty minutes; fry for sauce some flour until brown, add a quantity of sliced onions, and when done pour some good bouillon to it, then add the mustard and let it boil, then serve it over your fish.

*“ Jack à la Braise.*

“ Choose for this a large fish, clean and scale it well; cut bacon, lemon-peel and anchovies into fillets, spit the jack well with them on both sides, then let it lie for some hours in spiced vinegar, onions cut small and a few bay-leaves, with some salt; turn it frequently, so that the fish be well soaked; then take your baking dish, in which lay thin slices of bacon, place the jack upon them, pour in the liquor and cover it with thin layers of bacon, then let it bake in a quick oven to a nice brown, whilst baking let it be frequently basted; when done place it in your dish and serve up for sauce brown coulis or stock gravy, a few tablespoonfuls of the liquor flavoured with anchovies and lemon-juice. If you wish for a richer dish, make the following cream; take veal, ham, a carrot, parsley-root, turnip,



an onion or two, spice, and a few spoonfuls of rather fat bouillon ; place all together in a stew-pan on the fire, and when it becomes brown at the bottom of the pan, add a few spoonfuls of good gravy, and dissolve the brown at the bottom, mix a handful of flour to it and add some cream, then boil it to a rich gravy ; pass the whole through a tamis, and beat up with it six yolks of eggs, then add some anchovy, butter, lemon-peel and parsley cut fine, squeeze the juice of a lemon in it, and let it boil up ; when the jack is nearly done pour this cream over it, and bake it to a nice brown, then serve it up with the before-named sauce."

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ART. XII.—*The History of the Western Empire ; from its Restoration by Charlemagne to the Accession of Charles V.* By Sir ROBERT COMYN. 2 vols. Allen & Co.

INDUSTRY, enlargement of views, correct and very often vivid colouring,—condensation, grasp, and a statesmanlike eloquence are features in the execution of these volumes. The Chief Justice of Madras has happily chosen a grand but definite section of human history, and which may be conveniently made the subject of a distinct work ; being susceptible of separation and particular illustration. It is in a striking degree defined, having its own characteristics, which, although numerous, belong to intelligible yet strange and mighty developments ; so that he who, like Sir Robert Comyn, seizes upon these lineaments, and keeps their birth, growth, and matured results constantly before his eyes, can hardly fail to produce a compact and deeply instructive book, provided he has the patience, the zeal, and the knowledge of our learned author. Were we merely to name and enumerate the multitude of authorities he has consulted throughout, not a few being cited at every page, it would be felt that his reading and research have been vast ; and when we add that his analyzing and weighing powers are such as might be expected to be improved to a high perfection by professional habits, our readers may believe that an elaborate and luminous work has been the product ; that a sterling history has been contributed to our already splendid library of books in that noble department of English literature. It seems to have been a work of love as well as of labour.

The grand period which elapsed between the era of Charlemagne and that of Charles the Fifth, as regards features and developments, is not only one of mighty dramatic interest, so to speak, and presenting the unities of a wondrous design, but it offers to our contemplation the origin and the elements of the present advanced state of civilization to be witnessed in Europe. The middle ages are therefore rife with instruction to us, and full of the materials which every student of human progress should trace and candidly estimate. Let his eye not rest chiefly upon wars and intrigues,

but on the things of which these were the signs and effects. And to the reader who looks for such richer entertainment and for standard benefit a better guide cannot be named than Sir Robert.

Let us see what are our author's views of the period which his book embraces, especially its latter wonders, as given in a concluding summary.

The period to which the events relate that are included in the work extended over more than seven centuries, these events having occurred chiefly, of course, in Germany and Italy, although they affected the whole of Europe; a cloud of darkness having for the greater portion of the time overshadowed this quarter of the globe. But even before the era to which Sir Robert Comyn brings down his history, "the dense night had been gradually dispelled, and the rays of returning light were pouring forth with astonishing splendour. The slow advance of learning had become suddenly stimulated by the invention of printing in the middle of the fifteenth century. The arts, which had been painfully struggling with all the discouragement of a dark and uncivilized age, were gladdened by the voice of patronage. In Italy, painting had already attained a pitch of excellence never since surpassed; and the proudest of her architectural monuments were soon to be eclipsed by the stupendous fabric of St. Peter's. But not to Italy was the burst of light confined. *Nature* seemed prodigal in the production of genius in every nation. England and Spain were ready to produce their imperishable glories of literature; and the sixteenth century could boast of Ariosto and Tasso, of Shakspeare and Spenser, of Cervantes and Lope. Science was at the same time destined to unlock her treasures to the world, which had been closed to the penetrating eyes of ancient Greece. By the aid of Copernicus, Tycho, Galileo, and Kepler, the wonders of the starry firmament were displayed in their true beauty; and before the close of the century Bacon had given earnest of his transcendant mind. And now the period had arrived when the annals of the Western Empire were to become, in great measure, the history of Europe. Instead of contracting their energies within their natural limits, or being content with harassing their immediate neighbours, the states began to mingle in a general struggle. A new system of policy sprang forth; and the views of the statesman were turned to that balance of power by which the European nations reciprocally sought to restrain the encroachments of one another. The ancient mode of warfare had grown obsolete by the invention of gunpowder; and entirely new principles were introduced in the science of defence and destruction. Upon a field so boundless, I have neither power nor inclination to enter; and having led the reader through the gloom of the dark ages, I cheerfully resign him to those shining lights which have illuminated the annals of the empire."

But let us just take a hasty glimpse of some of the great landmarks and phenomena of the period comprised by the Chief Justice's volumes and design; casting our eyes back to the commencement of the eighth century, and alighting at certain points.

Charlemagne was raised up at a critical point of time, when "idolatry and superstition usurped the place of religion; when the sciences of government and legislation were a mystery; when literature and art were neglected and unknown." Even this renowned emperor was himself unable to write; but yet he "soared above the cloud which covered the face of Europe, and became himself the luminary from which others derived their light." Nor was it to his bold and successful aggressions, to his bloody and unprovoked conquests, that he is chiefly entitled to his great name, although these more vulgar and barbarous deeds at first in all probability earned the distinction; for he made, with a sagacious foresight and arduous exertions, efforts in favour of civilization, and selected a firm rule, his councillors and agents being the most enlightened and capable.

At the time when he arose a less vigorous and more scrupulous innovator and invader would probably have been unable to compete with and surpass the Greeks and the followers of the Prophet in respect of political and territorial sway; while neither of the eastern nations appears to have been capable of originating new institutions and laying the foundations of mighty and lasting structures, which were in a manner to consolidate Europe, and prove the strongholds of civilization. But the prince who received the surname of "The Great," had a grand vocation to fulfil, and he seems to have understood the call at the time he was achieving it. He was happily backed by the Church of Rome, in that she, for example, proclaimed him Emperor of the West, the papal power not being in a condition then to lord it independently over the continent; although the time was coming when in consequence of feeble successors, dismemberment of the empire, the maturing of feudalism, and the encroachments of the church, the imperial yoke was to be broken, and Europe was to undergo new transformations, and be prepared for future processes, that would tend at length to purify and ripen the rough elements for the bursting forth of all that was most glorious in the fifteenth and succeeding centuries. "The supreme government was gradually transferred from the Emperor to the Diets, in which the States ecclesiastical and temporal deliberated upon public measures. To the first class belonged the archbishops, bishops, and abbots; to the second, the dukes, princes, counts, and superior nobles; who together formed the great Germanic body. The inferior nobles and independent gentry appear, however, to have taken part in extraordinary deliberations, and in the election of the sovereign of the kingdom." Thus imperial thralldom was curbed

and modified by feudal power, as well as by that of the church. Those who peruse Sir Robert's volumes will distinctly learn how another element began to show itself in European development, viz., that of municipal independence and consideration; although after many struggles and direful lessons occasioned not only by the jealousy of city towards city, but of the civil dissensions of each within itself.

This is our author's sketch of the Italian municipalities in the thirteenth century,—“The most uncompromising selfishness predominated in every bosom; the strong hastened to overwhelm the weak; the weak, instead of combining for their mutual protection, fell recklessly upon one another. The wild and deafening cry of ‘Liberty!’ was the signal for revolt and bloodshed,—of revolt from one tyrant to become the prey of another; of bloodshed, which stained the honour of the noble, or ministered to the ferocity of the vulgar. Yet the grinding despotism of Venice, the revolutionary turbulence of Genoa, the ceaseless love of change and eager adoption of quarrel in Florence, have been strangely mistaken for freedom; and these far-famed republics have been continually held up as models for the imitation of posterity.”

But although Sir Robert discovers nothing but a turbulent sea in the history of the Italian republics, nothing to gladden, and everything to avoid; yet good appears to have arisen out of all this complication of tumult and revolution. While freedom was driven to seek an asylum elsewhere and in a soil that would bear better fruit, as in Switzerland, where Austrian despotism was so nobly withstood and signally chastised; society and the future were also put in possession of tests which every one might apply and adhere to as councillors, when reconstruction was to attend religion as well as politics. Accordingly all the rough elements of the middle ages, which while unadjusted were constantly coming into violent collision, yet either were by such friction brought to harmony and suitably subordinated, or the concussions and contests educed such lights as were for the instruction of posterity, furnishing rich gifts.

It took a long season,—there were many advances, windings, and retrogressions, however, as well as many premature innovations and rash experiments, before the social elements were matured which had their origin under the genius of the Western Empire and of the Romish church; and which had by the influences of these powers been fostered and modified. The arrogance and ambition of particular sovereigns—the wars and invasions of nations, frequently interposed to retard the ripening process. Even apparent strides of reform, or the promised rays of a new day, were sometimes turned back into deeper darkness and more vexatious uncertainty than before. Such may be said to have been the character and fate of the excitement which was witnessed at the close

of the fourteenth century, when the "Schism of the West" for a short space awakened men's minds to an examination of political and religious principles and rights. But the early result was backsliding and apathy, if not dismay. A quarrel between the partizans of two claimants to the papal chair, set inquiry on foot both as to temporal and spiritual rule, which might have been expected by a sanguine and inexperienced speculatist to issue in sudden ameliorations and brilliant reforms. But these were to await the era of splendour already pictured in the passage we have first quoted, when the pressure of all that had been tending to a new birth and a revival was to usher into being the art of printing. We shall not, however, further or more closely direct our glimpse at what may be deemed the elements, the landmarks, the harbingers of the modern civilization of Europe; but which can never be fairly traced nor fully understood without a vigilant and an earnest examination of the institutions, the manners, and the phenomena of the *dark ages*.

We shall now present some specimens of considerable length, in order to exhibit Sir Robert's manner and cast of thought; and, first of all, when giving a general sketch of the condition of Germany, and its progress in the dark ages:—

"Of all the great European nations," he says, "Germany made the slowest advance in the paths of literature and science. In the disastrous confusion which followed the death of Charlemagne, the few Germans who could pretend to learning were neglected and forgotten; and when a new stimulus was given to application the course of study ran through a barren and unprofitable field. Schools, indeed, were to be found in the tenth and eleventh centuries at Paderborn, Bamberg, Wurtzburg, and Liege; in the cloisters of the first cathedral, Horace, the great Virgil, Sallust, and Statius were known and respected; and a nun of Gandersheim excited astonishment by her familiar acquaintance with Terence, and the composition of some sacred dramas after the model of his comedies.. Even the Greek was not wholly unknown; and Archbishop Bruno, brother of Otho I., was celebrated for his proficiency in that language. But though amidst the silence of monastic seclusion these agreeable and meritorious pursuits might be indulged in, the greater number of those who pretended to learning wasted their energies in less profitable occupations. The German students betook themselves to the universities of Paris or Bologna, where their understandings were bewildered in theological controversies, or encumbered with the Physics of Aristotle and the Edicts of Justinian. Though the seven liberal arts were professedly the objects of admiration, the niceties of grammar and the subtleties of the dialectics engrossed the most exclusive devotion. The simplest phenomena of nature were uncomprehended or unexplained; and an advance in geometry or astronomy was imputed to magic. During the expedition of Otho I. into Calabria, an eclipse of the sun raised an universal belief that the day of judgment had arrived; and the German warriors sought to elude the terrors of that stupendous event by creeping beneath the baggage and carriages, or secreting

themselves in their empty wine-casks ! This deplorable state of ignorance was little bettered during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries ; but before the commencement of the fifteenth, the empire could boast of the universities of Prague, Vienna, Heidelberg, and Cologne ; and the student was no longer driven to Paris or Bologna. Still, however, in Germany the endless wranglings of school divinity, and the abused refinements of logic, were mistaken for the perfection of ingenuity and science ; whilst the cultivation of the ancients and general literature was pronounced a frivolous and useless pursuit. \* \* \* During the darker period the German language was little cultivated ; and works of the most conspicuous merit, as the histories of Witikind and Otho of Freisingen, were veiled in the Latin idiom. The compositions in the native tongue were scarcely more than translations from other languages, or barbarous attempts at rhyme. The reputation of the Troubadours had penetrated the woods of Germany ; and during the crusades a taste was imbibed for the wonders of chivalry and romance. But the love-songs of the minstrels died away with the holy wars ; and the people were contented with short and simple ballads, which could be retained with ease, and were therefore more acceptable than long and elaborate poems. Even these were thrown into the shade by the increasing fondness for mimes and buffoons, who wandered about the country, delighting nobles and people with their recitations and antics. The dramatic effect of their contentions in their art acquired for them the greatest popularity ; and whilst the law denounced them as infamous, the princes encouraged them at their courts."

Having observed that a severe drawback to the exertions of the learned was the great scarcity of books, which could not be overcome even by the industry of the monks in copying, Sir Robert conducts us to the period when the Germans made that great discovery, the composition of moveable types, although the Italians seizing upon the great idea left the discoverers behind immeasurably. Indeed it was the lustre of Italian refinement, as our author had before observed, that diffused itself over the Alps, brightening the German atmosphere, and by example turning the stream of application in a more pleasing and salutary direction. The general sketch thus proceeds,—

" But however deficient in literature and science, Germany attained early proficiency in the mechanical, and even the finer arts. As early as the tenth century architecture engrossed her attention ; and her old wooden churches were replaced by others of stone, with roofs of tile, and floors decorated with mosaic. In the next age arose the cathedral of Strasburg ; and the stately cathedral of Cologne was founded by the archbishop in 1248. The sacred edifices were further adorned by attempts at carving in marble the effigies of emperors and bishops. Some advance, also, was made towards excellence in painting ; the monks delighted to beautify their manuscripts by elaborate and brilliant miniatures ; and if we may trust the taste of Luitprand, bishop of Cremona, the hall of Merseburg contained a lively and animated representation of a victory by Henry I.



over the Hungarians. The discovery of the Hartz-mines under Otho I. opened a new field to the ingenuity of the German artists in forging and casting metals ; and the churches were enriched by altars and images of gold and silver. In the less elegant arts, Germany was more successful,—the natural result of her widely extended trade. Her looms produced excellent linen and woollen cloths ; and in many other departments her workmen and manufactures were eagerly sought by the rest of Europe.”

The Chief Justice next bestows some vivid sentences upon the general character of the Germans, and their habits as members of society during ages contemporary with those when the institutions he has been noticing were in existence and in vogue. He says,—

“The grand features in the lives of the men were their devotion to war and hunting, and their inordinate addiction to drunkenness. To the two first pursuits the German noble was trained almost from his cradle. Taught to excel in horsemanship and the use of arms, he ripened into manhood amidst the contests which called on him to defend his country, or invited him to the luxury of private war ; and if not engaged in these tumultuous pleasures, the lists of the tournament stood ready for the display of his valour and dexterity. The extensive forests opened to him a kindred gratification : and in the pursuit and destruction of the wild beasts he experienced a rapturous excitement little short of that produced by contest with his fellow-men. Nor were these violent delights confined to the layman. The priest forgot his peaceful calling, and issued into the field as a warrior or a hunter. By a strange inconsistency indeed, the pleasures of hawks and hounds were frequently forbidden to the clergy, although it remained a part of their feudal duty to sally forth at the call of their lord in a more murderous avocation. By the crafty Greeks and temperate Italians, the single-hearted Germans were continually reproached with their proneness to intoxication, which inflamed their natural rudeness to insanity, and converted their convivial meetings into scenes of strife and bloodshed. That the reproach was far from unmerited cannot be denied ; but the vice was of ancient growth in Germany ; the hearts of the people were open to hospitality and social feelings ; and the Rhine in the eleventh century already yielded those delicious wines which their more barbarous ancestors could only hope for by visiting France or Italy. Their disgraceful excesses were in character with the rugged manners of the Germans, who, unchecked by the beneficial influence of female society, abandoned themselves to the vehemence of their passions, without a tincture of shame for their irrational enjoyments. The nobles, indeed, set an example of rudeness and ferocity, and delighted in the designation of the lion, the bear, or other beasts of prey. A single anecdote may expose the refinement of the eleventh century. After the death of Otho III., Eckhard marquess of Misnia, Bernard duke of Saxony, and Arnolph bishop of Halberstadt, by chance entered a hall at Werl, where a repast was spread for the sisters of the deceased emperor. The three noble intruders unceremoniously seated themselves at the table ; and having devoured all the viands, went their way, leaving the imperial mourners in the utmost confusion.”

Our author has elsewhere forcibly contrasted the character of German chivalry with that of the high-born knights of France and Spain who devoted themselves to God and to the ladies, priding themselves on their justice, their sense of honour, and their courtesy. But nothing of this exalted and refined romance marked the hunting, feasting, and drinking nobles or princes of the empire. "The castles of the Germans were filled with the spoils of the traveller and the merchant; the daughters of their neighbours and vassals were dishonoured in their libertine embraces; and they resembled rather the giants of romance than the gallant deliverers of helpless captives, and the protectors of disconsolate damsels. Even in the hour of victory, their avarice triumphed over their humanity; and they loaded their prisoners with fetters and immured them in dungeons, the more certainly to extort an exorbitant ransom." Still, there were redeeming features in their domestic manners; while on great occasions of peaceful display, splendours and magnificence were often characteristics of the barbaric Germans:—

"The private lives of the Germans partook of extreme simplicity. The women busied themselves with their looms and distaffs, and ladies of the highest rank did not disdain this primitive occupation. Even the most exalted princes affected no extraordinary state, except upon solemn occasions. We have already seen the unusual pomp which accompanied the princes in their attendance at the diet; and in their own mansions, the court-day of the nobles, and the celebration of a marriage or other domestic festival, called forth every known species of luxury and splendour. Innumerable guests were bidden to the banquets; and if the limits of the house were too narrow for the visitors, the tables were spread, and the dances performed, under the open canopy of the sky. On these occasions men and women displayed the most costly attire, adorned with gold and jewels; and the most magnificent costumes of foreign nations were called in aid of the pageant. In the cities also a spirit of comfort and luxury began to prevail. The houses of the substantial burghers were indicative of increasing riches. Their tables were furnished with cups and vessels of silver; and their wives and daughters were decorated with ornaments of gold. In the churches the splendour of the shrines, the gorgeous vestments of the priests, and the relics made really precious by the aid of pearls and gold, struck amazement into the stranger; and Italy herself might give way to Germany in the magnificence of her sacred decorations."

We now turn for a few seconds, as guided by Sir Robert to Italy, starting at the point when the greatest human monster the world had yet beheld, was elected to the chair of St. Peter, viz. the infamous and atrocious Alexander the Sixth:—

"From the tomb of Lorenzo we may hurry past that of Innocent VIII., who survived only a few weeks. His character, if adorned with no brilliant qualities, is unstained by any enormous vice; and the death of the feeble old man must be regarded as a public calamity, since it admitted to the

throne one of the most detestable of the human race. On the 11th of August, Cardinal Rodrigo Borgia, chancellor of the Church of Rome, was declared to be the new pontiff, having triumphed over his opponent, Giuliano della Rovere, cardinal of St. Peter *ad vincula*. Borgia was a native of Valentia in Spain, the son of Geoffrey Lençol and Isabella Borgia, sister of Calixtus III. He assumed the title of Alexander VI., was crowned with more than usual splendour, and received the acknowledgments of the principal Christian princes. The well-known vehemence of his temper struck terror into his enemies; and Cardinal Giuliano deemed it prudent to retire to Ostia, and afterwards into France. Nothing can more plainly demonstrate the corruption of the sacred college than the choice of such a man as Borgia. Though a priest and cardinal, he openly cohabited with Vanozia, a celebrated courtesan; and four children, the offspring of his illicit love, were eagerly promoted in the outset of his reign. For Juan, the eldest, he obtained the duchy of Gandia in Spain; Cæsar, the second, he created cardinal; his daughter Lucretia, he gave in marriage to Giovanni Sforza, lord of Pesaro; and for Geoffrey, his youngest son, he demanded the hand of Sancia, natural daughter of Alfonso, duke of Calabria. But the court of Naples for a time declined this alliance; and the disappointed pope harboured the bitterest resentment. The crooked policy of Lodovico Sforza speedily held forth to him the prospect of gratifying his vengeance. Though Lodovico had with some plausibility assumed the reins during the minority of his nephew, the mature age of Gian-Galeazzo now deprived him of an excuse for retaining the ducal authority. In vain did the prince demand his rights; and his young duchess Isabella of Naples, daughter of Alfonso, anxiously implored her father and King Ferdinand to wrest the government from the hands of the usurper. But though desirous of assisting his son-in-law, Alfonso had hitherto seen the prudence of avoiding a rupture with Lodovico, and stood too much in awe of the power and rapacity of Venice to dissolve the league set on foot by Lorenzo between Florence, Naples, and Milan. After the death of Lorenzo, the good understanding he had so carefully maintained with Lodovico was endangered by the indiscretion of his son Piero, who succeeded to his authority in Florence, and appeared entirely devoted to the Neapolitan princes. Sforza well perceived his danger in this coalition, and accordingly changed his policy, by entering into a league with Venice and the pope, the avowed enemies of Ferdinand. As the further means of shielding himself from his adversaries, he resolved to strike a blow upon Naples itself, by once more reviving the claims of the house of Anjou, and inciting Charles VIII. king of France, to enforce his rights by the immediate invasion of the kingdom."

What a woful declension in the political condition of Italy at the close of the fifteenth century, and after such strides and peaceful conquests as the following passage beautifully describes:—

"The mild and prudent counsels of Lorenzo were withdrawn, and the dark and intriguing spirits of Borgia and Sforza were brought into collision. The peace so happily restored was irreparably broken: and the

country was henceforward laid open to a series of foreign incursions, which involved the Italians in innumerable distresses. Torn as the unhappy land had been by the tumultuous excesses of her own sons, she had hitherto escaped a foreign yoke; and though the armies of Germany and France had occasionally molested her territories, the intruders had been unable to accomplish a permanent footing. At the moment when the gathering storm was ready to burst upon her, Italy had attained the highest degree of prosperity. The country, portioned out among the several states, presented a healthy and improving aspect. Agriculture formed the employment of great part of the inhabitants; nor was this occupation confined to the rustics alone. Every city possessed an ample tract of land, which was cultivated by the citizens, who in time of peace issued from the gates to their daily labour, and returned again with the evening to the security of their walls. A larger portion of citizens were diligently engaged in the lucrative pursuits of trade and commerce, the profitable business of exchange with distant countries, and the hazardous negotiation of foreign loans. The Italian manufactures were in request in the East as well as in Europe. The brilliant glass and splendid mirrors of Venice, the glossy silks of Bologna and Modena, the gold and silver tissues and rich cloths of Florence, found a market in every civilized country; and the galleys of Italy returned laden with the produce and treasure of Arabia and India. In the fine arts, Italy had far outstripped her neighbours. The increase of population swelled the limits of a narrow town into an extensive and beautiful city; the mean and lowly hut was expanded into a commodious habitation; and architecture, no longer confined to the service of religion, was employed on the stately palaces of private individuals. The massive fabrics of Venice had begun to rear their heads as early as the tenth century; the noble Duomo of Pisa was commenced almost as early; in the fifteenth century the labours of Brunelleschi were engaged in adorning his native Florence; and Bramante had already distinguished himself by his versatile powers. Painting was rapidly advancing to perfection; sculpture once more displayed her beautiful forms; and the mighty genius now burst forth, which, after raising the stupendous cathedral, could dye its walls with matchless designs, and adorn its shrines with magnificent statues. In letters this favoured country stood also pre-eminent."

The specimens we have presented demonstrate with what masterly ease Sir Robert Comyn sketches national and periodical epochs, whether these be in times of peace, when he has undertaken to give a correct picture of manners and institutions, or in seasons of transition and alternation,—when he has to unravel the intrigues of faction and narrate the evils of commotion and war. Simple, unaffected, and earnest, he is in possession of the other rare qualifications which we mentioned at the commencement of our notice of his work; and it will be matter of just regret if he does not snatch whatever intervals may occur in his high calling, to enlighten and delight the world with contributions to history.

ART. XIII.—*A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic : described in a Series of Letters.* 2 vols. Murray.

THESE letters are by a lady, with whose name we presume the public will ere long become familiar. It appears that she left England to pay a visit to a sister who is married to an Estonian nobleman, and whom she had not seen for many years. The volumes narrate the incidents of her travel and of her sojournings from the time of her departure to her return. The voyage to Petersburg was stormy; so that the steamer was obliged to seek shelter, first in Norway and then in Denmark, affording the writer not only an opportunity of giving a sketch of her glance of Christiansand and Copenhagen, but to describe in remarkably vivid colours the tempest and the danger she encountered. Having reached St. Petersburg, the business of lionizing commenced under the escort of an officer of high rank; being thus enabled to have peculiar advantages as a sight-seeing stranger. She next undertook a winter's journey to Reval on the shores of the Baltic, the capital of Estonia, where she found herself fairly housed under the roof of her sister, and where she resided twelve months; the capital of Russia again becoming the subject of a variety of sketches as she returned.

The letters bear the form of epistles addressed familiarly to a relative, and are singularly graceful and spirited. They may be said also to be original beyond any compositions of the kind that have lately come under our notice: original not only because much of the field is new which the lady has gone over, but on account of her keen observation, quick fancy, independence of sentiment, and picturesque colouring. At the same time many ideas on a first reading seem novel, which are merely commonplace; the writer's smartness or her poetical skill having been rather elaborately applied. She is frequently more brilliant than natural; and the sentimentality, though generally feminine and sweet in no ordinary degree, is sometimes too artificially witty. But as a whole the work is exceedingly charming: it is full of information and entertaining instruction. She paints scenery with a felicitous hand; her characters are breathing and active individuals; her incidents are frequently romantic and always worth telling, or at least rendered so by her engaging and exciting manner; while, above all, her pictures of homely scenes, of domestic life, as well as of national manners, are as graphic as, perhaps, ever were penned. But we must no longer withhold from our readers portions of the rich and plentiful treat which these volumes contain; taking it upon ourselves to offer such observations, and to make such abstracts in the course of our paper as may appear to us proper.

We shall not allow ourselves to be detained by the account of the



hurricane on the lady's outward voyage, nor of her transient glimpses of Norway and Denmark; but at once arrive along with her at Cronstadt. Here, a visit from an officer and a few subordinates, "whose beauties truly lay not in their exterior," was the first initiator into Russian manners; for "a more uncouth, ill-mannered set never were seen." "What they did on board would be difficult to say. They usurped a great deal of room in our saloon, and produced an immense number of sheets, of a substance which Russia has agreed to call paper; and the subordinates wrote as fast as they could, and the superior flourishing his sword-arm signed the same, with a mysterious concatenation of dots and dashes after. Then everything on board was sealed with lead seals, from the hatches over the cargo to the minutest article of the passengers' baggage."

They soon embarked in a small steamer for the capital:—

"About our three hours' passage to Petersburg I can't say much. The air above was very keen, the couches below very soft, and the scene on either hand being a mere dismal swamp, many of our party dozed most comfortably till such time as Petersburg became visible, when we all hastened on deck to take the first impressions of this capital. Behind us Cronstadt had sunk into the waters, and before us Petersburg seemed scarcely to emerge from the same, so invisible was the shallow tablet of land on which it rests. The mosque-like form of the Greek churches—the profusion of cupola and minaret—with treble domes painted blue with silver stars, or green with gold stars, and the various gilt spires, starting at intervals from the low city, and blazing like flaming swords in the cold rays of a Russian October setting sun, give it an air of Orientalism little in accordance with the gloomy, grey mantle of snow clouds, in which all this glitter was shrouded. The loftiest and most striking object was the Isaac's church, still behung with forests of scaffolding, which, while they revealed its gigantic proportions, gave but few glimpses of its form. Altogether I was disappointed at the first *coup d'œil* of this capital—it has a brilliant face, but wants height to set it off. The real and peculiar magnificence of Petersburg, however, consists in thus sailing apparently upon the bosom of the ocean, into a city of palaces. Herein no one can be disappointed. Granite quays of immense strength now gradually closed in upon us, bearing aloft stately buildings modelled from the Acropolis, while successive vistas of interminable streets, and canals as thickly populated, swiftly passing before us, told us plainly that we were in the midst of this northern capital ere we had set foot to ground. Here all observations were suddenly suspended by a halt in the Pyroskaff, which ceased its paddles and lay motionless in the centre of the stream. In our simplicity we had imagined that the Cronstadt precautions had sufficed to qualify us for entering Russia, and reckoned on drawing up alongside the quay, and being allowed, after our many dangers and detentions, quietly to step on shore. But we were sad novices. Half an hour passed thus away, which to people, cold, hungry, and weary,—what should we have done without that nice nap?—seemed interminable; when a rush of fresh uniforms boarded us from another vessel, who proceeded to turn out the gentlemen's pockets



and the ladies' reticules, and seemed themselves in most admirable training for pickpockets. Then one by one we were led across a plank to an adjoining ship, where they hurried us down to a committee of grave Dons sitting below, who scrutinised first our passports and then our features, and proceeded to note down a descriptive table of the latter of such a latitudinarian nature, that, in the scrawled credentials of identity which each received, no mother would have recognised her child. Colours, complexions, and dimensions were jumbled with utter disregard of private feelings.—Every gentleman had *une barbe noire*, every lady *la figure ovale*, and it was well if these were not reversed. These were accompanied by printed directions as to where to go, what to do, and how in general to behave ourselves whilst in his Imperial Majesty's dominions."

Our readers have what were the lady's first impressions of St. Petersburg. She afterwards makes frequent confession of the imposing effect of the magnificent things of the city; but still we can gather that she felt that the whole was the forced creation of imperial will, and not a truly healthful emanation of a free nationality. Behold her now fairly lodged in the capital, with a soldier as a guard of honour at the door:—

"He was a brow-bent, rusty moustached, middle-sized man, with hard lines of toil on his sunburnt face—his hair, according to the compulsory and unfortunately disfiguring system of cleanliness adopted in the Russian army, clipped till the head was barely covered or coloured, and his coarse drab uniform hanging loosely about him: for soldiers' coats are here made by contract according to one regulation size, and, like the world, are too wide for some, too tight for others. But the sense of the ludicrous extended itself to my hostess, on my requesting to have a chair placed for him. 'A chair!' she exclaimed, 'what should he do with it?—standing is rest for him'—and in truth the Russian soldier is like his horse,—standing and lying are his only postures of repose. I found my poor sentinel willing, swift, and most useful in this city of scanty population and enormous distances, and, without much self-applause, it may be added he also found me a kind mistress, for the tyrannical, inhuman mode in which inferiors are here addressed is the first trait in the upper classes which cannot fail to disgust the English traveller."

We shall give at once all that is to be said of St. Petersburg, of its courtly doings, &c. The lady's account of its magnificence is that of cumbrousness; and of the gayest and festal scenes that of dulness and extreme frivolity:—

"Such balls as these I have described, however brilliant and dazzling in relation, are not otherwise than very dull in reality; for here, as in France, society is so perversely constituted that no enjoyment is to be reaped save by infringing its rules. A 'jeune personne'—in other words, an unmarried woman—is considered a mere cipher in society, danced with seldom, conversed with seldomer, and under these circumstances looks for-

ward to her marriage de convenance as the period which, as I have said before, is to commence that which it ought to close. From the day of her marriage she is free—responsible to no one, so that she overstep not the rules of convention for the liberty of her conduct; while her husband is rather piqued than otherwise if her personal charms fail to procure her the particular attentions of his own sex. ‘*Personne ne lui fait la cour*’ is the most disparaging thing that can be said of a young wife. It is sad to see the difference in a short season from the retiring girl to one whose expression and manners seem to say that, ‘Honesty, coupled to beauty, is to have honey-sauce to sugar.’ Nor is it easy for an inexperienced young woman, gifted with domestic tastes, or marrying from affection, to stem the torrent of ridicule of those who would pull others down to justify themselves.

“This social evil is seen in the more glaring colours, from the total absence of all rational tastes or literary topics. In other countries it is lamented, and with justice, that literature and education should be made the things of fashion: how infinitely worse is it when they are condemned by the same law! In other countries, all fashion, as such, is condemned as bad; how infinitely worse is it where the bad is the fashion! Here it is absolute *mauvais genre* to discuss a rational subject—mere *pédanterie* to be caught upon any topics beyond dressing, dancing, and a ‘*jolie tournure*.’ The superficial accomplishments are so superficialized as scarcely to be considered to exist. Russia has no literature, or rather none to attract a frivolous woman; and political subjects, with all the incidental chit-chat which the observances, anniversaries, &c., of a constitutional government bring more or less into every private family, it is needless to observe, exist not. What then remains?—Sad to say, nothing, absolutely nothing, for old and young, man and woman, save the description, discussion, appreciation, or depreciation of toilette—varied by a little cuisine and the witless wit called *l’esprit du salon*. To own an indifference or an ignorance on the subject of dress, further than a conventional and feminine compliance, would be wilfully to ruin your character equally with the gentlemen as with the ladies of the society; for the former, from some inconceivable motive, will discuss a new bracelet or a new dress with as much relish as if they had hopes of wearing it, and with as great a precision of technical terms as if they had served at a *marchand de modes*. It may seem almost incredible, but here these externals so entirely occupy every thought, that the highest personage in the land, with the highest in authority under him, will meet and discuss a lady’s coiffure, or even a lady’s corset, with a gusto and science as incomprehensible in them, to say the least, as the emulation of coachman slang in some of our own eccentric nobility. Whether in a state where individuals are judged by every idle word, or rather where every idle word is literally productive of mischief, the blandishments of the toilet, from their political innocuousness, are considered safest ground for the detention of mischievous spirits, I must leave; but very certain it is, that in the high circles of Petersburg it would seem, from the prevailing tone of conversation, that nothing was considered more meritorious than a pretty face and figure, or more interesting than the question how to dress it.

"Added to this wearying theme, it is the bad taste of the day to indulge in an indelicacy of language, which some aver to proceed from the example of the court of Prussia, and which renders at times even the trumperies of toilet or jewellery rather a grateful change of subject."

Here follows a remarkably distinct sketch of the Autocrat. Even according to the lady's enthusiasm, and romantic spice of flattery, he is unloveable enough. She makes him awful. The occasion was a masked ball:—

"The Heritier, the Grand Duke Michael, the Duke de Leuchtenberg, were all seen passing in turn, each led about by a whispering mask—'Mais où est donc l'Empereur?' 'Il n'y est pas encore,' was the answer; but scarce was this uttered when a towering plume moved, the crowd fell back, and enframed in a vacant space stood a figure to which there is no second in Russia, if in the world itself—a figure of the grandest beauty, expression, dimension, and carriage, uniting all the majesties and graces of all the heathen gods, the little god of love alone perhaps excepted, on its ample and symmetrical proportions. Had this nobility of person belonged to a common *Mougik* instead of to the Autocrat of all the Russias, the admiration could not have been less, nor scarcely the feeling of moral awe. It was not the monarch who was so magnificent a man, but the man who was so truly imperial. He stood awhile silent and haughty, as if disdaining all the vanity and levity around him; when, perceiving my two distinguished companions, he strode grandly towards our box; and just lifting his plumes with a lofty bow, stooped and kissed the Princess's hand, who in return imprinted a kiss on the Imperial cheek; and then leaning against the pillar, remained in conversation.

"The person of the Emperor is that of a colossal man in the full prime of life and health, forty-two years of age, about six feet two inches high, and well filled-out, without any approach to corpulency; the head magnificently carried, a splendid breadth of shoulder and chest, great length and symmetry of limb, with finely-formed hands and feet. His face is strictly Grecian, forehead and nose in one grand line; the eyes finely lined, large, open, and blue, with a calmness, a coldness, a freezing dignity, which can equally quell an insurrection, daunt an assassin, or paralyze a petitioner; the mouth regular, teeth fine, chin prominent, with dark moustache and small whisker: but not a sympathy on his face. His mouth sometimes smiled, his eyes never. There was that in his look which no monarch's subject could meet. His eye seeks every one's gaze, but none can confront his.

"After a few minutes, his curiosity—the unfailing attribute of a crowned head—dictated the words, 'Kto eta?'—'Who is that?' and being satisfied, for he remarks every strange face that enters his capital, he continued alternately in Russian and French commenting upon the scene."

What an unwinning picture have we in these passages! The power of speech tied,—the very nod or look dependent upon the sign of a despot! Where and what can the morals be in such a

condition,—that condition the model of the flower of an empire? It appears to us that the imperial palaces cannot be superior to receptacles that are not nameable in our journal. But, not to dwell on the worse than Catharine-like looseness and debauchery of state, let us adhere to the progress of our lady.

She boldly sets out in a single carriage, entrusting herself to a single attendant, in the middle gloom, depth, and severity of winter, to pursue a course of travel through the wastes and pine-woods of the country that intervenes between St. Petersburg and Reval. We are, in our rapid glance, passing over many charmingly sketched scenes and incidents, and take up the fair writer as she is on her way after a severe fever, and in circumstances where “faint hearts must stay at home:”—

“Our journey commenced at six in the afternoon of the 19th of November, a delay until daybreak being deemed highly hazardous. Anton on the box, and myself loaded with as many clothes as a southlander would wear up in the course of a long life, nestled down comfortably in the *calèche* with as little inclination as power to stir. My light English straw hat had been banished by unanimous consent, and a close, silk, wadded cap, edged with fur, substituted. My English-lined fur cloaks had been held up to derision as mere cobwebs against the cold, and a fox-fur, the hair long as my finger, drawn over them. All my wardrobe had been doubled and trebled, and even then my friends shook their heads and feared I was too thinly clad. Thus we sallied forth into the wild waste of darkness and snow, in which Petersburg lay, travelling with post-horses but slowly through the unsound snowed-up roads, which were, nevertheless, not in the condition to admit of a sledge. Near midnight I alighted at the second post-house from Petersburg, the stages being on the average twenty-five wersts long, with four wersts to three miles. It was a fine building outwardly, but otherwise a mere whitened sepulchre. Here the superintendent of the post-stables, not being able to settle matters with Anton to mutual satisfaction, obtruded his fine person into my apartment, and bowing gracefully, and with many a commanding gesture, poured forth a torrent of words of the utmost melody and expression. He was a perfect patriarch; his fresh sheep-skin caftan and rich flowing beard curling round a head of the loftiest Vandyke character, unbarring, as he spoke, a set of even, gleaming teeth, and lighted to advantage by a flaring lamp which hung above. I was in no hurry to interrupt him. Finding his eloquence not to the purpose he wanted, he left me with fresh gestures of the grandest courtesy to attack my obdurate servant, who loved *copecks* better than he did the picturesque.”

“Reseated, with fresh horses, and lulled by the musical jingle of our ‘post-bells,’” the tender traveller dozed during the night, opening her eyes with daybreak to a perfect Esquimaux landscape,—“boundless flats of snow, low hovels of wood, and peasants gliding noiselessly on their tiny sledges.” The whole of her bold journey

in the depth of an Arctic winter, the toil and hardship of travelling off the main road, and the desolation of the country, are given with such a graphic truth that the reader fancies he beholds the scene, and he almost shivers as if pinched by the cutting cold. Just think of the lady without a companion, and with only one attendant, on reaching Jamburg, "an empty, rambling town of large crown barrack buildings, and miserable little houses," and where all doubts were to terminate relative to the existence of a bridge over the river Luga, which rolled in the immediate neighbourhood. "There it lay before me, broad, rapid, and dark; great masses of loose ice sulkily jostling each other down its current, but bridge none at all. My heart sunk. Jamburg was but little inviting for a fortnight's residence, when, upon inquiry, a ferry was found to be plying with greater difficulty and greater risk at every transport, and this would have ceased in a few hours." The ice, of course, was soon to become stiffened and fixed, forbidding the ferry-boat to ply; and numbers of peasants with their carts and cattle were awaiting their turn. At length the lady reached the opposite side, where she was destined to remain stationary for above an hour, seated however in her carriage, but among a set "of swearing, merry beings," while Anton went in search for fresh horses. She describes the banks of the Luga as being very pretty, though desolate. Narva was the next stage, where her lodging was an edifice of unpainted wood, all on the ground floor, and where, as she entered, various female shapes receded before her, "until, having gained the apartment conventionally dedicated to the ceremony of reception, they all faced about, and came bowing and curtsying forward to receive me." Here she met with the outward rites of hospitality, but the curiosity to see an English guest, and the desire to show off an English lion were too intense to allow the tired and sick stranger to be exempted from sight-seeing visitors and bombarding catechists. Numerous indeed were the delays and annoyances she had to encounter in the course of her travel; and these, as well as many little incidents, are told with admirable spirit and satirical effect.

On entering Estonia, the landscape was found to be undulating and wooded. The horses, too, improved, being beautiful sleek animals, small and graceful, sometimes four cream-colours, sometimes four blacks, "who started with fire, never abated their speed, and pawed the ground with impatience when the five-and-twenty wersts were run. How they were harnessed, or how the animals contrived to keep their places in the shifting tag and rag which danced around them, was quite an enigma. No less so the manœuvre, more puzzling than any conjuror's trick of my childhood by which a little urchin, by one strong pull at a ragged rope, disengaged all four horses at once." But the first station-house in the province was not so inviting. At the next she found good tea

and a pretty woman, who commenced the system of catechising which had been pursued at former stages, as to the traveller's comings and goings; also informing the lady that his Imperial Majesty had a few weeks back slept two hours on the couch where she was now stretched, having passed that way in a common post-cart. The incidents became even further diversified ere her journey ended; for being over-anxious to proceed and to avoid the loathsome post-houses, she incautiously commenced one night a second stage. "The atmosphere now began to sharpen, and, from being very cold, became still and intense. A thick fog also filled the air, and Anton, nestling his head into the depths of his furs, sat before me like a pillar of salt. I felt my warmth gradually ebbing away, my breath congealed on my face, eyelashes and eyebrows hung in fringes of icicles, and a tell-tale tear of anxiety rose on my cheek." But cold and regret for exposing horses and men to such inclemency did not complete that night's anxiety; for while traversing an open plain skirted by forests, the stillness of night was from time to time broken by "a moaning, snarling, drawn-out cry, which fell dismally on the ear." On inquiring of Anton what it was, the answer was, *Volki*, wolves. "Had the word been less familiar, I believe I should have sprung to the conclusion, and chilling still colder at these evidences of a savage neighbourhood, of which we seemed the only human occupants, I longed more impatiently than ever for the friendly dwellings of man." This night's experience made the lady less dainty than she had hitherto been, on reaching a station-house; and on entering, although she stumbled over a peasant on the floor, who thrust into her hand a long-wicked candle which he drew out of his filthy pocket, was conducted by Anton to an untenanted apartment, where she instantly fell asleep, "oppressed with cold and fatigue of mind and body." Truly, it must have required a stout heart, after all the friendly warnings which she received at St. Petersburg, for a single female to undertake the journey which this lady did; and a still greater command of fortitude to bear up during its performance.

At last, at the close of a dismal journey of some five or six hundred miles, she beheld the aged towers of Reval throwing their shadows over the Baltic; and gained, ere the night assumed its sovereignty, the aristocratic end of the city, where her sister, with a goodly assemblage of utter strangers in the shape of nephews and nieces, were ready to receive her. They soon started for their seat in the country, a truly baronial castle of the olden time. But before we introduce our readers at all to the baron's *château*, let us allow the fair writer to speak in her peculiar and masterly style; and she shall have the benefit of our larger type, as her happy sentiments and forcible compression of ideas merit. "What a world of boundless novelty opens," says she, "on the individual who finds



himself suddenly thrown into the innermost home-life of a hitherto strange people ! In general the traveller is left, and most justly so, to wear his way gradually into the privacy of other nations, and by the time he has attained some knowledge of their habits, has somewhat blunted the edge of his own. This is the most natural course, and also the fairest ; otherwise the same individual who is at once thrust into the lights and shadows of one country, ere the retina of his understanding has lost the images of another, and who, in many instances is placed in situations in the new home which he never tried in the old, runs the risk of being very open-eyed to other people's foibles and prejudices and most comfortably blind to his own. We are such creatures of habit that it is difficult to judge of the inner system of a foreign land otherwise than too severely, till after several months of observation, nor otherwise than too favourably after as many years. But the reverse is applicable to the hasty traveller whose time and opportunity enable him only to view the outer shell,—to scan that which all who run may read. His perceptive powers can hardly be too fresh, nor his judgment too crude upon those things whose existence lies but in the novelty of his impressions. Like *soufflets*, they must be served hot, and eaten hastily, to be rightly tasted. The breath of cool reason would ruin them."

Our readers will have already felt that it is a journal by no common hand which these volumes contain. But it is not until she has reached her long-parted sister's domicile, and makes Estonia her field of observation, that her Letters present the most piquant and novel passages. This is to be expected from such an animated and from such an evidently affectionate nature ; joy and returned emotions lending the greatest tension and keenness to her feelings and perceptions. Domesticated, too, in one of the principal families of the province, and having the best opportunities for learning all that is most peculiar in its condition and manners, the book becomes exceedingly interesting to British readers ; and the more so, as has been observed in some contemporary notices of the work, since the picture pretty closely resembles that which portions both of England and Scotland must have presented when the power of feudalism had been destroyed, but not the forms replaced by a new civilization.

Reval, the capital of Estonia, appears originally to have been a colony of Denmark. It afterwards became a member of the Hanseatic League ; while the province was under the dominion of the Teutonic Order. In the course of oligarchical oppressions the serfs were driven to madness, when Russia, having threatened interference and invasion, the Estonians threw themselves into the hands of the Swedes, under whose protection and power they continued till the close of Charles the Twelfth's career. They now

inevitably submitted to Russia, preserving, however, their national privileges.

The earlier history of Estonia, and its peculiar features, whether military, religious, or commercial, which partook strongly of the elements which characterised the middle ages, are at this day very distinctly portrayed in the institutions of the province, and among the several orders of the inhabitants. The landed estates are large, and are cultivated by a class which were recently serfs in the strictest sense, or as the peasantry still are in other provinces of the Russian empire. The country-seats of the gentry, or landed nobility, are upon a feudal scale as to size, arrangement, and domestic establishment. There is much about them that is primitive, and much that is clumsy. The peasantry are an interesting enough people; but are not as yet, so far as respects feelings and intelligence, essentially superior to such as are in actual serfdom. They rely by far too much upon the aid of their lords in times of distress, owing to scarcity of food, for example; being at the same time improvident. The lords themselves are sufficiently exclusive,—are hospitable and worthy; but neither very active nor aspiring beyond their obtained and ancient condition. With regard to any middling, such as a burgher class, in the capital, we gather but few particulars. These, no doubt, are kept at as distinct a distance from the great landed proprietors, as the peasantry are from the middle sort. But we must now again let the lady speak at considerable length for herself. The following details of house-keeping and house-arrangements will interest English women-folks:—

“A few days after my arrival we removed into the country, a day’s journey through a richly-wooded landscape; and arrived in the evening before a grand crescent-shaped building, recalling in size and form the many-tenemented terraces of Regent’s Park. If the exterior promised fair, the interior far surpassed all expectation, and I have only to shut my eyes to a certain roughness and want of finish to fancy myself in a regal residence. The richness of the architectural ornaments, the beauty of the frescoes and painted ceilings, the polish of the many-coloured and marble-like parquêtes, the height, size, and proportion of the apartments, produce a *tout ensemble* of the utmost splendour, entirely independent of the aid of furniture, which here, like the Narva chairs, seems to have been constructed before comfort was admitted to form an ingredient in human happiness.

“It is a strange assimilation, this splendid case built over the simplest, most primitive customs. The family have no fixed hours for rising; and sometimes you find only your host’s empty coffee-cup, whilst he is abroad or busy writing ere you have risen; or you meet a servant bearing his slender breakfast to him in bed; and long after you have settled to the occupation of the day, you see him emerging from his dormitory in his dressing-gown, and with a most sleepy face. Breakfast here is not considered a meal, and not half the respect paid to it which the simplest lunch-tray would command with us; some take it standing, others smoking,

and the children as often as not run off with their portion of *butterbrod* to devour it in comfort in some little niche, or upon the base of a pillar in the magnificent *salle*; or facilitate the act of mastication by a continual wandering from place to place, which upon English carpets would be considered nothing less than petty treason."

A little further on :—

"We continued our walk to the housekeeper's rooms, very comfortable and warm, with three little children and half-a-dozen chickens sharing the brick floor; to the kitchen, where the men-cooks were in active preparation round their flat stoves; and then on to the *Volkstube*, or people's room, where all the lower servants, the coachmen and grooms (here not included as house-servants), the cow-girls and the sheep-boys, &c., all come in for their meals at stated times, and muster between twenty and thirty daily. This was a room for an artist—a black earthen floor, walls toned down to every variety of dingy reds, blacks, and yellows, with a huge bulwark of a stove of a good terra-cotta colour, and earthen vessels and wooden tubs and benches, and in short every implement of old-fashioned unwieldiness and picturesque form. But the chief attractions were the inmates; for, hard at work, plying their spinning-wheels, sat either singly or in groups about fifteen peasant-girls, their many-striped petticoats and dull blue or gray cloth jackets, their tanned locks falling over their shoulders, and deep embrowned spinning-wheels, telling well against the warm tones around them. In some the hair was so light a hue as exactly to repeat the colour of the flax upon their spindles; and these, the housekeeper informed us in broken German were the surest of husbands—flaxen hair being a feature that the hearts of the peasants are never known to resist. Most of these picturesque damsels were barefooted, and one pretty yellow-haired lassie, observing that she was particularly an object of attention, let her hair fall like a veil over her stooping face, and peeped archly at us from between the waving strands. I can't say that any of these young ladies looked particularly clean or inviting; but every vice has its pleasant side, and the worst of dirt and filth is, they are so picturesque. Some of them rose on being addressed, and stooping low, coaxed us down with both hands, much as if they were trying to smooth down our dresses. This is the national salutation to their superiors, especially if there be a request to make. Further on, stood a stout kitchen-girl, her jacket thrown off, and only her shift over her shoulders, kneading in a deep trough with a strong wooden bat the coarse bread which is called by distinction the *Volksbrod*, or people's bread. The spinning-girls belong to the estate, and attend at the *hof*, or court, as the seigneur's house is termed, for so many weeks in the winter, to spin under the housekeeper's superintendence; nor do they appear very averse to this labour, for, besides the smart grooms and soft shepherds who assort with them at meal-times, this *Volkstube* is the resort of every beggar and wandering pedlar, and the universal tattleshop of the neighbourhood.

"The further branches of this spinning department are among the most interesting of a lady's *wirthschaft*. The commoner linen is woven in the cottages of the peasantry; but the more fanciful and delicate manufactures,

the diaper for towels, the damask for table-linen, devolve to a regular weaver, of which each estate maintains one or more; and who sends in his book of patterns for the lady to select grounds, centres, and borders, according to her taste. If she possesses this quality in a higher degree, she may further diversify the work by sketching some flower or arabesque, which the weaver imitates with much ingenuity."

The farming system of the Estonians is not less peculiar. After telling us that an establishment of the kind presents numerous scattered buildings, all on the same scale of grandeur that the mansion-house described displays, the domestic herds passing their long winter in shelter, warmth, and almost darkness, we meet with these details:—

"In the first we entered, a noble edifice one hundred and twenty feet long, and supported down the centre by a row of solid pillars, above a thousand sheep were most magnificently lodged, affording, as they congregated round their cribs or quietly stopped eating to gaze upon us, a most novel and striking picture of a vast northern fold. In another building was a herd of stalled cattle, some destined for slaughter, others milch kine, with many a barefooted peasant girl and half-full machine of milk at their sides. Further on the pigs had their domicile, and the fowls theirs; and in the midst of these buildings rose the *Brandtwein's Küche*, or brandy-kitchen, where the process of distilling from rye, barley, or potatoes, goes on night and day; the refuse grains of which contribute to fatten the cattle we have just quitted. It will easily be supposed that the task of calculating and providing food for this multiplication of mouths, all dependent on the help of man, is no light one. Every animal has so many pounds of hay allotted to him per day, and each week's consumption is something which it never entered into the heart of an English farmer to conceive: and if the winter exceed its usual limits—if these poor quadrupeds, which go up into their annual ark in the month of October, be not released till the beginning of May, a scarcity of food can hardly be hindered. Fresh litter is strewed daily, which never being removed, the cattle stand at least six feet higher at the close than at the commencement of their captivity. In this consists the main provision of manure for the summer's use."

The peasantry, the clergy, the church-service, and festal observances, together with a multitude of social incidents and, to her, novel occasions and sights, occupy many of the pages of these charming and informing volumes. The peasantry, who are the only remains of the aboriginal Estonians, we have already mentioned, have been but lately emancipated; and one of the unwelcome results of this measure is their liability to the conscription. Another very characteristic consequence was the "adoption of family names by the peasants, who hitherto, like the Russian serf, had been designated only by his own and his father's baptismal appellatives." Now, this accession of dignity cost the lord and lady no little

trouble, for they had to hunt up the requisite number and variety of names for the tenants of their estates. "The gentleman took the dictionary, the lady, Walter Scott, for reference (with us it would have been the Bible), and homely German words were given, or old Scottish revived, which may one day perplex a genealogist." But one natural yet ludicrous consequence was, that although the simple and ignorant peasant might depart quite satisfied with his new distinction, he was very likely to be driven out of conceit of it, when he reached his home, by his friends; and then he would return by begging to have another, and not seldom to have the aristocratic "sixteen or thirty-two quartered name of the count or baron under whom he served;" an impossible thing, the Estonian noble not permitting the peasant even to have the same national appellation "which with countrymen of the same soil, whether high or low, generally were alike. The aristocrat is an *Esthlander*, the peasant an *Esthe*." It may here be added that the province is divided into some six hundred baronies; that these must be held by members of noble houses, so that the nobility cannot well increase in numbers, although there are few entails, and the law of primogeniture does not exist. But while the noble domains are not allowed to split, there are yet frequent exchanges of lords or of possessions among the recognized families. These speak the German of their Teutonic ancestors; while the peasantry preserve their original dialect, which seems to be that of the Scythians of ancient times, their religious observances, also, still presenting heathen traces.

Before closing the volumes of this charming traveller, acute observer, and independent thinker, whom we hope to meet again, and ere long, we shall copy out a description of the pines of Estonia:—

"This is the land of pines," says she, "lofty, erect battalions—their bark as smooth as the mast of a ship—their branches as regular as a ladder, varying scarce an inch in girth in fifty feet of growth—for miles interrupted only by a leaning, never a crooked tree—with an army of sturdy Lilliputians clustering round their bases—fifty heads starting up where one yard of light is admitted. What becomes of all the pruning, and trimming, and training—the days of precious labour spent on our own woods? Nature here does all this—and immeasurably better—for her volunteers, who stand closer, grow faster, and soar higher, than the carefully planted and transplanted children of our soil. Here and there a bare, jagged trunk, and a carpet of fresh-hewn boughs beneath, show where some peasant urchin has indulged in sport which with us would be amenable to the laws; viz., mounted one of these grenadiers of the forest, hewing off every successive bough beneath him, till, perched at giddy height aloft, he clings to a taper point which his hand may grasp. The higher he goes the greater the feat, and the greater the risk to his vagabond neck in descending the noble and mutilated trunk."

- ART. XIV.—1. *Ten Thousand a Year*. 3 vols. Edinburgh: Blackwood.  
 2. *The Old English Gentleman; or the Fields and the Woods*. By JOHN MILLS, Esq. 3 vols. Colburn.  
 3. *Modern Flirtation; or, a Month at Harrogate*. By CATHERINE SINCLAIR. 3 vols. Edinburgh: Whyte and Co.

WE have done our best before the dying of 1841 to provide a last feast, rich and dainty, varied and tasteful. Our viands are not yet exhausted; the dessert has still to be set before our guests; not to speak of a number of bits and directions of which due notice will be given ere we close the number. The part of the service to which we now first invite attention may be distinguished from its fellow, just as the produce of Cockney-land may be from that of green fields, or the things which the heroes of the Shopocracy affect contrasted with what those of the Squirearchy prefer.

“*Ten Thousand a Year*,” every one of our readers must be aware, is the title of a story which has appeared in *Blackwood*, and *seriatim* for many months. It is now published in an entire shape, with all the advantages which the author could bestow in the course of revision, and gather from the suggestions of others.

The story may be indicated in a single sentence. Mr. Aubrey, a paragon of excellence, is the lawful owner of an estate worth *ten thousand a year*; but it is filched from him for a time by the trickery of a firm of attorneys, of whom Gammon is the chief, who prosecute the pretended claims of Tittlebat Titmouse, a haberdasher's shopman, a ninny and a nauseating little coxcomb, and without a particle of mind or spirit; in order to make a profit by means of the wire-pulled supposititious heir. Aubrey is all perfect; Titmouse is a puppet; and Gammon is the dexterous villain, with more talent and more of the man, bad as he is, than the other two put together. The fact is, that the first and the last are exaggerations, are impossibilities; and therefore they do not much interest the reader. But the other is an *every-day experience*; he is bad; but his badness is real,—it is in accordance with human character, while it is also relieved by certain vibrations of the heart that are true to nature, fallen, perverted, and hardened nature.

There are many characters in the story, each more or less subordinate to the plot indicated. But these for the most part are also exaggerations or caricatures; powerfully drawn, however, and skilfully introduced. The question will therefore naturally occur, What purpose did the able and ingenious author contemplate when he designed and executed the work? Let himself first offer an answer. He says, “Whatever may be its defects of execution, it has been written in a grave and earnest spirit; with no attempt to make it acceptable to *mere* novel readers, but with a steadfast view



to that development and illustration of principles, of character, and of conduct, which the author had proposed to himself from the first, in the hope that he might secure the approbation of persons of sober, independent, and experienced judgment." Such is the writer's account of the matter. But the candid, the unprejudiced reader will be inclined to modify very considerably this self-complacent view of the performance; feeling that whatever may have been the author's intention, he has chiefly exhibited himself as a rampant political partizan, exalting all that is of purely Tory birth, breeding, and keeping above humanity; and painting all that is to be identified with the other parties in the state as monstrously hideous. Whether such a mode of writing and such principles of fictitious concoction be calculated to command the approval of independent and experienced persons, it is for our readers to judge, if they can bring themselves to think the occasion worthy of the grave inquiry, and that a pure fiction calls for strict judgment. To our thinking this author's exaggerations will never convince, although they may amuse; and while we are moved by his pathos, struck with his force, and even astonished at the skill with which he relieves much legal learning and the dry intricacies of a lawsuit by sentiments and incidents of a romantic nature, we cannot but lament that abilities so eminent, and powers to affect so deeply, as this writer unquestionably possesses, should have been prostituted to a political purpose; or that they could not be directed to the composition of a mere novel, without running riot into politics, and dealing in unmeasured personal abuse on the one hand, and unbecoming worship on the other.

Even if the novel had never before appeared, it would not be easy in any moderate space to present samples that would convey a just idea of our author's talents and manner, or of the current of the story. We shall therefore follow the example of some of our contemporaries, and quote two or three passages which contain striking sentiments, sketches of character, or observations of life. Our first specimen carries us to the West of the Great Metropolis:—

"Take, for instance, the gay and popular Marquis Gants-Jaunes de Millefleurs: but he is worth a word or two of description, because of the position he had contrived to acquire and retain, and the influence which he managed to exercise over a considerable portion of London society. The post he was anxious to secure was that of the leader of *ton*; and he wished it to appear that that was the sole object of his ambition. While, however, he affected to be entirely engrossed by such matters as devising new and exquisite variations of dress and equipage, he was, in reality, bent upon graver pursuits—upon gratifying his own licentious tastes and inclinations with secrecy and impunity. He despised folly, cultivating and practising only vice; in which he was, in a manner, an epicure. He

was now about his forty-second year, had been handsome, was of bland and fascinating address, variously accomplished, of exquisite tact, of most refined taste : there was a slight fulness and puffiness about his features, an expression in his eye which spoke of *satiety* ; and the fact was so. He was a very proud, selfish, heartless person ; but these qualities he contrived to disguise from many even of his most intimate associates. An object of constant anxiety to him was to ingratiate himself with the younger and weaker branches of the aristocracy, in order to secure a distinguished status in society ; and he succeeded. To gain this point, he taxed all his resources ; never were so exquisitely blended, as in his instance, with a view to securing his *influence*, the qualities of dictator and parasite ; he always appeared the *agreeable equal* of those whom for life he dared not seriously have offended. He had no fortune, no visible means of making money, did not sensibly sponge upon his friends, nor fall into conspicuous embarrassments ; yet he always lived in luxury ; without money, he in some inconceivable manner always contrived to be in the possession of money's worth. He had a magical power of soothing querulous tradesmen. He had a knack of always keeping himself, his clique, his sayings and doings, before the eye of the public, in such a manner as to satisfy it that he was the acknowledged leader of fashion ; yet it was really no such thing ; it was a false fashion, there being all the difference between him and a man of real consequence in society that there is between mock and real pearl, between paste and diamond. It was true that young men of sounding name and title were ever to be found in his train, thereby giving real countenance to one from whom they fancied that they themselves derived celebrity ; thus enabling him to effect a lodgment in the outskirts of aristocracy : but he could not penetrate inland, so to speak, any more than foreign merchants can advance further than to Canton in the dominions of the Emperor of China. He was only tolerated in the regions of real aristocracy ; a fact of which he had a very galling consciousness, though it did not apparently disturb his equanimity, or interrupt the systematic and refined sycophancy by which alone he could secure his precarious position."

#### A fashionable Preacher :—

" 'Twas a fashionable chapel, a chapel of *ease* ; rightly so called, for it was a very *easy* mode of worship, discipline, and doctrine, that was there practised and inculcated. If I may not irreverently adopt the language of Scripture, but apply it very differently, I should say that Mr. Morphine Velvet's yoke was *very* 'easy,' his burden *very* 'light.' He was a popular preacher ; middle-aged, sleek, serene, solemn in his person and demeanour. He had a very gentlemanlike appearance in the pulpit and reading-desk. There was a sort of soothing, winning elegance and tenderness, in the tone and manner in which he *prayed* and *besought* his dearly-beloved brethren, as many as were then present, to accompany him, their bland and graceful pastor, to the throne of the heavenly grace. Fit leader was he of such a flock. He read the prayers remarkably well in a quiet and subdued tone, very distinctly, and with marked emphasis and intonation ; having sedulously studied how to read the service, under a crack theatrical teacher of

elocution, who had given him several 'points'—in fact, a new reading entirely of one of the clauses in the Lord's Prayer, and which, he had the gratification of perceiving, produced a striking if not indeed a startling effect. On the little finger of the hand which he used most, was to be observed the sparkle of a diamond-ring; and there was a sort of careless grace in the curl of his hair, which it had taken his hairdresser at least half an hour before Mr. Velvet's leaving home for his chapel to effect. In the pulpit he was calm and fluent. He rightly considered that the pulpit ought not to be the scene for attempting intellectual display: he took care, therefore, that there should be nothing in his sermons to arrest the understanding or unprofitably occupy it; addressing himself entirely to the feelings and fancy of his cultivated audience, in frequently interesting imaginative compositions."

#### A humble Companion:—

"This was Miss Macspleuchan, a distant connexion of the Earl's late Countess—a very poor relation; who had entered the house of the Earl of Dreddlinton in order to eat the *bitter, bitter bread of dependence*. Poor soul! you might tell by a glance at her that she did not thrive upon it. She was about thirty, and so thin! She was dressed in plain white muslin; and there were a manifest constraint and timidity about her motions, and a depression in her countenance, whose lineaments showed that if she could be happy she might be handsome. She had a most lady-like air; and there was thought in her brow and acuteness in her eye, which, however, as it were, habitually watched the motions of the Earl and the Lady Cecilia with deference and anxiety. Poor Miss Macspleuchan felt herself gradually sinking into a sycophant; the alternative being that or starvation. She was very accomplished, particularly in music and languages, while the Lady Cecilia really knew scarcely anything; for which reason, principally, she had long ago conceived a bitter dislike to Miss Macspleuchan, and inflicted on her a number of petty but exquisite mortifications and indignities; such perhaps as none but a sensitive soul could appreciate, for the Earl and his daughter were exemplary persons in the proprieties of life, and would not do such things *openly*. She was a sort of companion of Lady Cecilia, and entirely dependent upon her and the Earl for her subsistence."

#### Activity the soul of existence:—

"The language of the ancient orator concerning his art may be applied to *life*, that not only its greatness but its enjoyment consists in *action, action, ACTION!* The feelings, for instance, may become so morbidly sensitive as to give an appearance of weakness to the whole character; and this is likely to be specially the case of one born with those of superior liveliness and delicacy, if he be destined to move only in the regions of silent and profound abstraction and contemplation—in those refined regions which may be termed a sort of paradise, where every conceivable source of enjoyment is cultivated for the fortunate and fastidious occupants to the very uttermost, and all those innumerable things which fret, worry, and

harass the temper, the head, and the heart of the dwellers in the rude regions of ordinary life, most anxiously weeded out; instead of entering into the throng of life, and taking part in its constant cares and conflicts; scenes which require all his energies always in exercise to keep his place and escape being trodden under foot. Rely upon it, that the man who feels a tendency to shrink from collision with his fellows, to run away with distaste or apprehension from the great practical business of life, does not enjoy moral or intellectual health; will quickly contract a silly conceit and fastidiousness, or sink into imbecility and misanthropy; and should devoutly thank Providence for the occasion, however momentarily startling and irritating, which stirs him out of his lethargy, his *cowardly* lethargy, and sends him among his fellows—puts him, in a manner, upon a course of training, upon an experience of comparative suffering, it may be of sorrow, requiring the exercise of powers of which he had before scarcely been conscious, and given him presently the exhilarating consciousness that he is exhibiting himself—a MAN.”

It is seldom that we make our readers much wiser with regard to the *denouement* of a novel; nor shall we now break through our general rule, though ten thousand a year be at stake. We therefore pass on that we may have a taste of country life and of rural sports as provided in the sayings and doings of the “Old English Gentleman” and his friends.

It may at once be taken for granted that the story of the “Fields and the Woods,” is not a political novel. The fact is, Mr. Mills has given us one which is essentially of the hunting, that is, the Melton school; a sphere, it will be said not very prolific, of the staple of fashionable or popular fiction, and dealing in fractured heads rather than broken hearts. Love, intrigue, villany; and all the intricacies, discoveries and situations which go mainly to the construction of a tale of romance, seem, if not aliens to the chase, yet to be so uncongenial as to forbid them to act in harmony with, and be the fitting auxiliaries of, a fox-hunting plot and party. But Mr. M. has a purpose and a manner of his own; and whether his principles as a novelist be in accordance with the canons of the fanciful order or not, it is right that he be heard.

His doctrine is, that not only do country sports yield the highest and purest pleasures, but that the love of country is inseparable from these sports; the absence of this love being, if not synonymous with, at least is the opening to the basest and worst of results.

Such being his creed, which we need not much care whether it be sound or defective, he has set about composing three volumes to give vent to the overflowings of his own feelings on this subject, and also to communicate the same to others. He says that he has endeavoured to depict the scenes amid which such sentiments with regard to the influence of the country as he cherishes can alone be born,

though happily they may be "kept intact, even in the most artificial scenes of the most high-viced city." On the other hand, as it is chiefly for the meridian of such a city that he has written, he "has thought proper to adopt that form, and adapt himself to that taste which seem to offer him the best chance of being extensively read; for an unread book—even a good one—is as valueless as an unfulfilled good intention." It is added,—“But though he has endeavoured to bind his desultory scenes together by a thread of narrative which will give to them a continuous and consecutive interest, no one can set less value than he himself does on the materials of which that thread is composed, or the skill with which it is spun. In a word, if the reader be but satisfied with his scenes of the Fields and the Woods, and his portrait drawn from the life, and *con amore*, of the Old English Gentleman, with whose *habitat* they so essentially connect themselves, he cares but little what may be thought or said of his skill as a writer; if it be but admitted that he has some claim to the character of a Sportsman, let who will dispute his pretensions as a Novelist.”

Such being our author's purpose, we have no hesitation in saying that he has fulfilled it in a manner which conveys not only an enthusiastically drawn but a fresh and inviting picture of the country,—not only of green fields but of rustic characters; and these are things which it does not require a sporting knowledge to appreciate. Indeed it is the conception, the truth of these pictures that will attract the citizen-reader, rather than the story to which they are affixed. Mr. Mills is a thorough believer in the creed he propounds; he is a zealous and sincere advocate of its doctrines; and he urges what he believes and feels with attractive ability. He has an eye that readily catches the picturesque in scenery, costume, and character; and a pencil that does his perceptions and ideas justice. Let us now and at once accompany him to the Hall, and to the hero around whom the descriptions and the machinery of the story are developed:—

“Scourfield Hall never looked more beautiful than at sunrise on the fourteenth of February, in the year of our Lord 18—. The grey mist rose slowly from the green turf, and hung upon the river in dense folds, as if reluctant to part with its more genial element. The old dark Elizabethan building was just tinged with the faint streaks of the rising sun, and the ivy-clad porch sparkled in the light, as the dew-wet leaves were shaken in the passing breeze. The rooks wheeled from the lofty elms which shaded the building, and ‘cawed’ their matin orisons with praiseworthy observance. A robin perched upon a black-thorn warbled his wild strain; and a wood pigeon, roused by the sound from his sluggish repose in a cedar-tree, as old as the hills in the distance, whirred from his chosen roost, and sped to his morning meal. A large Newfoundland dog walked leisurely from the entrance, as a maidservant swung open the massive iron-studded

hall-door, and, stretching his shaggy limbs upon the lawn, trotted leisurely off, to flirt with a lady pointer through the rails of her kennel. \* \* From generation to generation, the Manor House and splendid estate had passed in a direct line to the heir, without quibble or dispute. No mortgage existed to render the possession of the broad lands but a nominal enjoyment of them; no fine old oaks came crashing to the ground to pay 'debts of honour,' but stood, as they had done for centuries, towering to the clouds, and stretching forth their time-mossed limbs over the earth that nurtured them, like grateful children protecting their mother. The building stood upon elevated ground, which, gradually sloping, terminated at the edge of a narrow but rapid stream, about three hundred yards from the hall. A thick grove upon the opposite side formed a capacious rookery, where those cunning ornithological priests reared their progenies undisturbed by powder or bow. Two hundred acres of even turf, dotted with trees of varied foliage, comprised the surrounding park, in which a few aged horses and colts were luxuriating. Upon its borders a dense cover stood, full of thick underbrush. This was the pet one of surly John Bumstead, the gamekeeper, and was held more sacred in his estimation than the village church. The old house, without being magnificent from ornamental architecture, was remarkable for its venerable and solid appearance. Of the Gothic order, its thick walls were braced with huge beams, and its two wings were flanked with turrets. In the centre of the building was a large stone porch, over which the arms were rudely carved. A massive oak door, studded with iron nails, swung at the end of it, which led to the entrance hall. This was so capacious, that the squire used to say he had once, in his young wild days, driven his tandem in and turned it round without touching the walls. It was about six o'clock, when a window was thrown open, and a head emerged. A smile spread gradually over the features as the pleasant scene was regarded, and a voice exclaimed, as two hands were brought suddenly together with a loud crack, 'Here's a delicious St. Valentine's morning!'

" 'The squire's up, by Jennies!' said a large fat red-faced boy, immediately under the window, stopping in the act of digging up a flower-root.

" 'Jack Tiggie, what are you doing there? At some mischief, I'm sure,' said the voice from the window.

" 'If you please, sir, I—I—I ain't, sir,' replied Jack, somewhat confused.

" 'You young stoat! stop where you are,' was the reply.—But the order was unheeded. Away ran the boy as fast as he could go, when the head was withdrawn. In a few moments the squire issued from the porch, with a long-thonged whip in his hand. When he perceived the fugitive flying through the shrubbery, he smacked his whip loudly, and with a good-tempered laugh said, 'That boy's always at some mischief or other.'

" The squire's costume was one that may still occasionally be seen worn by 'fine old English gentlemen,' who, in their way, are great exquisites. His hat, or his 'thatch,' as he was wont to call it, was rather low in the crown, with a brim of extensive dimensions. A few yards of snow-white cambric were curled round his neck with scrupulous care. His long-waisted coat, with its broad skirt and bright gilt buttons, had as much care



bestowed upon its 'cut' as any one of Beau Brummel's. A light buff waistcoat, rounded at the hips, descended far upon a pair of spotless buckskin anti-continuations, and a pair of highly-polished top-boots completed the attire. The white hair, which peeped in relief under the broad brim, indicated that the squire might have seen the summers and winters of more than half a century; but his dark blue, clear eyes, even white teeth, and unwrinkled countenance occasioned an observer to question the accuracy of Time's index."

A spirited sketch of singularly exciting circumstances will be found in the passages we are now to quote; and not the less animated is the chase and all its preliminary stages, when the *fair* take part in it:—

"No one spoke for the next few minutes. The anxious horses stood with glaring eyeballs, and strained ears; their hot blood rose in their veins, and swelled them like the fibres upon a vine leaf; their nostrils were distended with excitement, and an occasional pawing of the ground showed the impatience with which they waited for the glorious signal to race with the wind, and top the fences like the pinioned birds. The hounds had been in the covert some time, yet nothing was heard, save the rustling of the thickets as they swept through them, and the cracking of the boughs as the huntsman and the old whipper-in rode through the wood."

Kate and Agnes have some pretty speculation about the *burst*, and the escape of the stag. The sketch is continued:—

" 'Listen!' exclaimed Kate, quickly. A deep-toned note echoed through the wood. 'They've found him,' said Titley, raising his eyeglass, and tightening his rein with a slight demonstration of nervousness. 'Hush!' said Agnes. 'My uncle will be so annoyed if we speak a word now.' 'Hark to Trimbush!' hallooed a well-known voice. It was the old whipper-in cheering his favourite's leading note. 'Hark for'ard! hark for'ard! hark to Trimbush!' responded the huntsman in his musical voice. The cry was taken up by the other hounds, who flew to the signal given by Trimbush. As each hound took up the exhilarating tune, William hallooed his name, to cheer and urge the gallant fellows. 'Hark to Rasselas! hark to Valentine! Red Rose, Dotimont, Reveller!' shouted the huntsman, making the wood ring with the halloo. Now the fiery steeds let loose their impatience; they reared upon their haunches and pawed the air, as the curbing rein was pulled upon their jaws. Flakes of white froth flew from their champed bits, and their flashing eyes seemed ready to start from their stockets. More than one rider felt the saddle an uncertain seat, long before the 'Chevy-ho!' was given. Scarcely had all the pack joined in the music of the chase, when, within fifty yards of the pony carriage, out sprung the noble antlered monarch of the forest. From the middle of a thicket, at one bound, he leaped thirty feet into the field. With head erect, and outstretched limbs, he stood for an instant, deciding the course he would take to evade his pursuers. He took his head towards the covert, and then, sniffing the wind, he seemed resolved. As the noisy

hounds approached him, he started at a trot for a short distance, and, when the leading dogs made their appearance upon the edge of the wood, away he went to outstrip the wind. 'Hold hard, gentlemen,' bawled the squire—'give time—let them get at it.' A few fretful seconds—then, 'Chevy-ho! hark for'ard!' and on swept horses, men, and hounds. Fields and gardens, walls, brooks, hedges, ditches, and gates, were rushed through, topped and jumped. 'Oh! how beautiful they look!' exclaimed Kate. A fence of little more than six feet in height was before their horses' heads. Straight as winged arrows they flew at the leap, and cleared the rasper without touching a shoe. 'Thank Heaven they're over safely!' ejaculated Agnes. 'But see! uncle is going to jump it. How foolish to run such a risk!' The squire, however, did not appear to think so. Without a swerve, the roan neared the barrier. When within a few feet of it he stretched out his neck, and, as the squire threw out his whip-hand, and called, 'Over!' the spirited animal rose at the leap, and bounded across it with the ease of thought. All the other sportsmen, however, avoided the fence. Right and left they flew; but none followed the squire, until it came to the old whipper-in's turn. With a few tail hounds, he galloped past the pony carriage, and lifted his cap to the ladies as they familiarly saluted him. A smile was on the old fellow's features at seeing the crowd rushing helter-skelter, to balk the fence. Stumptimber's ideas of jumping coincided precisely with his rider's—to take everything it pleased God to send. The horse approached without the shadow of a flinch. Tom turned his head for a moment to look at the ladies, and saw them standing in the carriage to have a better view of him. A ray of pride sparkled in his eyes, as he encouraged Stumptimber to do his best. Both quitted the earth, were poised in the air for a brief moment, and dipping over the fence, reached the ground uninjured. The stag soon got a considerable distance before his pursuers. Up a steep turf hill he rattled at a tremendous speed, and, diving into a valley from the top, became lost to view. The hounds streaked after him, making the welkin answer their piercing cry, and in a few seconds the pursuing and pursued became lost to the sight of the ladies in the carriage."

We have alluded to the peculiar ground chosen by Mr. Mills for his novel, and spoken of its unsuitableness for the machinery, the passages of life, and the cast of characters that are generally introduced into works of fiction. Many even regard field-sports, or the practices of hunting, shooting, and angling, but as gross and cruel pastimes, capable only of affording amusement to rustics or to depraved tastes. But, while far from joining in this ignorant accusation and false sentiment, all know that fox-hunting, for instance, must necessarily unfit its votaries for attending on the fair. Absence in the chase, fatigue, the burden of sportsmen's conversation, and the extreme anxiety which horses and hounds engross, cannot be propitious to love-making and the romance of life. The day was, besides, when every *run* was the prelude to a hard drinking bout. That custom, however, is happily banished. But just think of the

pains and the luxuries which stables and kennels testify, and say, can the patrons and admirers of these establishments be the choicest heroes for the novelist?

But while far from expecting that sporting novels will ever reach the number even of religious ones, we acknowledge that our author has constructed an agreeable vehicle for the communication of his knowledge and enthusiasm. And this guides us to the remark, that field-sports, just like every other occupation or thing which can be named, are now the subject-matter of a distinct and recognized department of literature; and in a variety of shapes, and under sundry titles, we have books for the benefit of the uninitiated, the edification of the amateur, and the delight of the knowing ones. We have Nimrods and Martingales writing as if they were scribes and high-priests for the order. We have manuals for young sportsmen; treatises on the Moor and the Loch,—the Rod and the Gun; and even an Encyclopedia, containing the entire science, practical details, and history of Rural Sports. And, not to extend our survey further, we have Diana Vernons to grace the sphere and recommend its culture to the gallant and the brave. How different is all this to what obtained some sixty years ago, when, as the last number of a contemporary journal reminds us, the *Monthly Review* made Beckford's "Thoughts on Hunting, in a Series of Familiar Letters to a Friend," the occasion for a violent diatribe against the sport. Now, however, we acknowledge that "there is philosophy in a dog-kennel, and literature in a fishing-rod."

The author of "Modern Accomplishments," "Modern Flirtations," &c. &c. is one of the pleasantest and most instructive female writers of the age. Her Scottish sketches and anecdotes are well known and deservedly. They have a real national flavour about them. Her gossipry is always entertaining, her pictures natural, her reflections sensible,—often shrewdly conceived, and the religious sentiments into which her mind and feelings becomingly incline to run, healthy and liberal.

When Miss Sinclair essays fiction we hardly like her so well as in her provincial descriptions and local gatherings. We could have wished that she had planted herself once more in some *neuk* of *Auld Scotland*, and talked to us through a tidy duodecimo of whatever came most fittingly to her hand in that quarter. But we trust a good time is coming. In the meanwhile our business is with "Flirtation," a sentence from the preface claiming insertion. She says, "The only peculiarity to which she makes any pretension, in once more presuming to publish, is, that avoiding all caricature, all improbability, and all personality, she has introduced a few individuals acting and thinking in the ordinary routine of every-day life; while her highest ambition is to represent in natural colours

the conduct and feelings of men elevated and ennobled by the influence of Christianity."

Now, to accomplish all this is exceedingly difficult; just as it always is to invest with attractive and impressive features—without destroying its essential character, or turning the attention away to something else—any ordinary object. It requires, for example, not only a mastery in the disposal of the colouring, but consummate judgment in selecting the point of view and the period of sunshine and shadow, if a painter intends to give beautiful and striking effect to a *bit* of water—a corner of a treeless field—or a section of a turnpike road. Miss Sinclair, no doubt, has produced a clever novel; it contains much that is interesting, true to nature too, and suggestive. But there are sundry symptoms of ungenial labour in the work,—that is, of effort without spirited progression. The dialogues are sometimes wiredrawn; there appearing to be a general want of compactness. We suspect that the talents which the present work evinces are not precisely those which a novel of three volumes demands. The requirements for the composition of such a work are peculiar and varied. At the same time we must confess that the book came to hand so late in the month as to preclude us from giving it a proper examination; and therefore we speak with considerable diffidence.

We quote one short specimen of what Miss Sinclair can do with individual characters. Many scenes, many of the actors, and many passages, taken separately, are equally descriptive and forcible. But the example may also show that she has not kept very closely to her intention of introducing nothing beyond the ordinary routine of every-day life:—

"Without education or principle, and with no friend on the wide earth to confide in or to consult, the two young Anstruthers, like weeds that will yet flourish though trampled upon, grew up vigorous in body, and enthusiastically as well as devotedly attached to each other, with a depth and power of affection which appeared, before long, the only redeeming quality in characters wherein strong passions and weak principles promised little, and threatened much, to all with whom they might hereafter become associated. The resemblance between them was as remarkable as their attachment, both having dark Italian-looking countenances, of remarkable symmetry, with a singularly excitable and determined expression in their large lustrous eyes, while it was remarkable that neither could by possibility look any one steadily in the face. There was a wild, almost feverish brilliancy in the eye of Ernest, expressive of a fiery impetuosity, amounting at times almost to an appearance of insanity, when, after being obliged to crouch and flatter for his bread before Lord Doncaster, he would retire with Mary, and give loose to all the angry torrent of his long-suppressed emotions. The sister's heart cowered sometimes before the flood of invectives and imprecations with which he relieved his heart by speaking of his wrongs, while he seemed to cherish a gnawing belief that fortune herself

had shown him a most unaccountable and undeserved enmity, which he was resolved, by fair or by foul means, to subvert. 'I shall yet rise above all the accidents of fortune! It shall be done; I care not how, Mary,' said he sternly. 'We must not be over-particular on that score; for, as the proverb says,—A cat in mittens will never catch mice!' "

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ART. XV.—*The Comic Annual for 1842.* By T. HOOD.

THERE being no Comic Annual last year, Mr. Hood says, 'I seemed to have said Amen to the 'Amenities of Literature,'—to have deposited my last work on the literary shelf." He then goes on to deliver himself after this fashion: "For a dozen successive years some annual volume had given token of my literary existence. I had appeared with my prose and verse as regularly as the parish beadle—once a year, as certainly as the parochial plum-pudding—at the end of every twelve months, like the *Stationers' Almanack*. My show was perennial, like that of the Lord Mayor. But, alas! Anno Domini 1840 was unmarked by any such publication! A tie seemed snapped—a spell appeared to be broken—my engine *had* gone off the rail! Indeed, so unusual a silence gave rise to the most sinister surmises. It was rumoured in Northamptonshire that I was in a public prison—in Brussels, that I was in a private mad-house—and in Cornhill, that I was annihilated. It was whispered in one quarter that I had quitted literature in disgust and turned fishmonger—in another, that I had enlisted, like Coleridge, in the Dragoons—in a third, that I had choked myself, like Otway, with a penny roll—in a fourth, that I had poisoned myself, like Chatterton; or plunged into the Thames, like Budgell. I had gone like Ambrogetti, into La Trappe—or to unsettle myself in New Zealand. But the majority of reporters were in favour of my demise; and a Miss Hoki, or Poki, even declared that she had seen the Angel of Death, whom she rather irreverently called 'Great Jacky,' standing beside my pillow."

From all this we learn that Hood is in his usual trim and glee, the characteristics of which we shall not in the thirteenth year of his renown stop to describe further than to say, that fun and pun, frolic and simile, sense and drollery, wit and thought, in most grotesque guise, abound in this healthy and laughter-shaking *Comic*. How such whims come into the head of any mortal man, by what laws he inverts and connects, or from what sort of mint his fancies take their stamp, it is impossible to tell; for although we have the impressions and the coinage, no one has seen the curious dislocations and adaptations of which the machine that produces all these strange creations is susceptible. It is however manifest that there is a principle within *the Hood*; that he is a Poet; and that

oft a full stream from a depth wells from his heart as it also does from his head; and, to have done with generalities,—that although the present Annual gives us chiefly what has elsewhere by degrees appeared, the contributions have generally been so welcomed as to entitle them to a revised and a collected form of publication.

The pieces are truly English in regard to subject; some of them serio-comic and preaching touching lessons. Take separable portions, for instance, of the fortune and fate of Miss Killmansegg, perhaps the richest heiress the world ever saw,—quite a golden prize. Gold may be said to have showered with unmeasured lavishness upon her from the moment of her birth,—to have at the first almost smothered her by the multitude and height of its heaps and manufactures, as truly as it afterwards crushed her by its weight. Just attend to the christening:—

“ It would fill a Court Gazette to name  
What East and West End people came  
To the rite of Christianity;  
The lofty Lord, and the titled Dame,  
All di'monds, plumes, and urbanity:  
His Lordship the May'r with his golden chain,  
And two Gold Sticks, and the Sheriffs twain,  
Nine foreign Counts, and other great men  
With their orders and stars, to help M or N  
To renounce all pomp and vanity.

To paint the maternal Killmansegg,  
The pen of an Eastern Poet would beg,  
And need an elaborate sonnet;  
How she sparkled with gems whenever she stirr'd,  
And her head niddle-noddled at every word,  
And seem'd so happy, a Paradise Bird  
Had nidificated upon it.

And Sir Jacob the Father strutted and bow'd,  
And smiled to himself, and laugh'd aloud,  
To think of his heiress and daughter—  
And then in his pockets he made a grope,  
And then, in the fulness of joy and hope,  
Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap,  
In imperceptible water.

He had roll'd in money like pigs in mud,  
Till it seem'd to have enter'd into his blood  
By some occult projection:  
And his cheeks, instead of a healthy hue,  
As yellow as any guinea grew,  
Making the common phrase seem true  
About a rich complexion.



And now came the nurse, and during a pause,  
Her dead-leaf satin would fitly cause

A very autumnal rustle—  
So full of figure, so full of fuss,  
As she carried about the babe to buss,  
She seem'd to be nothing but bustle.

A wealthy Nabob was Godpapa,  
And an Indian Begum was Godmamma,  
Whose jewels a Queen might covet—  
And the Priest was a Vicar, and Dean withal  
Of that Temple we see with a Golden Ball,  
And a Golden Cross above it.

The Font was a bowl of American gold,  
Won by Raleigh in days of old,  
In spite of Spanish bravado ;  
And the Book of Pray'r was so overrun  
With gilt devices, it shone in the sun  
Like a copy—a presentation one—  
Of Humboldt's ' El Dorado.'

Gold ! and gold ! and nothing but gold !  
The same auriferous shine behold  
Wherever the eye could settle !  
On the walls—the sideboard—the ceiling-sky—  
On the gorgeous footmen standing by,  
In coats to delight a miner's eye  
With seams of the precious metal.

Gold ! and gold ! and besides the gold,  
The very robe of the infant told  
A tale of wealth in every fold,  
It lapp'd her like a vapour !  
So fine ! so thin ! the mind at a loss  
Could compare it to nothing except a cross  
Of cobweb with bank-note paper.

Then her pearls—'twas a perfect sight, forsooth,  
To see them, like ' the dew of her youth,'  
In such a plentiful sprinkle.  
Meanwhile, the Vicar read through the form,  
And gave her another, not over warm,  
That made her little eyes twinkle.

Then the babe was cross'd and bless'd amain ;  
But instead of the Kate, or Ann, or Jane,  
Which the humbler female endorses—  
Instead of one name, as some people prefix,  
Killmansegg went at the tails of six,  
Like a carriage of state with its horses.

Oh, then the kisses she got and hugs !  
The golden mugs and the golden jugs  
That lent fresh rays to the midges !  
The golden knives, and the golden spoons,  
The gems that sparkled like fairy boons,  
It was one of the Kilmansegg's own saloons,  
But look'd like Rundell and Bridge's !

\* \* \* \*

There was nothing but guineas glistening !  
Fifty were given to Doctor James,  
For calling the little Baby names ;  
And for saying, Amen !  
The Clerk had ten,  
And that was the end of the Christening."

We must pass over much that is intermediate in the history of the heiress, such as her worshippings and avarice, as if a golden calf had been set up before her, and the particulars of her marriage to a gambling, cruel, and brutish Count. However, we must not forget to throw out a hint about her passion for riding and the broken leg, in order that the sequel, which was brought about by means of a singularly precious substitute for the natural limb, may be the better understood. This is the finale :—

'Tis a stern and a startling thing to think  
How often mortality stands on the brink  
Of its grave without any misgiving :  
And yet in this slippery world of strife,  
In the stir of human bustle so rife,  
There are daily sounds to tell us that Life  
Is dying, and death is living !

Ay, Beauty the Girl, and Love the Boy,  
Bright as they are with hope and joy,  
How their souls would sadden instanter,  
To remember that one of those wedding bells,  
Which ring so merrily through the dells,  
Is the same that knells  
Our last farewells,  
Only broken into a canter !

But breath and blood set doom at nought—  
How little the wretched Countess thought,  
When at night she unloosed her sandal,  
That the Fates had woven her burial-cloth,  
And that Death, in the shape of a Death's Head Moth,  
Was fluttering round her candle !

As she look'd at her clock of or-molu,  
For the hours she had gone so wearily through

At the end of a day of trial—  
How little she saw in her pride of prime  
The dart of Death in the Hand of Time—  
That hand which moved on the dial !  
As she went with the taper up the stair,  
How little her swollen eye was aware  
That the Shadow which follow'd was double !  
Or when she closed her chamber door,  
It was shutting out, and for evermore,  
The world—and its worldly trouble.  
Little she dreamt, as she laid aside  
Her jewels—after one glance of pride—  
They were solemn bequests to Vanity—  
Or when her robes she began to doff,  
That she stood so near to the putting off  
Of the flesh that clothes humanity.  
And when she quench'd the taper's light,  
How little she thought as the smoke took flight,  
That her day was done—and merged in a night  
Of dreams and duration uncertain—  
Or, along with her own,  
That a Hand of Bone  
Was closing mortality's curtain !  
But life is sweet, and mortality blind,  
And youth is hopeful, and Fate is kind  
In concealing the day of sorrow ;  
And enough is the present tense of toil—  
For this world is, to all, a stiffish soil—  
And the mind flies back with a glad recoil  
From the debts not due till to-morrow.  
Wherefore else does the Spirit fly  
And bid its daily cares good-bye,  
Along with its daily clothing ?  
Just as the felon condemned to die—  
With a very natural loathing—  
Leaving the Sheriff to dream of ropes,  
From his gloomy cell in a vision elopes,  
To caper on sunny greens and slopes,  
Instead of the dance upon nothing.  
Thus, even thus, the Countess slept,  
While Death still nearer and nearer crept,  
Like the Thane who smote the sleeping—  
But her mind was busy with early joys,  
Her golden treasures and golden toys,  
That flash'd a bright  
And golden light  
Under lids still red with weeping.

The golden doll that she used to hug !  
Her coral of gold, and the golden mug !  
Her godfather's golden presents !  
The golden service she had at her meals,  
The golden watch, and chain, and seals,  
Her golden scissors, and thread, and reels,  
And her golden fishes and pheasants !

The golden guineas in silken purse—  
And the Golden Legends she heard from her nurse,  
Of the Mayor in his gilded carriage—  
And London streets that were paved with gold—  
And the Golden Eggs that were laid of old—  
With each golden thing  
To the golden ring  
At her own auriferous Marriage !

And still the golden light of the sun  
Through her golden dream appear'd to run,  
Though the night that roar'd without was one  
To terrify seamen or gipsies—  
While the moon, as if in malicious mirth,  
Kept peeping down at the ruffled earth,  
As though she enjoyed the tempest's birth,  
In revenge of her old eclipses.

But vainly, vainly, the thunder fell,  
For the soul of the Sleeper was under a spell  
That time had lately embitter'd—  
The Count, as once at her foot he knelt—  
That Foot which now he wanted to melt !  
But—hush !—'twas a stir at her pillow she felt—  
And some object before her glitter'd.

'Twas the Golden Leg ;—she knew its gleam !  
And up she started, and tried to scream,—  
But ev'n in the moment she started—  
Down came the limb with a frightful smash,  
And, lost in the universal flash  
That her eyeballs made at so mortal a crash,  
The Spark, called Vital, departed !

\* \* \* \*

Gold, still gold ! hard, yellow, and cold,  
For gold she had lived, and she died for gold—  
By a golden weapon—not oaken ;  
In the morning they found her all alone—  
Stiff, and bloody, and cold as stone—  
But her Leg, the Golden Leg was gone,  
And the ' Golden Bowl was broken ! ' "

It is difficult to say whether Hood's jokes look best in verse or prose ; in either he rattles on without stint, and apparently without exhaustion. One of the cleverest specimens of the latter sort is an epistle to D. A. A., Esq., of Edinburgh, and on *autographs*. These, we are told, are of many kinds, but we never dreamt they were so like legion as our comic author's brain has fashioned them. There are, according to his high authority, auto-lithographs on flag-stones. Some gentlemen in love carve theirs on the barks of trees ; others on tavern-benches. Shopboys dribble theirs from a skin of water on the pavement. A celebrated personage wrote hers with a pen grasped between her teeth ; another held the implement between his toes. Lord Chesterfield did his with a diamond pencil. Human blood is the fluid that some have used ; and sundry historical peculiarities are instanced. There have even been autographs written by proxy, as did Dr. Dodd ; and Hood himself has often traced his with a walking-stick on the sea-sand. Little girls grow theirs in mustard and cress. Servants scrawl their names on the tea-board with slopped milk. " A young lady possesses a book of autographs, filled just like a tailor's pattern-book, with samples of stuff and fustian." These are a few of the varieties mentioned, and samples of the side wit and under thought of the curious document on autographs. But ere dismissing the volume we must return for a short space to the poetry, and select bits of a " Tale of a Trumpet," being the biography of a deaf old maid, who is tempted by a pawky and loquacious pedlar to purchase an ear-instrument of the kind. Was there ever such a redundancy of description, and heaping of similitude upon similitude, as the following of the poor woman's condition and extremity ?

" Of all old women hard of hearing,  
 The deafest, sure, was old Dame Eleanor Spearing !  
 On her head, it is true,  
 Two flaps there grew,  
 That serv'd for a pair of gold rings to go through,  
 But for any purpose of ears in a parley,  
 They heard no more than ears of barley.  
 No hint was needed from D. E. F. :  
 You saw in her face that the woman was deaf :  
 From her twisted mouth to her eyes so peery,  
 Each queer feature ask'd a query ;  
 A look that said in a silent way,  
 ' Who ? and What ? and How ? and Eh ?  
 I'd give my ears to know what you say !'  
 And well she might ! for each auricular  
 Was deaf as a post—and that post in particular  
 That stands at the corner of Dyott Street now,  
 And never hears a word of a row !

Ears that might serve her now and then  
 As extempore racks for an idle pen ;  
 Or to hang with hoops from jewellers' shops  
 With coral, ruby, or garnet drops ;  
 Or, provided the owner so inclined,  
 Ears to stick a blister behind ;  
 But as for hearing wisdom or wit,  
 Falsehood or folly, or tell-tale-tit,  
 Or politics, whether of Fox or Pitt,  
 Sermon, lecture, or musical bit,  
 Harp, piano, fiddle, or kit,  
 They might as well, for any such wish,  
 Have been butter'd, done brown, and laid in a dish !  
 She was deaf as a post, as said before,  
 And as deaf as twenty similes more,  
 Including the adder, that deafest of snakes,  
 Which never hears the coil it makes.

She was deaf as a house—which modern tricks  
 Of language would call as deaf as bricks—  
     For her all human kind were dumb ;  
     Her drum, indeed, was so muffled a drum,  
     That none could get a sound to come,  
 Unless the devil who had Two Sticks !  
 She was deaf as a stone—say one of the stones  
 Demosthenes suck'd to improve his tones ;  
 And surely deafness no further could reach  
 Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech !

She was deaf as a nut—for nuts, no doubt,  
 Are deaf to the grub that's hollowing out—  
 As deaf, alas ! as the dead and forgotten—  
 (Gray has noticed the waste of breath,  
 In addressing the 'dull, cold ear of Death,')  
 Or the felon's ear that was stuffed with Cotton,  
 Or Charles the First *in statue quo* ;  
 Or the still-born figures of Madame Tussaud,  
 With their eyes of glass, and their hair of flax,  
 That only stare whatever you 'ax ;'  
 For their ears, you know, are nothing but wax.

She was deaf as the ducks that swam in the pond,  
 And wouldn't listen to Mrs Bond ;  
 As deaf as any Frenchman appears  
 When he puts his shoulders into his ears :  
 And—whatever the citizen tells his son—  
 As deaf as Gog and Magog at one !  
 Or, still to be a simile-seeker,  
 As deaf as dog's ears to Enfield's Speaker ;



She was deaf as any tradesman's dummy,  
 Or as Pharaoh's mother's mother's mummy,  
 Whose organs, for fear of our modern sceptics,  
 Were plugg'd with gums and antiseptics.

She was deaf as a nail—that you cannot hammer  
 A meaning into, for all your clamour ;  
 There never was such a deaf old gammer !

So formed to worry  
 Both Lindley and Murray,  
 By having no ear for music or grammar !

Deaf to sounds, as a ship out of soundings—  
 Deaf to verbs, and all their compoundings,  
 Adjective, noun, and adverb, and particle—  
 Deaf to even the definite article :  
 No verbal message was worth a pin,  
 Though you hired an earwig to carry it in !

In short, she was twice as deaf as Deaf Burke,  
 Or all the deafness in Yearsley's work,  
 Who in spite of his skill in hardness of hearing,  
 Boring, blasting, and pioneering  
 To give the dunny organ a clearing,  
 Could never have cured Dame Eleanor Spearing."

Dame Spearing was exceedingly interested about other peoples' affairs, and her deafness may be said to have been a double calamity, considering her anxiety to learn all the scandal that was afloat in the village, or could be hatched over the tea-table :—

" In fact, she had much of the spirit that lies  
 Perdu in a notable set of Paul Pry's,  
 By courtesy called Statistical Fellows—  
 A prying, spying, inquisitive clan,  
 Who have gone upon much of the self-same plan,  
 Jotting the Labouring Class's riches ;  
 And after poking in pot and pan,  
 And routing garments in want of stitches,  
 Have ascertained that a working man  
 Wears a pair and a quarter of average breeches !"

At length the Pedlar calls on the lady. He is thus distinguished from a regular Shopkeeper :—

" A man ! a pedlar ? ay, marry,  
 With the little back-shop that such tradesmen carry,  
 Stock'd with brooches, ribands, and rings,  
 Spectacles, razors, and other odd things,  
 For lad and lass, as Autolycus sings ;  
 A chapman, for goodness and cheapness of ware,  
 Held a fair dealer enough at a fair,

But deemed a piratical sort of invader  
By him we dub 'the regular trader,'  
Who luring the passengers in as they pass,  
By lamps, gay panels, and mouldings of brass,  
And windows with only one huge pane of glass,  
And his name in gilt characters, German or Roman,  
If he isn't a pedlar, at least is a showman!"

The Pedlar most eloquently recommends his trumpet:—

"— it isn't a horn you buy, but an ear;  
Only think, and you'll fine on reflection  
You're bargaining, Ma'am, for the Voice of Affection;  
For the language of Wisdom, and Virtue, and Truth,  
And the sweet little innocent prattle of youth:  
Not to mention the striking of clocks—  
Cackle of hens—crowing of cocks—  
Lowling of cow, and bull, and ox—  
Bleating of pretty pastoral flocks—  
Murmur of waterfall over the rocks—  
Every sound that echo mocks—  
Vocals, fiddles, and musical box—  
And zounds! to call such a concert dear!  
But I mustn't swear with my horn in your ear.

\* \* \* \* \*  
'It's not the thing for me—I know it,  
To crack my own tumpet up, and blow it;  
But it is the best, and time will show it.

There was Mrs. F.

So very deaf,

That she might have worn a percussion-cap,  
And been knock'd on the head without hearing it snap;  
Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day  
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay!

\* \* \* \* \*

Unfortunately the Dame could not resist this torrent, and in an evil hour for her purchased the trumpet that is so eloquently trumpeted:—

"The pedlar was gone. With the horn's assistance,  
She heard his steps die away in the distance;  
And then she heard the tick of the clock,  
The purring of puss, and the snoring of Shock;  
And she purposely dropp'd a pin that was little,  
And heard it fall as plain as a skittle!

'Twas a wonderful horn, to be but just!  
Nor meant to gather dust, must, and rust;

So in half a jiffy, or less than that,  
 In her scarlet cloak and her steeple-hat,  
 Like old Dame Trot, but without her cat,  
 The gossip was hunting all Tringham thorough,  
 As if she meant to canvass the borough,  
     Trumpet in hand, or up to the cavity :  
 And, sure, had the horn been one of those  
 The wild rhinoceros wears on his nose,  
     It couldn't have ripped up more depravity !

Depravity ! mercy shield her ears !  
 'Twas plain enough that her village peers  
     In the ways of vice were no raw beginners ;  
 For whenever she raised the tube to her drum,  
 Such sounds were transmitted as only come  
     From the very brass band of human sinners !

\*             \*             \*             \*

But this was nought to the tales of shame,  
 The constant runnings of evil fame,  
 Foul, and dirty, and black as ink,  
 That her ancient cronies, with nod and wink,  
 Pour'd in her horn like slops in a sink :  
     While sitting in conclave, as gossips do,  
 With their Hyson or Howqua, black or green,  
 And not a little of feline spleen  
     Lapp'd up in 'catty packages' too,  
     To give a zest to the sipping and supping ;  
 For still, by some invisible tether,  
 Scandal and tea are link'd together,  
     As surely as scarification and cupping ;  
 Yet never since scandal drank bohea—  
 Or sloe, or whatever it happen'd to be—  
     For some grocerly thieves  
     Turn over new leaves

Without much amending their lives or their tea—  
 No, never since cup was fill'd or stirr'd  
 Were such vile and horrible anecdotes heard,  
 As blacken'd their neighbours, of either gender,  
 Especially that which is call'd the tender,  
 But instead of the sofness we fancy therewith,  
 As harden'd in vice as the vice of a smith.

Women ! the wretches ! had soil'd and marr'd  
     Whatever to womanly nature belongs ;  
 For the marriage-tie they had no regard,  
 Nay, sped their mates to the sexton's yard  
     (Like Madame Laffarge, who with poisonous pinches  
     Kept cutting off her L by inches) ;  
 And as for drinking, they drank so hard,  
 That they drank their flat irons, poker, and tongs !”

We must quote the *Moral* of this clever satire on scandal-mongers :—

“ There are folks about town—to name no names—  
Who much resemble that deafeft of dames ;  
And over their tea, and muffins and crumpets,  
Circulate many a scandalous word,  
And whisper tales they could only have heard  
Through some such diabolical trumpets.”

The illustrative cuts by Hood and his friend Mr. Leech cannot be described, and must be seen in order to feel their point and language. When scanned as they are married to the letterpress, they speak with double power and emphasis. There is pun and fun in every one of them.

## NOTICES.

ART. XVI.—*Lights and Shadows of London Life.* By the author of  
“ The Great Metropolis,” &c. 2 vols.

WE have frequently been invited to notice Mr. Grant's popular works ; for popular they are and will remain to be. We have not always trusted to his information ; and may have sometimes deemed him self-confident beyond measure. He is either a careless writer, or perhaps it is the matter and not the manner that he is concerned about. But say what reviewers will, he is not a man to give over writing, and what is more, his books are sure to be read and widely circulated. Nay, we should be sorry were he to become in any degree daunted by what an irritable class may utter ; for besides never being a dull author, never unentertaining, he communicates much that is useful and desirable on its own account. Where else, for instance, shall we find so much and so varied information concerning London and its marvellous features as in his numerous volumes ? And now, as the “ Lights and Shadows ” convince us that he has so long laboured in this boundless field, he is not likely to encounter any competitor for its culture, or one who knows so well where to find its fertile spots.

These volumes may properly be characterized as a sequel to “ The Great Metropolis,” constituting not merely a worthy companion, but one with enhancing qualities, and, we think, in some respects of superior merit. The “ Lights and Shadows ” are numerous, each striking in itself, and the whole judiciously blended. We need not strive to name them particularly. Quacks and quackery, for example, afford an unmistakable index to a copious subject. So do beggars and begging impostors : nor is the fecundity of such themes too great for Mr. Grants' handling ; his tone being at the same time the reverse of sour, bitter, or malevolent. Indeed the testimony he bears with regard to the manner and extent of private almsgiv-

ing and charitable exertions, is gladdening, and furnishes a theme for heartiest gratulation.

There are, to be sure, many Shadows as well as Lights in London Life ; and we cordially recommend these volumes to the Philanthropist, if he wishes to discover them ; to the legislator, if he is desirous of dealing with them ; and to the general reader, if he is inclined to study to advantage ; and at the feet of a pleasant teacher, the chequered scenes of "The Great Metropolis."

**ART. XVII.—*The English Maiden : her Moral and Domestic Duties.***

AN agreeable volume in respect of subject and treatment. It contains addresses and counsels to woman in her various conditions. The style is serious as is the purpose of the writer, and the sentiments affectionate, sometimes touching. It is impossible for a female to consult the volume, whether she be single or married, without reaping benefit, if she be in search of good. A part of the work is intended for the direction of the fair during engagement. We must quote an anecdote which requires no comment :—

"Sir Robert Barclay, who commanded the British squadron in the battle of Lake Erie, was horribly mutilated by the wounds he received in that action, having lost his right arm and one of his legs. Previously to his leaving England, he was engaged to a young lady, to whom he was tenderly attached. Feeling acutely, on his return, that he was a mere wreck, he sent a friend to the lady, informing her of his mutilated condition, and generously offering to release her from her engagement. 'Tell him,' replied the noble girl, 'that I will joyfully marry him, if he has only enough of body left to hold his soul.'"

**ART. XVIII.—*The Songs of Charles Dibdin, chronologically arranged.*  
Part I.**

BESIDES being chronologically arranged, the edition is to contain the whole of Dibdin's twelve hundred songs, but which have never before appeared in a uniform shape, viz. those from the dramatic pieces, next from the monologue entertainments, and lastly from his miscellaneous works. The music of the best is introduced, with new accompaniments for the pianoforte. There are notes, historical, biographical, and critical. A memoir of the author is to be added : the whole extending to about ten Parts.

With regard to the speculation it is much to be commended. Dibdin was a genuine national writer in every sense. The literature, the music, the feelings and prejudices even of Englishmen found in him a hearty patron and example. He is without question the greatest sea-lyrical poet that ever lived. Who can calculate the influence which he has had in the history of our naval glory ? Dear and welcome to the sailor were these effusions, cheering him in battle, yea and consoling him in captivity ; tending also to refine, by the poetic halo which he threw around the profession, some of its rougher features. The specimen before us is handsomely got up ; and altogether the work is deserving of extensive encouragement.

ART. XIX.—*The Philosophy of Necessity ; or, the Law of Consequences as applicable to mental, moral, and social science.* By C. BRAY. Vol. I.

WE shall be better able to pronounce an opinion of the "Philosophy of Necessity," when the more practical and important branch of the work comes before us; viz. the volume on social condition, such as that of the labouring and industrial classes,—the means of amelioration, and other pressing subjects within the range of economics, reform, and government. The scope of the subject as indicated in the title of Mr. Bray's work is of vast extent, and therefore requiring not merely a large accumulation of knowledge, but a penetrating and independent mind. We cannot say that the present portion affords us any very strong grounds of hope that our author will be able satisfactorily to grapple with its more interesting branches. So far as he has gone, either upon the Philosophy of Mind or of Morals, which are the points discussed in Parts I. and II., and filling the first volume, we have discovered nothing that is new, or that is even remarkably profound and clear. He certainly is incapable of grappling, in the *moral* department, with the existence and uses of *evil*. Our opinion is that the subject is beyond the powers of any man; but why approach it at all, if nothing but what is trite can be adduced and urged? We however suspend judgment concerning the performance until it is wholly before us.

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ART. XX.—*Illustrations of the Tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles, from the Greek, Latin, and English Poets.* By J. F. BOYES, M.A.

"WITH an Introductory Essay," says the title-page of our copy, but which is not to be found in it. The tragedies selected are "The Suppliants;" "The Seven against Thebes;" and "Prometheus Chained." The Illustrations present a great number of parallel passages, where coincidences of thought, if not imitation and borrowed ideas, are detected. We do not always see that the resemblance is remarkable; but a more striking proof of scholarship, and especially of extensive reading of the poets in sundry languages could not be adduced.

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ART. XXI.—*A Search into the Old Testament.* By JOSEPH HUME.

MR. HUME's design is to trace the claims of the Old Testament of being the Depository of Divine Communications; and he strives to silence sceptics by the proofs which internal evidence furnishes. But before he is likely to convince the infidel he must meet him on more neutral ground than that which he has chosen, or start with some admitted principles as well as facts common to both sides; otherwise his system of avoiding and overcoming difficulties will be objected to, and much of his superstructure regarded as fanciful. We ourselves believe that he has truth on his side; but we do not think he has marshalled the evidences of that truth in such a way as to silence a subtle unbeliever. His style, however, is firm, close, and lucid.



ART. XXII.—*The Bard, and Minor Poems.* By JOHN W. ORD.

THERE is one peculiarity about this volume. Mr. Ord, we believe, is alive and active, yet these poems have been “Collected and edited by John Lodge.” We strive not to account for the anomaly. With the exception of the Bard, the poems are as miscellaneous as can be; and although the themes are either too insignificant, or the manner of treatment too fugitive, to call for any particular notice, they are rhythmical, flowing, and sweet. The Bard is a juvenile production and is pleasant reading. The author appears from the first to have had a facility in the art of versification.

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ART. XXIII.—*Hours in Norway: Poems.* To which is added, a Version of OCHLENSCHLAGER'S *Axel and Valborg*, a Tragedy. By ROBERT MEASON LAING.

THE original poems are above the average pieces of the day; they go sometimes beyond mediocrity, unless we are to a certain degree misled by the novelty of the scenes and subjects which the author has seized. The version of the Danish tragedy—that is, the very free translation, we presume, introduces events, supposed to have occurred many centuries ago. Insurmountable difficulties appear to stand in the way of the union of two lovers. Not only does religion but the sovereign's will intervene. Still the one is overcome by the Pope's dispensation, and the other by the generosity of the monarch. Yet, the drama ends tragically. The stirring attributes required, at least on the English stage, appear to be wanting in this piece. But there is much that is fine and profound in it.

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ART. XXIV.—*Rudolf of Varosny; a Tragedy.* By J. A. BLACKWELL.

WHETHER founded on fact or not, the story, as told by Mr. Blackwell, is unsuited to the tragic drama; unless, indeed, its horrors be greatly subdued, and a poetic power be brought to bear upon it which our author assuredly does not possess. It may be true that a ruffian nobleman was his son's rival for a lady's hand; that he carried her off by force; that he was killed by that son, whom the law in consequence condemned; and that the fair one fell down dead on seeing the youth beheaded. But these horrors must not be exhibited and described as Mr. Blackwell has done.

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ART. XXV.—*The Life of Christians during the First Three Centuries of the Church.*

THIS is one of the volumes of the Biblical Cabinet, and contains a translation of a series of Sermons by a German divine on the subject mentioned in the title. The work brings before us, with much feeling and verisimilitude, the manners and habits of the primitive Christians.

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